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THE CHARACTER OF SANCTITY IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith. By Kenelm H. Digby. London, C. Dolman, 1848.

History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne. By W. E. Hartpole Lecky, M.A. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1877.

Atheistic Methodism. By W. H. Mallock, in *Nineteenth Century.* January, 1880.

THEOLOGIANS demonstrate that Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity are four characteristic marks of the true Church, as our Lord constituted it. The second of these, sanctity, is intended to be specially considered in this paper. The most elementary authors of theology, even, set forth convincing proofs that in the divine plan the universal and perpetual society established by Jesus Christ was from the beginning destined to be holy in its doctrine and its members. The types of the Old Law which foreshadowed it, the Prophets who described it minutely ages before its birth, the Apostles who were its founders and spoke of it in detail, the Fathers who, in working out its development, never swerved from its original ideal, cannot leave any doubt as to the intention of Christ, that His bride should be forever pure and immaculate.

Passing from the abstract plan to its realization, the historians of the Church prove that the ideal was carried out, not only at the first propagation of Christianity, but during all the nineteen centuries which have intervened; and even the great majority of non-Christian writers admit that, in point of fact, with the era of the

birth of Christ commences a period of immense moral progress, and that wherever the new religion made proselytes the most remarkable purity of life distinguished them from their still pagan countrymen.

But our object is not to develop a thesis of Catholic theology. This is indeed presupposed, and the intention is not to either set it entirely aside or lessen its importance. We think it preferable to answer some objections only which non-Catholic writers of talent have rendered popular in our day. To this we shall mainly confine ourselves. Our chief work will be to examine attentively what has always been, and what is at this moment the Church's action on the moral world, in comparison with the various ethical systems which are proposed in this century for the guidance of men. For it is remarkable that in this age extraordinary efforts are being made on every side to settle the morals of mankind on new bases, altogether different from, and often totally opposed to, the old and solid foundations laid down by the Apostles of Christ and their successors. The turn given to the new theories is occasionally calculated to deceive the unwary, and the proposed object of those writers is always to place the Church in an inferior position, and to induce the reader to conclude that the superiority in morals which the Catholic attributes to his religion is not supported by the verdict of history.

And what renders the need of this more urgent is that the new moralists concede in the main that the value of life consists in "virtue," whatever meaning they give to this word. They are often extremely strict in their ethics, and sometimes raise objections which would stagger a venerable professor in our theological seminaries. The time has passed for openly preaching immorality among men, except on the part of a few novelists and dramatists. Among serious writers the French phalansterians were the last to do it, worse than Epicurus ever did. We do not intend to speak of them, nor of the immoral writers of the last century. The school of Voltaire has passed away with the gibes and sneers it lavished on the purest and holiest persons and institutions belonging to our Holy Church. Neither is it our intention to bring into comparison with Catholic sanctity the pagan, Mohammedan, or Buddhistic worlds, which even at this day compose the majority of mankind. The reason of this last exclusion is simply that those dregs of Asia form, confessedly, "the kingdom of moral darkness," which it would be folly to compare with Christian holiness. There are, it is true, some eccentric writers who admire the morality practiced by the followers of Mohammed and of Gautama, and find in the Koran and the folios attributed to Sakya-muni a strict

code of ethics. This will never become the general opinion of mankind.

There remains, therefore, what is now called the Christian world, including, besides the Catholic Church, the numerous schismatical and heretical sects into which Christendom is divided, and also the rationalistic and positivist schools to which the name Christian can scarcely be applied. We must briefly pass each of these consecutively in review, and see how far they can maintain their respective claims to being perfect moral systems superior to that of the Catholic Church.

Before the upheaval of Protestantism in the sixteenth century one code of morals ruled the conduct of all Europeans. It was inaugurated by Christ himself, and was based on the Decalogue in the Old Law, and on the precepts and counsels of the Gospel in the New. The Popes and the Fathers explained it authoritatively, and the schoolmen in the Middle Ages, led on by Jonas of Orleans, in the ninth century, formed it into a complete and a concrete system. Numerous councils interpreted, defined, and approved it, and passed decrees to secure its execution. To the Bishops was mainly intrusted the care of carrying it into effect; and under the direction both of Popes and Bishops, powerful preachers, chiefly of the religious orders, explained it to the people, and did their best, by their earnest exhortations, to assure its observance in its primitive purity. Whenever a decline in morals took place, owing to the weakness of individuals or the corruption of certain classes, bishops in councils issued new and more stringent canons of morals, and troops of devoted missionaries called the people to repentance, and brought on a new period of regeneration. Their zeal was always accompanied with a powerful effusion of grace from above, and often with extraordinary portents.

This is necessarily a short and very imperfect sketch of the Church's action in general in all ages for the enforcement of the moral code promulgated by Christ and his Apostles, and impartial history vouches for its success from first to last. No rationalist even can deny that wherever the Gospel was originally preached among Jews or Gentiles a most remarkable moral change was immediately perceptible, which has invariably invested in all countries the memory of the primitive Church, as it was established in each of them, with a peculiar character for moral excellence. This is particularly true of primeval Christian history, not only in Jerusalem, but likewise in Alexandria for the Egyptians, in Rome for the Latins, in Edessa for the Syrians, in the far Orient for the Persians and Indians, among the Irish from the sixth to the eighth century, among the Anglo-Saxons in Great Britain, the Celts in Western France, the Visigoths in Spain, the Frisians and Germans

at the preaching of Boniface; in France during the thirteenth century, in Spain as soon as it was freed from the yoke of the Saracens, and in many other countries which it would require too much space to enumerate in detail. These remarkable periods of holiness illustrate successively or concurrently the history of the Church from its foundation down to our own modern times.

When the discovery of a route to India, and of the Western Continent took place at the end of the fifteenth century, the renewal of this primitive purity was immediately observable among the first Hindoo converts of St. Francis Xavier and his successors; it was soon after noticeable among the debased negroes of the Guinea and Congo coasts; among the simple inhabitants of many islands in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, such as the Guanches in the Canaries under Betancourt, and later on among many tribes of the Philippine Islands in the Pacific. In America it was likewise the case with regard to the savages of Brazil converted by Anchieta and his companions; in Peru; in New Grenada; especially, too, in Paraguay at a quite recent period; and also among many tribes in Canada and the western regions of our own country.

This enumeration, incomplete as it is, will suffice to prove a fact which is universal in the history of the Catholic Church in the first efforts of its missionaries' zeal. And what renders it more surprising still is that the holiness which prevailed in those different and far-distant countries was essentially the same whether they were previously civilized or not. You can see no essential difference in Christian piety at Rome, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria on one side, and among barbarous nations, such as were the Anglo-Saxons, the Visigoths, the Brazilians, the Algonquins and Hurons, on the other. The strict and precise code of the Gospel prevailed everywhere, and the practice of the evangelical counsels, so repugnant to our corrupt nature, flourished in all Christian communities, and covered the whole earth with innumerable establishments, charitable, religious, and educational.

It would require more time and space than are at our command to make the enumeration complete and bring it down to our days. The only thing possible here is to come directly to the actual state of the case, and sketch in a few words the Church's action as it strikes the eye at the present moment.

There is not the least exaggeration in saying that were it not for the persistence of the Catholic Church in constantly inculcating the practice of the most sublime virtues, and particularly of self-sacrifice, there would scarcely remain in our age a shred of true virtue on earth. What would have become, long ere this, of the moral world had it been left to the ravings of the maniacs who have been called the first Reformers, including Calvinists, Ana-

baptists, and all the sects of Antinomians? To what a moral abyss in our own age are not the principles of the various godless teachers of a pretended morality leading; of men who proclaim the necessity of excluding God and religion from education, of separating political rule from all the restraints imposed by right, and society from all connection with heaven? But besides these portentous characteristics of the times, the facts themselves we witness are eminently calculated to excite terror in the heart of every thoughtful observer. Look at the state of Christian Europe at the present day, if it can still be called Christian. What is the universal aim of these ardent theorists, profound scientists, or simply ardent promoters of civilization, as they pretend to be? Merely to enjoy with avidity the goods of the present life without bestowing a thought on the next. They blindly plunge into an unknown future, such as has never been unveiled to the world of past ages; and in order to realize their wild Utopias they aim at destroying every institution which the wisdom of our forefathers has established. These men are called Communists, Socialists, Nihilists. Many of them still talk of a high morality, but they subvert all its foundations. They pretend to work for the happiness of mankind, but mankind recoils with horror from the dark view they disclose to its vision. They array the poor against the rich, labor against capital, the unrestrained passions of a violent and insatiable appetite against the whole economy of divine and human laws. Is not this the state of Europe at this moment? It has never been so restless, discontented, ungovernable as it is to-day. The whole condition can be comprised in one single sentence. The law of God is openly disregarded, the tyranny of might must prevail.

On this Western Continent, formerly so happy and prosperous, because right was really respected, the change effected during the last twenty years, though at first unperceived, is now everywhere manifest. Every reflecting man sees it and openly expresses his concern, and cannot conceal his fears for the future. It is all embraced here in New York in a very comprehensive phrase: "In all transactions between man and man people are now swayed only by the letter of the civil law, no longer by the voice of conscience." It means that expediency rules and morality is dead.

In these ominous circumstances the conclusion forces itself upon the mind that the Catholic Church alone can save society, because it alone is unchangeable; and the same strictness of morals therefore, which governed the conduct of our happy ancestors is still prescribed only by our spiritual rulers.

This is strikingly true in point of fact, but it is in some sense more true than ever in point of doctrine. The Protestant world was shocked a few years ago when the Vatican Council reasserted

the Church's infallibility with like persistence as in all previous ages, and went so far as to proclaim the dogma of the Pope's infallibility in all matters pertaining to faith and morals, which had been always before admitted by the great majority of Catholics, though it had never before been defined as an article of faith. Protestants and rationalists expressed their surprise, could not understand it, and many went so far as to ridicule it; whilst others thought that *intelligent* Catholics would reject it with scorn. Still it was a forcible and striking proof that the morality of the Church would never change an iota. The Supreme Pontiffs would be henceforth more bound than ever before to preserve the moral code in its integrity in the midst of a universal decomposition of all ethical principles. In this is contained the germ of the world's salvation. Whoever wishes to stand by Christ and to be swayed by His precepts must place himself under the wings of the only Church which cannot change, and which must continue to preach Christ's unchangeable doctrine.

Nevertheless, some will, no doubt, demur to this "clerical pretension," to use a very common modern phrase. In fact, three great schools of morals, at this very moment, claim the right of inculcating the true principles which should govern man's conscience preferable to those of the Catholic Church. These are: 1st, the strict Protestants; 2d, the intuitive philosophers; 3d, the positivists. Condensation is necessarily required here, for the subject is immense.

I. The claim of the strict Protestants is urged by them with much persistence. That their claim is simply a delusion is not difficult to prove.

In the first place they themselves must admit that the very principles of Protestantism, as laid down by the first Reformers, evidently sapped the foundations of even the most elementary morality. This, for them, is a very sore point. Protestantism openly denied free will. All the founders of Protestant sects, from Luther down to John of Leyden, did it. But how can virtue exist without free will? Can a mere machine, irresistibly moved by God's action, be susceptible of any moral act? As well might we say that the planets are virtuous by faithfully revolving around the sun. There cannot be any accountability in the necessary motions of an automaton. Conscience in this case is a mere name, and the moral precepts, if there can be any, remain absolutely without sanction. Still this denial of free will was so completely adopted as an axiom among Protestants that Calvin immediately drew the conclusion, which was perfectly legitimate, that God is the sole author of moral evil; yea, of the worst sins a man can be guilty of.

This shocking doctrine was strongly confirmed by the universal

dogma (among Protestants) of justification by faith alone. Good works were naturally excluded from the scheme of salvation, because they are not possible in the total absence of free will. If some Protestants, frightened by this, asserted that good works always accompanied justification, it was understood that these good works were the result of the sole action of God; man had no agency whatever in their performance, except that he was the material subject of the phenomenon.

Their conception of the Church, as explained by the first Reformers, gave the last finishing touch to this Antinomian scheme. According to all those sects, "man in his regeneration worketh nothing; God worketh everything." It strictly followed from this that the Church was composed only of those whom God irresistibly attracted and sanctified. No sinners could exist in the Church; all were saints, and the exterior organization was absolutely nothing. Consequently, sanctity being of its nature invisible, the Church also was not visible. It is difficult to see how the existence of sanctity could be ascertained. Each individual had only the testimony of his own conscience. But this is merely fanaticism.

The Confession of Augsburg, it is true, not satisfied with defining the Church as "a community of saints," added the words, "in which the Gospel is rightly taught and the sacraments are duly administered." But as it is impossible to know exactly when these conditions are fulfilled, it came in the end to this, that the interior or invisible sanctity (the work of the Holy Ghost alone) was the only thing of any account. The terrible conclusion forced itself directly on the mind that this interior action of the Holy Spirit, being necessarily limited by the stern decrees of God, and altogether undiscernible by man, might be, for aught we know, reduced in its ever-contracting sphere to one single soul in the whole world, and thus sanctity would have almost entirely gone back to heaven. This supposition was, I believe, discussed among those sects; with what satisfaction to themselves I do not know.

There was, consequently, a deluge of moral disorders which accompanied the first outburst of the Reformation; so that all the leaders of the movement, beginning with Luther himself, bitterly complained that it had everywhere brought on corruption. A long array of Luther's own declarations and of other Reformers could be produced here in proof. They can be found in all the impartial historians who have written on that epoch.

In the second place, the actual state of the case must be attentively examined. For in our age Protestantism presents a quite different aspect, though its original Antinomianism cannot be easily blotted out. The theological theories which have just been briefly

mentioned are now universally set aside, and strict Protestants mainly try to follow the Gospel's precepts so far as they can understand them. It is strange, however, that the baneful principle of justification by faith remains for them nearly as prominent as ever, and we all have lately heard enough of it in the preaching tour of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Still it must be confessed that Protestantism has not turned out so badly in point of morals as its origin portended. Human nature in the Protestant world has shown itself purer than the Calvinistic doctrine of total depravity would naturally have made it. It is, however, preposterous for Protestants to claim, as they do, a superiority of morals over Catholicism; though in order to vindicate this pretension they state broadly, with an air of triumph, that Protestant nations are invariably more virtuous than those that are Catholic.

Far from being afraid of meeting this objection, we will consent, before showing its fallacy, to adopt the example usually brought forward by their writers. England is generally contrasted with France. Though no general conclusion can be deduced from one or two facts, we will not refuse to accept this unfair condition of the problem to be discussed. It is said by Protestants that the high moral tone of the English strikes every one in comparison with the loose morals of the French. This appears not only in the strict integrity of many individual Englishmen of note, and in the sound principles which generally govern their actions, but this is acknowledged of the bulk of the nation by foreigners in all parts of the world where the British flag appears. Civilized nations in Europe, half barbarous tribes in Asia and Africa respect the probity of the sons of Great Britain wherever they travel for pleasure, instruction, or trade. The exceptions to this are rare and do not deserve to be taken into account. So it is asserted.

This again, Protestants allege, is conspicuous in the domestic virtues of the English and in the noble literature which is their natural expression. Compare English with French novelists. Examine attentively in their respective colonies the influence they exert on inferior races. Details without number are brought forward to illustrate the argument and give it the strength of demonstration.

The answer to all this is very plain, and cannot leave any doubt in the mind of an impartial thinker. In one word, it is a pure sophism, and a few reflections will prove it. The English nation has not yet come to the process of disintegration which the French reached many years ago. It is still in the main one, and that is Protestant of the Anglican type. This particular element contains undoubtedly a large amount of Christian principle. The French, on the contrary, after a full century of revolutions, are profoundly

divided. The only part of them which strikes the eye of foreigners has been for many years, and is still, radically infidel and godless. The contrast does not oppose a Protestant nation to a Catholic people, but to a profoundly unbelieving part. This does not touch the question we are discussing. Instead of this, choose among the French the now numerous, and at this moment rapidly increasing part of the nation which has remained faithful to the religion of the crusaders, and the result of the comparison will be immediately reversed. Take among the French those noble leaders of the Catholic party, as it is called. Look at their admirable deeds in the fields of charity, of education, of zeal for the welfare of their countrymen and for the spread of faith all over the world. Their virtues far outshine those of British peers and politicians, though we fully admit whatever good is done by them in the domestic circle and even in the spread of fair-handed justice. The British aristocracy is satisfied in the field of charity with the working of the poor laws; in education they secure a high degree of it for their caste, and leave the lower classes in the abyss of degradation into which it is notorious they are plunged; with regard to the welfare of the people, they are only careful to see that oppression is not carried far enough to produce open rebellion. The French Catholics do not fear a close comparison with Englishmen in all acts of benevolence.

French literature, too, is not altogether debased. The present Gallic writers on history, on philosophy, on science, on religion, nay, in light literature, will well bear comparison with the best of England; and when French authors are inspired by a truly Catholic spirit, as is now the case with a large number, their works rise far above those which come from the press on the other side of the Channel. There is at the present time a French literature which is the true expression of the sound part of the nation; and to pretend that Protestant literature in England is superior to it, is to ignore totally the new French bibliography in all its branches.

But the discussion of the present question embraces many other points, some of which must be examined in order to elicit the truth fairly, if not entirely. In the first place, Protestant England, as has been said, has preserved many Catholic principles, which give it a great moral superiority over unbelieving peoples, and particularly over a considerable number of the French people. Precisely because Anglicanism has no settled rule of faith, Calvinism has not altogether pervaded the nation, and the elastic principle of its religious system, which embraces among others the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles, allows its adherents, when they choose, the practice of many pious customs which are denied to the infidel. Prayer, examen of conscience, the

reception of the sacraments, the general belief in the incarnation, in the atonement, in the future judgment, etc., form among them a strong basis of Christian morality. All this is true. But with its pretended *via media* it carries too far its compromise with dogmas and morals, allows liberty of opinion on many important points which its humanly constituted ecclesiastical authority does not feel competent to settle, and closes its eyes to the requirements of a high standard of virtue. Thus there are among them few moral disorders, it is true, and not often open impiety; but, on the other side, the heroism of faith is positively discountenanced, and holiness is altogether absent. They are in general well regulated in their lives, but this is mainly in a worldly point of view; so that the appearance of a saint among them is totally unknown. The standard of morals with them is, therefore, earthly, not heavenly, and cannot come in competition with that of Catholics. Besides, what they possess of virtue comes from their previous Catholicism; the many deficiencies of their moral code is the outcome of their Protestantism.

In the second place their want of heroism in faith and the low standard of their moral virtues become glaring when compared with the wonders of faith, charity, and zeal displayed by a large number of the French of our day. Can it be supposed, without eliciting a smile, that a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury would willingly die for his flock as Mgr. Affre did on the barricades in June, 1848? A few of the most ardent Anglicans, under the name of Puseyites, or Ritualists, advocate celibacy, monastic rules, almsgiving to the poor, and self-sacrifice for the help of the needy. But they find no countenance among the almost entire body of their Anglican brethren. Their vain efforts in the arduous path of holiness meet only with derision, opposition, persecution. This is because Protestantism is naturally opposed to sanctity.

The French Catholics, on the contrary, manifestly cultivate whatever is highest in Christian perfection. They, at this very time, cover the soil of their country with charitable and ascetic institutions worthy of the primitive ages. The ardent zeal of Christ appears among them as pure and as disinterested as in Jerusalem and Rome in the Apostolic age. Not content with establishing all over the French soil the glorious marks of the Christian religion destroyed a short time ago by an infidel rabble, they go forth from their country like the Apostles, and know no limit to their zeal but the utmost bounds of the earth. They do not spread the New Testament without comment, printed in all languages. They, themselves, learn all tongues in order to preach it; and their lives are the best commentary on the inspired volume. The whole continent of Africa, the remotest parts of Asia, the whole extent of the

South Seas are invaded by a peaceful army, such as the world has scarcely seen before. England trades and sends her goods, for a fair remuneration, to the civilized and uncivilized tribes of the earth. France carries the pure Gospel as far and often farther; and her children, men and women, consider the palm of martyrdom their best guerdon, which, too, is not unfrequently awarded them. Where, then, is the superiority of England over France?

In the third place, in spite of all her moral deficiencies modern France, including even the infidel half, has preserved to this day the true feeling of universal manhood, which is eminently a Christian feeling, and which, I am sorry to say, scarcely appears in Great Britain. Whatever may have been the cause, it is so, undoubtedly. When the first Crystal Palace was erected in London the French commissioners who were dispatched to render a faithful account of its unprecedented splendor were instructed also to inquire into the moral state of the London poor. Two of them (Léon Faucher and Eugène Rendu) came back to Paris with two different descriptions, bearing the most extraordinary features of an apparently impossible opposition. All the brilliant recent victories of industry, art, science, and labor formed in the one a picture of dazzling beauty; but the other sketch, though faithfully drawn, exhibited all the horrors of the lowest possible human degradation. The English Government could not express its dissatisfaction at this astounding French *compte rendu*, because British commissioners appointed at about the same time, for a like purpose, by the Parliament in London, had brought out almost the same result, and sent a thrill of horror through the whole English nation. Mr. Mayhew, moreover, a thorough Englishman, but a most candid writer, published in ten octavo volumes, a long array of facts which it had taken him thirty years to collect, and to which he gave the very simple title, *London Labor and the London Poor*. He met in his rambles many most destitute Irish families, but he was struck with the difference between them and the British plebeians. He narrated manfully and honestly what he saw and heard from both; and there could not be any longer the least difficulty in believing that the lower classes in London were thoroughly degraded. They had scarcely preserved any feature of the "king of creation," and it was hard to imagine that they themselves had been created "to the image and similitude of God." The difference, likewise, between the poor in France and the poor in England was most striking and undeniable. These last were mere animals. Their French congeners might become at times wild beasts and untutored savages, but as soon as they recovered their senses they became again sensible beings, and gave many proofs of true manhood, rising occasionally to heroism. This became manifest even in their revolutionary

excesses. They acted first as if they were deprived of reason and had sunk to the level of ferocious beasts, but in their lucid moments they checked their destructive appetites, and often wept over the havoc they had made. The only exception that I know to this happened in the last rising of the Commune, in 1871, which preserved its fierce character from first to last. In their poor dwellings, also, you seldom see filth and dirt, and their wives always know how to arrange into some kind of order whatever pieces of furniture they succeed in saving from the pawnbroker or the lottery-ticket seller.

The reason of the difference between the English and the French rabble is easily explained and becomes clear to any close observer. The lower classes of England are given over, soul and body, to the cruel mercies of the poor laws. If they are seldom allowed to die of hunger, whatever is given them does not come from the hand of true charity, which is always prompted by sincere love, but is severely doled out to them by the calculating reckoning of officials, whom they come at last to consider as their bitter enemies. On the contrary, in France it is not the state alone that attends to the needs of the indigent. As soon as it is heard that there is destitution anywhere troops of Daughters of Charity, of Brethren of St. Vincent de Paul, of individual Christians, men and women, often of the highest rank, are always at hand to relieve distress. They come as friends, full of sympathy and love, and the poor know that what they bring comes from the heart, that the first visit will be followed by many others, which will continue as long as the need remains. Thus there is always hope among the French poor. It is seldom, indeed, that they are reduced to despair, and generally the lowest turn of the wheel of fortune is sure to bring an ascending scale of comfort. Together with bread, charitable advice is invariably given; the children are taken care of, the sick are attended to and nursed, and thus a community of feeling is established between the wealthy and the poor.

It would require a large volume to describe the various societies established in France during the last thirty years, for the relief of human misery and for imparting to the forlorn and friendless the consolations of religion and the benefits of instruction. It is not true, consequently, that in a comparison between England and France the advantages are all on the side of the former and against the latter. The result of a candid inquiry is precisely the reverse, as has been already said. And since a comparison of those two great nations is proposed as a test for the whole question, it must be concluded that the moral superiority of the Catholics over the Protestants is clear and indubitable under all the aspects of the subject. A passage, however, from an admirable work of Mr.

Auguste Nicholas—on *Protestantism*—falls unexpectedly into my hands, and is too appropriate to this occasion to be overlooked or omitted here. I translate only a few paragraphs:

"If the Divine Author of Christianity appeared suddenly in the midst of the Catholic nations he would find among them a multitude of charitable souls, of merciful and compassionate co-workers with Him for the benefit of mankind, of men bent on reproducing on earth something at least of His ardent tenderness for the poor; true continuators of His mission of love, in whom He would recognize the promptings of the spirit which animated Him, and to whom He would say: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father; for I was hungry and you gave me food; I was thirsty and you gave me drink; I was naked and you clothed me; I was a prisoner and you came to visit me.'

"But if He happened to go through the streets of London, through the quarters of St. Giles, of Whitechapel, of Gretna Green, of Spitalfields, O my God! what a terrible *væ* would issue from His lips against those members of Bible societies who constantly speak of the Gospel spread through sea and land, its dead letter, with the sole purpose of propagating heresy, whilst they trample the Gospel under foot in the persons of Christ's poor. This heavenly King, who blessed the lowly in his Gospel, would not have to change a single word in the imprecations addressed of old to the Pharisees: 'Woe to you, ... because you go round about the sea and land to make one proselyte, ... and he becomes the child of hell twofold more than yourselves. Woe to you, ... because you are like to whited sepulchres, which appear outwardly beautiful, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all filthiness.'"

This may appear severe language, but Mr. Nicholas has never been accused of using such unless the occasion required it. It is meanwhile remarkable that Protestants have been more violent than open infidels, even, in their denunciations of Catholic morality, as if they themselves had nothing to atone for; and this must delay us a little while longer on the present subject. The first Reformers pretended that the Catholic Church had for a long time ceased to be the Church of Christ on account of its moral corruption. They loaded with opprobrious epithets the very memory of the Middle Ages, which had just preceded the advent of Protestantism. It is chiefly from them, as well as from the *humanists* of the revival, that all the misconceptions originated which have until now prevailed, even among Catholic writers, with regard to the supposed low morality of the ages of faith. It is this false impression that forms mainly the basis of the broad assertion of Protestants that the Church of Christ had ceased to exist, except, perhaps, among the Valdenses and Albigenses. The rationalists of our day care very little for its existence or non-existence, but they continue to bring forward an immense number of details, true or not, which give to those ages all the appearance of barbarism and moral corruption. Mr. Lecky, I am sorry to say, is profuse on this subject in his second volume.

This question cannot be treated *in extenso* here. But a few reflections are required to rebut this wholesale accusation on the part of Protestantism. In our day, at least, the Middle Ages have been better studied than ever previously, and the result of the investi-

gation has been a thorough vindication. Many important works have appeared in Germany, England, and France, restoring to that much-abused epoch its true character. It is sufficient to mention two of them,—the *Mores Catholici* of Kenelm H. Digby, and the *Monks of the West* of Montalembert. The first of these, quoted at the head of this article, is bulky, but contains an immense number of facts which present the subject under a light altogether different from that of the Protestant view, and one which certainly is more correct. It has been objected against it that it gives only one side of the picture. Even if this were the case it would still, however, furnish a sufficient answer to the revilers of those times, who cannot see any good in an age which has covered Europe with stupendous cathedrals, and with innumerable other splendid edifices devoted to the relief of all forms of human misery.

But it is not true that Mr. Digby has not spoken of the evil side of the Middle Ages, chiefly of the incessant wars which characterized that epoch, and were the main cause of all the moral and social abuses with which it is reproached. He has done this admirably, particularly in the eleventh chapter of the ninth book, in the third volume of the London edition. At the same time that he has done this he has also proved that Catholicity was not responsible for these abuses. They all originated in feudalism; and the Church not only did not establish the feudal system, but constantly labored to mitigate its evils, and succeeded at last in rooting them out one after another. The great drawback of Mr. Digby's book is his method and style. The first is somewhat confused, and the second is far from being lucid and clear. These defects detract much from the interest of his work. But whoever looks only to the thoughts and the facts, and perseveres in reading, in spite of the literary deficiencies of the book, will soon experience great pleasure in perusing his pages, and admiring the beauty of Christendom in the ages when it embraced the whole of Europe under its wings.

If the great work of Montalembert is selected for the study of the Middle Ages, the effect will be still more striking, because the heroic leader of the French Catholics in the struggle for their emancipation was an eminent writer in every respect, as well as a great orator and debater. His *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary* and his *Monks of the West* suffice to vindicate the ages of faith from all the obloquy heaped upon them by Protestant writers, from the Centuriators of Magdeburgh down to the latest ranter of Exeter Hall.

II. After the strict Protestants, the "intuitive philosophers" think that they likewise can cast reproaches upon Catholic morality. Mr. Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, is their chief exponent. A brief exposition of his views as to his own moral system

is required here before speaking of his objections to the Church's sanctity.

First, he is uncompromising in his opposition to the utilitarian school of ethics, as he calls those pretended moralists who deny that right and wrong depend on immutable principles, and pretend that utility is the grand basis of morals, so that an act is virtuous only when it is useful and pleasurable. This is a reproduction of the old Epicurean system, and leads logically to the worst moral abuses. This system Mr. Lecky has attempted to refute, and he has done it admirably in the first half of his first volume. At the same time he establishes on the most solid ground the innate rule of conduct by which right is absolutely distinguished from wrong, independently of present happiness or pleasure. And here he is opposed not only to the school of Bentham, so prevalent in England at the beginning of this century, but also to the rising school of positivists, of which Mr. Herbert Spencer is the chief leader.

It appears strange that laying down, as apparently he does, the same foundations of natural virtue which all Catholic theologians admit, he differs so much from them in many applications of the rule which is common to both. He was aware that the "innate rule of right and wrong," namely, the voice of human conscience, which he concedes was recognized by St. Paul in the pagans themselves, and was henceforth called *lex naturæ* (the law of nature), was likewise the basis of moral theology adopted by all the schoolmen. He even alludes to the "great writings of St. Thomas Aquinas," which he knows are sacred to all Catholic theologians. Still he wonders that "these monks, who were familiar with the language, and might easily have been familiar with the noble literature of ancient Rome, ... added so very little of any real value for so long a period to the knowledge of mankind." He goes still further, and frequently complains of the Church's morality as laid down by the Fathers and the schoolmen; in fact, of the Church's whole practice in different ages until our own time.

The strangeness of this conduct on the part of Mr. Lecky ceases to be matter of surprise as soon as it is remarked that he totally rejects the supernatural, which for him is merely *superstition*. There is not for him any other moral law than the natural. The order of grace is totally absent from his system, and he does not seem to have even the slightest knowledge of it. Throughout his two volumes I have failed to find even the most distant reference to it. Now there is not, it is true, the smallest disagreement between the law of nature and the order of grace, because they both come from God; but the second is far above the first, and commends us to infinitely higher motives, which a pure rationalist cannot under-

stand; and thus Mr. Lecky at once assumes that the one is contradictory of the other.

On the first page of his second volume, however, the question is unexpectedly brought before his eyes, and the author of *European Morals* begins there an interesting discussion on the relative merits of the moral system of pagan philosophers, such as were Marcus Aurelius and Seneca, on the one side, and that of Christianity on the other. He immediately makes the profound remark that "the ethics of paganism were part of a philosophy; the ethics of Christianity were part of a religion." The subject was thus broadly indicated, and he had only to develop it. But he did not arrive at a proper consideration of the order of grace. He must have found the expression in many Catholic books that he certainly perused; but probably because he could not understand them he laid them aside, without even trying to find out what they meant. This alone is sufficient to show that Mr. Lecky's knowledge, so extensive and so correct on many points, is extremely deficient respecting the doctrines upheld by the Catholic Church.

He furnishes, too, a most striking proof of this; for, with reference to Catholicism, instead of examining coolly and wisely, as he so often does when treating other points, how it is that a *philosophy* must widely differ from a *religion* as to the doctrine of virtue and its motives, he launches into mere declamation against the absurd harshness he attributes to Christian morality. The following sentences, which are the only ones that time and space allow us to quote, are really inexplicable when it is considered that the writer is eminently learned and discriminating whenever his preconceived opinions on the sufficiency of natural virtue do not mislead him. He says:

"The Christian notion of the enormity of little sins; the belief that all the details of life will be scrutinized hereafter; that weaknesses of character and petty infractions of duty . . . . . may be made the ground of eternal condemnation, was altogether unknown to the ancients,"—that is, to the Pagan philosophers.

These reproaches might be addressed, to a certain extent, to several absurd sects of Puritans among Protestants; but Mr. Lecky's strictures are generally directed against the Catholic Church, which he abuses as often as he praises it. He seldom objects to any vagary of Protestantism, though on one or two occasions he justly speaks of the "horrible doctrines of Calvinism." But this is so rare that, whenever he severely reflects on *Christianity*, the reader infers that he therein speaks of the Catholic Church. In the passage just quoted no other Church organization will occur to the reader's mind, as alluded to by Mr. Lecky; and it is a most false,

nay, absurd accusation, which by this time must be known to be such by everybody. The difference between venial and mortal sins is elementary among us, and all children who have begun to learn their Catechism could give the proper answer to this author of a great, and on many points an excellent work.

But the main cause of the ignorance here painfully manifested is derived, as has been already said, from the rejection of the supernatural; and this must be considered for a moment, because the supernatural side of Christianity gives to it in fact immense superiority, even in point of morals, over every purely rationalistic system. This is not generally perceived; nevertheless, the true cause of the Church's sanctity is derived from its superhuman character. Take away its dogmas and Christianity becomes a simple *philosophy*, as was that of Marcus Aurelius and Seneca. We must claim a great deal more, and the simple exposition of this will reduce to nothing all the objections of rationalists against the Catholic moral system, and even prove that the claim of *holiness* cannot be advanced in behalf of any other system than the Catholic religion.

On what grounds rests, after all, the practice of virtue when man has no other guide than his individual conscience? Only on the immutable principles of right and wrong engraved on the human heart by the finger of God, which form the basis of the natural law of morality. Had not revelation been added to it this might and would have sufficed, because God would in that case have given sufficient light to our intellect and sufficient strength to our will. This comes to what Catholic theologians call in general the *status naturæ puræ*, whose possibility they all admit, and which would reduce humanity nearly to the condition which intuitive philosophers consider the present one. But revelation is a great fact, proved historically as well as rationally. The demonstration of it by Christian apologists has never been successfully attacked, and revelation supposes the fall. The fall itself is also a great fact, and is the original cause of the present obscurity of our intellect and the weakness of our will. So that, in his actual state, man is not in the condition supposed by rationalists, a condition which would give him the possibility of naturally practicing virtue and avoiding sin without other higher means.

Our own experience, therefore, demonstrates the necessity of revelation, and consequently of a supernatural religion, which is often called the "order of grace." Meanwhile, in the rationalistic system of Mr. Lecky, virtue is supposed to be clear in its precepts and easy of attainment. The mind of man is considered naturally competent to distinguish easily right from wrong, and the will is believed to enjoy a sufficient mastery over passion. That this is,

in abstracto, the case under ordinary circumstances can well be admitted, since the Church has rejected the dogma of total depravity. But that we have, *in concreto*, lost the power possessed by Adam at his creation, has always been the belief of the Church, and was made a dogma when Pelagianism arose. The common experience of all mankind would, moreover, suffice to prove this truth.

The author of the *History of European Morals* never speaks *ex professo* of the difficulties which beset man in the path of virtue, and seldom makes any mention of the arduous labor required in the performance of duty. This is probably the consequence of his system, which would entirely collapse if moral precepts were not supposed to be always clear, and the practice of virtue always easy. But his very supposition is fatal to the pretended superiority of his doctrine over that of the Catholic Church. For all know that without a great struggle not only moral perfection cannot be obtained, nor can vice itself in its most degrading aspect be conquered. If Mr. Lecky could succeed in convincing all men of the solid ground of his moral Utopia, his ubiquitous and innumerable disciples would rush headlong into what they would consider the strict path of duty, and most of them would soon perceive that they had suddenly fallen among pitfalls and snares. He is, after all, a poor professor of morals; and, if he went about preaching his system, it is very doubtful whether he would reform mankind; or rather it is not at all doubtful that he would not. And this is true of all teachers of ethics when they rely only on reason. If Mr. Lecky is here singled out, it is mainly because he is one of the very best among them.

Mr. Lecky even is candid enough to express some doubt on the perfect reliability of intuitive philosophers. At the beginning of his first volume he gives a respectable list of them, all English, and he admits that there is "an apparent discordance" among them as to the very foundation of virtue. He names Butler, Adam Smith, Cudworth, Clarke, and several others. But he tries to reconcile them by reducing their various definitions to "a complex moral sense, containing both a judgment of the reason and an emotion of the heart." (V. i., p. 77.) Still, not even here is a word said either on the obscurity which often throws a cloud over the "judgment of the reason," or of the strong bias towards evil, which oftener still carries the will in a wrong direction. All things considered, it does not look very likely that natural morality is destined to bring about the peaceful reign of virtue on earth. There are too many difficulties in the way. We must now examine attentively whether the supernatural side of the question is not more reliable.

In the first place, all there is of truth in the "intuitive" system

is admitted by Catholic moralists, and is expressed by the well-known axiom: *Gratia supponit naturam.* It is proper at this day people should know that the Church does not anathematize natural principles in morals, as she does not the exercise of reason in philosophy. The Council of the Vatican has spoken clearly on the subject, and both principles were invariably taught from the beginning by the Fathers and the Schoolmen. Heresy did its best to obscure the one as well as the other, but the Church has succeeded in defeating heresy on both these fields of battle.

In the second place, the Catholic doctrine asserts that the moral nature of man, though not totally depraved, as Calvin pretended, has been, nevertheless, weakened by original sin; and, as was just remarked, this dogma is strongly approved by reason and experience, so that to reject it is tantamount to introducing a new mystery into the nature and history of man on earth.

In the third place, with this single effect of the fall is connected the whole supernatural order of grace, through which an immense superiority of morals of necessity follows, and this requires serious attention. To understand it a very short sketch of the scheme of redemption will suffice. Man weakened in his nature by original sin requires help in the performance of duty. This help the Man-God furnishes by His example and His merits. The sacraments are the channels through which Christ's merits are applied to man; and virtuous habits resulting from this application joined with man's concurrence, the practice of virtue becomes easy, and can even take the shape of what is called *holiness,* which may be defined *the heavenly consecration of virtue.*

This must be examined somewhat in detail. From the revealed mystery of the Trinity and the infinite love of the Father and the Son, the Incarnation follows, and this opens the way for Redemption. The divine plan reveals to us the fact that the first Adam created in the image of God, and consequently holy at the beginning, having fallen from his high estate, was replaced as head of the human race by a second Adam consubstantial with God Himself. Human nature was consequently raised far above its primitive state, and now partakes by adoption of the Divine Sonship. The sacraments are the ever open channels through which abundant graces are constantly flowing. A new moral life is thus bestowed on humanity, and what was impossible to our fallen nature becomes easy to the redeemed soul. Hence a far higher morality is the consequence; and *holiness* becomes possible, whilst before it was perfectly unattainable.

This, it is true, cannot be understood by the intuitive philosophers; and the atonement of Christ is often blasphemed by them. To bring it, however, within the range of their vision, it perhaps

will suffice to examine attentively the rational grounds on which rest the claims of the Catholic Church and the divinity of its doctrine. Even in case both remain obscure for them, they can, however, easily understand that those principles being presupposed the highest possible sanctity on earth must follow. Let us see the rational grounds of this doctrine.

It is impossible here to enter into details ; but it may be sufficient to mention that the first establishment of Christianity, its propagation, and subsequent history through all ages, furnish abundant proof of its divine origin, and consequently of the absolute truth of all the mysteries mentioned above. The life of Christ alone, when it is studied and understood rightly, demonstrates that the Catholic claims are not a delusion, and that the author of our religion was truly God, since the contrary supposition carries with it the stigma of imposture, against which even mere human feeling recoils with horror when there is question of Christ. Mr. Lecky, it is true, does his best to prove that Christianity was merely the result of previous philosophers, and of the gradual progress of mankind, and this is generally the opinion of rationalists. But for their demonstration they rely only on an *ex parte* view of the Roman Empire, which can easily be proved to be false, and which even in the supposition of its truth could not render admissible a like conclusion for the whole world. The *conversion of Rome*, developed at length in the *History of European Morals* from natural data only, does not authorize any one to say the same was true of the entire earth; but the mission of the Apostles extended to the whole of it. The well-known facts of a history so stupendous as was the universal propagation of Christ's doctrines, joined with the destruction of idolatry, the renovation of the whole world, and the introduction of new thoughts, new maxims, a new life; all this compared with the weak instruments that were used, and the natural incompetency of the workers in the scheme, cannot possibly be explained except by the direct agency of God. Otherwise the effect would be infinitely superior to the cause, and the mystery would remain insoluble.

But the religion, which was thus established and propagated, and which brought about the highest degree of civilization, was altogether supernatural, and it contained, even in its incipient form, all the dogmatic mysteries which we have briefly referred to. New words were, it is true, gradually introduced into the Church's symbols of faith ; the ideas, however, remained the same, being only more definitely stated. Redemption through Christ, in particular, was as firmly believed in the Apostolic age as it is at the present day. All the moral doctrines which follow from it began to work in the Church, and have been constantly since then the well-spring of virtue, nay, of *holiness*. Man was known to have been born a sinner ; the prac-

tice of virtue was believed to be difficult, nay, impossible without the help of God. This help was furnished chiefly through baptism, the Eucharist, and penance, all derived from the merits of Christ and from the shedding of His blood on the Cross. Christ being the new Head of the human race, men were through Him adopted into the Sonship of God, as St. Peter clearly declared. The order of grace, already proclaimed by St. John, was the source of the new birth in which men were regenerated.

But man having to concur with the grace thus offered him, a manly warfare against vice was the consequenee. The road to heaven had been declared by Christ himself to be arduous and rough; and the Apostles insisted in their preaching and epistles on the necessity of moral effort. The double principle on which hangs the whole conflict in the moral field was in the beginning adopted and ever since then insisted on; namely, in point of conviction, be persuaded that you can do absolutely nothing without divine help; in point of actual practice, do exactly as if everything depended on yourself. On account of the first part of this double axiom prayer was always highly recommended as the usual means for obtaining God's help; on account of the second all the natural means required for enlightening the judgment, and strengthening the will, called by Mr. Lecky the "emotion of the heart," must be employed by the man who desires to be truly virtuous. Occasions of sin are to be avoided, the company of the vicious is to be shunned, the first outbursts of passion must be repressed, the senses must be kept under control, sensual indulgence must be altogether renounced, etc. This warfare is to continue as long as life exists, and if ever, owing to the neglect of these restraints, guilt has been incurred, God must be propitiated by repentance, and His forgiveness obtained through the means which religion enjoins.

As instruments to lead Christians in this arduous path, thousands and thousands of zealous men have been constantly engaged in preaching, exhorting, supporting the weak, maintaining the ardor of the strong, forming Christ in the heart of men, since the great model always proposed to the Christian in his spiritual warfare is the stainless life of the Saviour. For virtue is not only the result of His merits, it is also strongly promoted by His example. Mr. Lecky, who never speaks of Christ's merits, because he ignores the scheme of redemption, acknowledges, however, the power of His example, and speaks of it eloquently in a remarkable and striking passage in his second volume.

All these things being combined together virtue is solidly established, and takes a shape in the Christian scheme altogether different from what it is supposed to be in any other ethical system.

The highest degree of it is called holiness or sanctity; and the Catholic Church is the only institution on earth which recognizes "saints," forms and trains them, as it were, and at the end of their lives "canonizes" them.

Holiness has been already defined as the "heavenly consecration of virtue." It is true that in natural virtue, that of the pagans, for instance, there was a glimpse of heaven. St. John tells us at the beginning of his Gospel that the eternal word—the splendor of the Father as He has been called—is the true light which illumines all men coming into the world; consequently even those who have been deprived of the supernatural light of revelation, and are reduced to that of reason; who, according to St. Paul, *ipsi sibi sunt lex*, really receive that *law* from the eternal Word. But as this is only in the "order of nature," and nature has been sundered from heaven by sin, it is only a *glimpse*, as it has been called, a *reflection* only from heaven, not a direct ray of light. On the contrary, supernatural virtue, derived from the scheme of revelation, contains, as it were, the substance of the eternal Word after His incarnation, who has brought down heaven to earth by a direct ray of His divine nature, so that theologians say that the infinite merits of the God-man have become the treasure of man after his redemption. The Church is the keeper of that treasure; but the first of the sacraments, baptism, by making us heirs of heaven, has given us the right to receive from and through her hands a part of that heavenly wealth, such as the world cannot comprehend. In this sublime generosity of the bestower of all good gifts virtue becomes "consecrated," and acquires the right to be called *holiness*. It is needless to say that no rationalistic system of morals, even of the highest order, can put forth a claim of this nature; and that consequently there is an infinite moral superiority in the Christian scheme over any other that can be imagined.

Hence, look at those sublime virtues in the "order of grace" which have been practiced in Jerusalem, as related by St. Luke; in Rome, as ascertained by recent inquiries; in Egypt, as known from Rosweid's *Vitæ Patrum;* in Edessa, as portrayed by the great St. Ephrem; in Celtic Ireland, in Anglo-Saxon England, in Catholic Spain and France; in all the monastic orders, as described by Montalembert, in so many religious houses of our own day. Where can be found among men of the "intuitive school of morals" anything like the sublime spirit of self-sacrifice which the teaching of Christianity introduced into this world? Mr. Lecky himself has said in his Preface: "Sometimes we find a kind of aristocracy of virtue, exhibiting the most refined excellence in their teachings and their actions, but exercising scarcely any appreciable influence upon the mass of the community." This may be said of the school

to which the writer belongs, but is not true of Christianity. On the contrary, it is not aristocracy but the commonalty of the people in Christendom that have been the most ready to adopt in their lives the highest precepts, nay, the counsels of the Saviour. And if the main reason of this is inquired into, it will be found in the fact that the scheme of our Saviour was Heavenly, that it worked in the "order of grace," that it embraced all mankind, that it acted on all classes of men, but chiefly on the most simple because less corrupt, on the less refined because more pure.

Of the moral deficiencies which have sometimes appeared in the Christian world, of the periods of looseness in morals which have occasionally afflicted the Church, much is said by those who refuse to admit the superiority of the Gospel's doctrine, as if such "deficiencies" and such looseness in morals came from the Gospel's imperfection, and was attributable to Christianity itself. It is pure sophism to reproach a religion with drawbacks, which that religion evidently condemns. It is true that its influence seems to be less holy when a number of its adherents lead a life at variance with their belief. But if at all times—as can be proved was the case—there have been in the Church men of the highest sanctity, raising aloft the standard of virtue as a signal for others to follow; if what they practiced was the outcome of the Church's teaching, and must be attributed to the religion itself, it is evident that the claim of sanctity is not vitiated by whatever may have been the moral deficiencies of others, who acted in direct contravention to the dictates of religion. It would, therefore, be needless to discuss the accusations brought forward by rationalistic writers against a Church, which in its official documents has never been known to favor any loose principle in morals, but which, on the contrary, has always prescribed the strictest rules for the guidance of mankind.

III. There is just now at this moment a third class of men, who claim for their system a moral superiority over that of the Church, and these, strange to say, are the positivists of our day. They pretend that even belief in God is not connected with a pure life, that Atheism is compatible with perfect virtue; and they go so far as to assert that the denial of all religion is promotive of the purest morality, because it is then more disinterested, and does not look to future reward. I sincerely beg pardon of my readers for discussing at all this question. On its very surface it seems perfectly absurd, and is an insult to good sense and propriety. Still it must not be left unreferred to, because a great number of men, outside of the Catholic Church, seem to incline to this opinion. Its refutation is the main object of Mr. W. H. Mallock in his book lately published, *Is Life Worth Living?* and the sensation it has produced shows that it was opportune and important.

This pretension of the positivists (of connecting pure morality with what we must call rank infidelity) is peculiar to our time, and has never been advanced before. The system of Evolution, which is the main support of modern atheism, has always been, in some form or other, a ground of disbelief in God. The existence of the world and of man without the intervention of a Supreme Designer, by the mere effect of physical laws or forces, was explained in Greece by Epicurus and developed by Lucretius in Rome through the means of the atomic theory. But the great object of the Greek philosopher and of his Latin interpreter was "to free mankind from the fear of the gods," and thus to leave human passions untrammelled by *superstition*. If some writers have pretended that Epicurus's doctrine was compatible with a blameless life, the fact seems to be proved that the Roman depravity, particularly among patricians under the first emperors, was in great part due to the adoption, almost general at that time, of Lucretius's principles. Horace has graphically expressed the common opinion on this subject by the celebrated line: "*Epicuri de grege porcum.*" The metaphysical pantheism originated by Giordano Bruno, at the close of the Middle Ages, and elaborated with great acumen later on by Spinoza, did not appear to have any fatal influence on morals, though it also was an attempt at deducing the existence of the universe from inflexible and necessary laws. But the chief reason of this seeming harmlessness was simply the narrow sphere which these doctrines penetrated. The uncouth and repulsive form under which they were offered to the public prevented them from becoming popular, and they never had more than a few adherents.

But as soon as the ancient Greek system was reproduced under more attractive forms in the eighteenth century all the previous immoral consequences of Epicurism followed. The numerous French systems on cosmology and natural history, invented by De Maillet, Buffon, Lamark, and others, all of them tending to free man from responsibility before God, were starting-points from which ethical principles of the most deleterious nature were immediately deduced. Such philosophers as Helvetius, Diderot, D'Holbach, La Mettrie, and, in general, the Encyclopædists, taught openly that self-gratification and the mere satisfaction of the appetite was the law of human nature. The most degrading consequences were immediately deduced by a besotted public, including the proud members of the most refined society. The *salons* of Madame Geoffrin, Madame du Deffand, Madame de Marchais, Madame Necker herself, were every day defiled by the lewd conversation of the great lights of literature in Paris, and husbands of the highest rank consented to live in intimacy and social intercourse with the well-known paramours of their wives. The moral corruption that en-

sued, and which brought about all the horrors of the French Revolution, is well known. It has been thoroughly unveiled by modern writers of light *feuilletons* in newspapers and of more pretentious articles in reviews.

Even during the first quarter of this century in France, the economist systems devised by Fourier and St. Simon, who pretended likewise to explain, on merely natural grounds, the whole universe and man's nature, were tainted with the same festering moral gangrene; they all proposed sensual gratification as the great object of human life.

At this moment the most explicit assertions of positivists seem to present their case in a quite different light. We shall presently hear what they say of virtue as the great aim of life, and of its strict practice in their own ranks. Nevertheless it must be admitted that they go still further in point of religious denial than all their philosophical ancestors; and it would seem strange if they could escape the immoral consequences which have invariably followed from analogous principles. Mr. Mallock, who knows them well, and always speaks of them without rancor, if not with undue courtesy, is appalled at the aspect of their doctrines, and represents them as unparalleled in the previous history of man. Here are a few of his words (*Is Life Worth Living?* p. 197, Putnam):

"When the present age shall realize its own condition truly [owing to those new doctrines], the dejection of which it is growing conscious may perhaps give way to despair. This condition, however, is so portentous that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that it is what it seems to be, and that it is not a dream. But the more steadily we look at it, the more real will its appalling features appear to us. We are literally in an age to which history can show no parallel, and which is new to the experience of humanity; and though the moral dejection we have been dwelling on may have had many seeming counterparts in other times, this is, as it were, solid substance, whereas they were only shadows. I have pointed out already in my first chapter how unexampled is the state in which the world now finds itself; but we will dwell once again upon its more general features."

Then the gifted author draws a picture of the present age of positivism, the more frightful that it is most true in every particular, and thus concludes:

"It is not possible to conceive that this last development of humanity, this stupendous break from the past, which is being accomplished by our understanding of it, will not be the sort of break which takes place when a man awakes from a dream and finds all that he most prized vanished from him. It is not possible to conceive that this awakening, this discovery by man himself, will not be the beginning of his decadence; that it will not be the discovery on his part that he is a lesser and a lower thing than he thought he was, and that his condition will not sink till it tallies with his own opinion of it."

This must be, in fact, the natural consequence of all atheistic systems, but principally of modern positivism. To make a full statement of its assertions and doctrines is not possible here through want

of space, and it is not needed, because they must be by this time well known to the reader. The system itself cannot be discussed in these pages. Still, in the midst of the denial of all principles on which society in all ages has since rested, the new theorists proclaim that virtue remains for them as firm as for Christians and more so. This part of the question remains to be discussed.

In the words of Mr. Mallock, "Dr. Tyndall informs us that though he has now rejected the religion of his former years, yet, granting him proper health of body, there is '*no spiritual experience*,' such as he then knew; '*no resolve of duty, no work of mercy, no act of self-renouncement, no solemnity of thought, no joy in the life and aspect of nature, that would not still be his.*' Like to this is the implicit teaching of all George Eliot's novels, whilst Professor Huxley tells us that, come what may to our '*intellectual beliefs and even education*,' '*the beauty of holiness and the ugliness of sin*' will remain for those that have eyes to see them, '*no mere metaphors, but real and intense feelings.*'"

All the followers of this new doctrine speak in the same strain; and Miss Bevington, an English lady of the new school, in answering Mr. Mallock's book on the *Nineteenth Century*, bitterly complains that his object must evidently have been "to deprive her of her inducements to live righteously," nay, "to reap advantage from her unrighteousness." This point they have reached in their sophisms, that if any talented writer proves to them, as Mr. Mallock intended in his book, that "theism, with its attendant belief in man's immortality, has a practical effect upon practical life," and that "without these beliefs truth as truth, and virtue as virtue, cease to be in any way admirable," they immediately conclude that such a writer as this has the deliberate purpose to deprive them of every inducement to virtue and to render them "unrighteous, corrupt, immoral," as if such was the result of belief in God.

They consequently deny the catastrophe announced by Mr. Mallock in case their doctrines prevail; "a catastrophe," he says, "that might be not unfitly spoken of as the second fall of man." "That a vast change is imminent" they indeed readily admit; but it is a change, they say, that "does not touch virtue, nor any of the great emotions that are at present connected with it." There is, they assure us, to be no lowering of life; our highest hopes and pleasures and all our profoundest consolations are to still remain to us; and "so long as man is man," says Miss Bevington, "virtue as *virtue* will never cease to be admirable."

The author of *Is Life Worth Living?* answers them in an article published in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Atheistic Methodism." His main object is to oblige them to admit that they must become strict rationalistic theists if they intend to establish a real foun-

dation for the practice of true virtue. In point of fact, all he wishes of them is that they should belong to the school of Mr. Lecky. Our purpose here is very different. Since they babble about Christianity also, and often find it below their aim, preferring their own morality, we must discuss briefly the question, What kind of *holiness* will be theirs in case they succeed in spreading their poison all over the world, and whether the claim of Christianity has anything to fear from their pretensions? And we must here say incidentally that we do not share in the excessive fears of Mr. Mallock. They will, no doubt, if they progress, do a great deal of mischief in the moral world. We do not think, however, that it will ever amount to a "second fall of man," for reasons which it is not necessary to develop here. But every sane man must acknowledge that their system is far less sure to leave virtue intact among men than that of the "intuitive philosophers." These, at least, admit the existence of God, and believe in a kind of hereafter. Simple good sense tells us that morality is much more effectually promoted by their belief than by its denial. But we have shown already the superiority of the Christian morality over that of intuitive philosophers.

The infatuation of positivists in rejecting both these beliefs, and at the same time in maintaining that in case this disbelief became universal, still, "so long as man is man, virtue as *virtue* will never cease to be admirable," is truly surprising and most illogical. For the last supposition, namely, that as long as man is man virtue must continue to be admirable, has no sense unless it is admitted that the principles of virtue are innate in our heart, that the voice of conscience is unerring, and right always distinguishable from wrong. How can this be unless there is a superior and infinite mind, whose truth and righteousness is the model of ours, and from whom is derived the life that is in us? Outside of Christianity even, all the truly great philosophers of antiquity, who from their own inward consciousness, not to refer to the voice of tradition, believed in the absolute distinction between right and wrong, were also firm believers in the existence of God, our Maker and Creator. The first part of this doctrine, in their judgment, carried with it the second. As soon as they recognized that there is an infallible moral law written in the heart of all men, they concluded that it came from God, the source of all justice and right; and in this last belief they found the great sanction of the first.

The positivists, on the contrary, recognize the inner law, but reject the only cause to which it can be ascribed. Thus they are illogical, as has been said already, and on this account they can even be justly called slaves of prejudice. As positivists, they reject revelation, alleging that because revealed facts are supernatural, they are, therefore, unknowable, and cannot become the basis of a scientific

system. These facts are believed by Christians, they say, merely through prejudice and education. A serious examination, they assert, reveals the weakness of Christian belief and destroys its foundation.

The same reasoning is strictly applicable to the innate sense of virtue. We defy them to show the reason for it, if God's existence is not first admitted. This innate sense of virtue belongs to the supersensual, if not to the supernatural order; and for positivists both are identical, since positivism does not admit anything above sense. It must, therefore, in their eyes, be only the offspring of education, of the common-sense of mankind, entirely misled and unreasonable in this case. It is, therefore, a pure prejudice; and they are the slaves of prejudice when they consent to be ruled by it. The French philosophers of last century were more consistent and more logical. They rejected with scorn the law of morality, as well as the dogmas of revelation; both were for them *de simples préjugés*. Most of them openly showed their contempt for both by living in adultery with the wives of others, often with those of their friends and fellow-philosophers.

We confess, however, that we prefer the inconsistency of modern positivists to the strict logic of the old French materialists. Still it is absurd on their part; and we contend that it cannot last, nor spread among the mass of their followers. At this moment they are trying their best to popularize their doctrine, and to inoculate with it the lowest ranks of society. In France, even, it is chiefly among these last that these pernicious notions prevail; and, thank God! the intellectual classes are with a few exceptions decidedly opposed to the new theories. And in that unfortunate country it is the immoral consequences of the new doctrine, and not its principles, that form the chief incentive that brings the uneducated into its ranks. And every one knows how far the people in many large French cities are demoralized through unbelief. In England it would be still worse if the social dregs, of London for instance, had simply an inkling of what the "leaders of thought" in Great Britain are about. It is the good fortune of the nation (we may say) that the lower classes are too degraded even to imbibe this poison. Let them be prepared for it by popular lessons, such as are given in French secret societies of the lowest kind, and the catastrophe predicted by Mr. Mallock, as the "second fall of man," might soon astonish mankind, even in England.

Meanwhile the effect produced by these doctrines on the men who are able to understand the lofty speculations of Mr. Herbert Spencer in his *Data of Ethics*, of Mr. Huxley, and many others in their Lectures, is sufficient to prove their deleterious nature. This is admirably described by the author of *Is Life Worth Living?* in

his eighth chapter, entitled "The Practical Prospect." The "moral dejection" therein analyzed is shown to be shared even by the leaders of the party. At the end of the chapter he quotes "one English writer on the positive side who has clearly seen what the movement really means, whose continuance and whose consummation he declares to us to be a necessity." Here are the words of the English writer quoted by Mr. Mallock:

> "Never in the history of man has so terrific a calamity befallen the race as that which all who look may now behold, advancing as a deluge, black with destruction, resistless in might, uprooting our most cherished hopes, ingulfing our most precious creed, and burying our highest life in mindless desolation."

A fine prospect, indeed, whilst it is pretended that in positivism virtue as *virtue* is as admirable as ever! The boast of Mr. Tyndall, referred to above, does not seem to be universal among positivists. It is well known that J. S. Mill, one of the greatest among them, lived most sadly, and almost died of despair.

It would seem useless after this to discuss the pretension that the morality of the Catholic Church is inferior to that of these new professors of ethics. But the quotation just given from Mr. Mallock gives rise to some serious considerations, with which we will conclude.

The heartfelt feeling expressed by that "English writer"—when he said that a frightful calamity was "advancing like a deluge, . . . uprooting our most cherished hopes, ingulfing our most precious creed, and burying our highest life in mindless desolation"—referred simply to Protestantism. The writer was appalled by the mere juxtaposition of what would be the destiny of man on earth under the new dispensation prepared by positivism, and of its destructive effects upon those whose happy lot it was to possess the Anglican belief. He thought only of Protestant hopes, of the Protestant creed, and of Protestant life.

We have endeavored to show how inferior is Protestant morality compared with that of the Catholic Church, and consequently how superior to those of Protestantism are our hopes, creed, and life. Of these an imperfect description has been given in this paper. From it the true character of Catholic sanctity may be discerned, though it has not been brought fully to view. A volume would be required to do that, and the writer may say incidentally that the book is written, and may soon be published. But, from the few details here given, it may be concluded that the loss, if positivism should prevail, would be far greater for the Catholic than for the Anglican. Our holy religion, both in its supernatural character and in its exterior organization, is highly promotive of the most exalted sanctity. It has been proved that the character of holiness belongs to

it alone, and that *saints*, in the proper meaning of the term, cannot be found among Protestants. This is the necessary result of the elimination of Christian dogmas of which Protestantism is guilty; and in doing this it has reduced to a minimum quantity the supernatural element, of which its writers scarcely dare to speak. But the Catholic organization promotes the spread of holiness in a most wonderful manner. Its hierarchy, its monastic orders, its sacramental system, all unite in taking hold of man from his cradle to his grave; and nothing on earth is so powerful as they to mould the human being to the pattern of true sanctity. The history of the Church proves this beyond all doubt; and the more the truth becomes known through an enlightened criticism, the wider and deeper the influence of the Catholic Church is seen to have been in benefiting mankind, particularly as regards morality. Of all this we would be deprived should the doctrine of the new theorists become rooted in the public mind.

This becomes particularly perceptible when attention is paid to two circumstances which must necessarily be closely examined when there is question of virtue. These are the struggle and the reward.

First, therefore, the practice of virtue necessitates a struggle. The positivists recognize this, and often speak of it in terms of high consideration. It is evident that some of them, at least, have found in their experience how hard it is even occasionally to continue virtuous. They assert, however, that they can succeed; and it is astonishing how in England all join in acknowledging the moral uprightness of this school. But it is remarkable that the virtue they claim consists in self-sacrifice to others, an exterior thing, and not in the interior struggle for self-improvement, which is the primary foundation of virtue. This idea is graphically described by Mr. Mallock in his *Atheistic Methodism* in the following words:

"Bill and James are two tourists, whose keenest personal pleasure is in cutting their own names on the roofs of public buildings. They take a long and toilsome walk, that they may perform this feat on the highest pinnacle of a certain cathedral tower. Having climbed at last, however, to the lofty scene of action, they find, to their horror, that they have only two minutes to spare, that the leads of the coveted pinnacle are some distance out of reach, and that if either is to cut his name at all it can only be one of them raised on the other's shoulders. There is, for a moment, a struggle in the minds of both. Then Bill's will triumphs, and lifting James up, who cuts his name in rapture, Bill's only pleasure, the only reward of his walk, is such of James's pleasure as, received by himself vicariously, is in excess of the pain consequent on his own self-denial."

We have here the whole theory of struggle and reward in the positivist's ethics. The struggle is carried on through *self-sacrifice for another* in which the will triumphs; and the reward is a pleasurable share in the other's gratification over the pain consequent

on his own self-denial. According to their view, therefore, the only kind of virtue which is of any value, namely, that which refers to others, ends in selfishness; still it is such kind of selfishness that the majority of mankind, if imbued with the positivist's notions, would never consent to, but would much prefer to it the merely animal gratification advocated by the former French "philosophers." Any one acquainted with human nature must acknowledge that the righteousness preached by the positivist cannot kindle in the will the enthusiasm required for carrying on successfully the struggle, such as it is. It is absurd to base virtue on such a struggle as this.

But, besides this vicarious virtue, as it is called, namely, that which looks to and is derived from others, there is the real fundamental virtue which regards only man's improvement, and constitutes sanctity in man, because it purifies the soul and prepares it for acts of exterior benevolence, carried on as far as self-sacrifice. Mr. Mallock expresses it very felicitously when he says in *Atheistic Methodism:*

"Virtue includes not only the subjugation of our own pleasures as warring against others' happiness, but the subjugation of our own lower pleasures as warring against our own holiness. And *logically*, in our conception of virtue, it is this last-named part of it which is the first. My desire for holiness must first make my life precious to me before I can attach much preciousness to the lives of other people. Thus the meaning of the word virtue is at once immeasurably widened, and its present popular use is explained naturally. I will but quote one instance, and that shall be the commonest and the most significant,—the popular identification of virtue with sexual continence. What is implied here is not that chastity is a virtue because externally it is of social use to others, but because internally it prepares self for God, because it is a part of that same debt to Him, of which subserving the welfare of others is another part, and a part logically subordinate."

It is to be remarked that the positivists do not condescend to speak of this branch of virtue.

How after this can the ethical system of positivism be compared with the Catholic. Both in the struggle and in the reward the Church offers to her children all the means of acquiring virtue of every kind, and all the incentives to its practice. They are taught that the first and greatest object of their lives is to purify themselves interiorly, to sanctify themselves and become holy in the all-searching eyes of God. They are prepared for the exterior struggle by this interior one; and they can rise to the highest degree of self-sacrifice when they have first subdued their passions, and established peace inwardly by rendering their senses obedient to reason. The reward comes directly after. In this life they know that they please God and do His will, which is a sufficient guerdon for the man of faith; and they see besides the immense and eternal reward which is prepared for them in the possession of God forever.

A long history of nearly nineteen hundred years has sufficiently established the claims of the Church over those of all other systems as regards morality. A few years more will put an end to the boasts of positivism, as has indeed been predicted both by impartial observers and even by some positivists themselves. Could we have taken up and shown the system of positivism as a whole, its delusive character and pernicious effects would be still more obvious, but we were compelled to restrict our discussion to an exhibition of its natural effects only on the morals of mankind, and even this has been compressed into too narrow limits to be as satisfactory as the writer could have wished.

PHYSIOLOGY AND MODERN MATERIALISM.

The Physiology of Mind. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WITHIN a few years a so-called science, having appropriated the pretentious title of physiological psychology, has flaunted itself before men's eyes and courted the consideration of the scientific world on the ground that having rejected the figments and unrealities of the past, it has entered on the true pathway leading up to the knowledge of all mental phenomena, by studying what it delights to call the objective side, only, of mind. That this should be the result of the rapid growth of physiology in the course of the last half century is nothing more than what the history of philosophy prepared us to expect. The tendency of the mind, owing to its limited vision and inherent imperfection, is to overdo whatever it eagerly sets about doing, and men having brought to light magnificent truths under the stimulus which urged them to the prosecution of physical research, imagine they have discovered the highway which leads to the goal of all truth. The close interdependence of psychical and physical conditions rendered it impossible to study the latter without taking note of the former; and though the converse impossibility is not so obvious, it nevertheless exists, and those systems of psychology which are based on the substantial character of the thinking principle are sadly marred and one-sided in consequence of having disregarded it. The psychology which flourished in the seventeenth century would be puzzled to reconcile its leading positions with the facts

which modern physiology has established, and though its theorems are correct, it would find that its proofs do not cover the entire ground of discussion. The great law of compensation proves that there can be no display of energy in organized life without a corresponding loss, and that the cerebral activity which accompanies thought is as constantly attended with waste of nerve-tissue as muscular action is by detritus of muscle-fibre. We fear the psychologists of former times would have been inclined to regard the statement as bordering on materialism simply because they had not learned to observe and appreciate the close tie which binds mind to matter, and consequently in their anxiety to preserve intact the spiritual character of the former, preferred to overlook the latter as a factor in the premises. The very systems they invented in explanation of the manner in which mind acts upon matter, and *vice versa*, are proof of the reluctance with which many eminent philosophers of two centuries ago admitted that there is a close and binding union between the two. How absurd would appear to-day, in the light which physiology has shed upon the question, the utterly gratuitous theory of a *plastic mediator* acting as a go-between for soul and body. Even so discerning a man as Malebranche was betrayed into another ridiculous and no less uncalled-for explanation of the difficulty, when he broached his system of *occasional causes*, in which a constant *Deus intersit* is required to maintain equilibrium between both principles. Nor did even Leibnitz escape the superstitious dread of allowing matter to come into too close proximity with spirit, and so invented a most cumbersome and unphilosophical plan for avoiding the difficulty. He called it the system of pre-established harmony, according to which God has so arranged both substances that without any immediate interchange of action the course of the one should correspond with that of the other. The scholastics, who admitted the physical action of one substance on the other, seemed not to fear the issue; and, though they might have learned much from modern physiology, they virtually stated the question as the most advanced physiologist who adheres to fact, would be compelled to formulate it to-day.

The personality of man supposes the most intimate union between soul and body,—a *hypostatic* union,—and modern science has corroborated its existence. Every mental change implies a change in nerve-fibre, and even the quality of the mental change determines the character of the change in the nerve, just as a high note sets in vibration one portion of a cornet-a-piston, and a lower one a different portion. This fact points to the doctrine of the localization of function, towards which, indeed, the whole weight of psychological teaching tends. And this is a conclusion for which the nature of the

soul should prepare us. The soul is a simple substance devoid of extension and possessed only of an ideal or logical divisibility, and consequently is capable *per se* of many simultaneous actions specifically different. It is only matter that by reason of its inertia is capable of one act, or series of cognate acts at a time, and this condition it imposes on spiritual substance by being closely united with it, a condition which is fixed and expressed in the law of localized function. Even the general economy of nature seems to require this, since everywhere we find difference of function closely interwoven with difference of organism. The eye is adapted for seeing as the ear is for hearing, and who can deny that the specific function of the one organ as well as of the other, is the necessary outcome of the structural arrangement of each?

The recently discovered phenomena of aphasia will enable us better to understand how physiology bears out the old scholastic doctrine of direct physical influence of mind on matter. In the year 1863 M. G. Dax, in France, presented to the Academy a paper, in which he stated that aphasia coexisted with paralysis of the left cerebral hemisphere in no less than forty cases which had fallen under his observation. A most interesting case was reported in the *Gazette des Hôpitaux* about the same period, which seems to point conclusively to the left cerebral hemisphere as the seat of this special trouble. A child, having been kicked by a horse, sustained a fracture of the left frontal bone; trephining was performed at a point about an inch and a quarter above the left eye, and the operator was astonished on observing that whenever pressure was made upon the subjacent brain-substance all memory of language was lost, as also, on lighter pressure, the power to co-ordinate words into intelligible speech. The inference deducible from these experiments and observations is that the linguistic faculty depends on the complete organization of a certain portion of the brain, with the destruction of which it is extinguished; for when the cord has lost its vibrating power it will give forth no musical sound, snap it as we may.

The latest researches in this country, England, and France have confirmed those earlier ones, so that now the doctrine of localized linguistic function is almost universally accepted. Generalizing and summing up the achievements of modern physiology we may say that it has specialized, reduced, and experimentally demonstrated the old Aristotelian doctrine that matter is acted upon directly by spirit. The scholastics merely held that all the facts lend themselves to this view, and that there is nothing contradictory in the supposition, while modern science has left it beyond a peradventure. The minutest portion of cerebral matter responds with alacrity to the slightest mental change, in such a manner that

there can be little doubt that mind influences material conditions far beyond any point dreamt of by early physiology, and that mind is modified by its dependence on matter to a greater extent than the psychologists of a hundred years ago suspected. The microscope and the galvanometer have greatly aided the physiologist in his investigations, and no student of nature can call in question the revelations of either. We know now from the data of both that each separate nerve-cell undergoes a change in proportion to the character and degree of mental energy exerted, so that if the means were available for determining with reasonable continuousness the relation between structural nerve change and mental function, we might *a priori* infer the character of the latter from any given static condition of the former. We will commit ourselves even to the assertion that as a consequence of the exceeding intimacy between soul and body in the hypostatic union of both every mental change is accompanied by a physical or cerebral change determined by the quality of the mental act. Thus we hold that the doctrine of localized mental function, with all that it legitimately implies, may be admitted by the most orthodox without the least forfeiture of his convictions that the human soul is a distinct and separate substance from the body. Though we confess that much of what physiology claims as demonstrated needs additional confirmation, we see nought in what it aspires to as its possible realization which could debar the claims of the soul as a distinct entity. Yet it is the boast of not a few physiologists, not only that the old-fashioned doctrine of psychology is glad enough to pick up a few crumbs from the remnants of the sumptuous banquet of modern science, but that these are poison to it, that psychology is no longer a science, that man is to be henceforth measured in his totality by the square and compass of a science that proceeds by none other than physical and chemico-physical expedients, and that the supposition even that there is a human soul, spiritual, entitive, and capable of enjoying an existence independent of the body, is adverse to the conclusions of classified science. Comte and Mill have decided that there is no room for a soul in the hierarchy of science, Huxley and Spencer have indorsed them, and many other modern physiologists come forward armed *cap à pied* ready to shiver a lance against the doctrine of a spiritual soul.

These reflections have been suggested by the tone and tendency of modern physiological teaching, which considers that it accomplishes the purposes of its mission by fastening a fang in its elder sister psychology.

Unfortunately men whose names are identified with beautiful and interesting discoveries in physiological science, have lent the potency and magic of those names to the unscientific assumptions

of materialism. The consequence is that in England, Germany, France, and America a horde of scribblers have sprung up who give echo to the sound of their leaders, and who sadly and seriously disturb the convictions of many well-intentioned persons, who have time to read but no disposition to think.

These men cast over their crude productions a scientific glamour so apt to captivate the eye of the dabbler in science, and by an adroit misapplication of facts they mislead the unwary reader, who finds it easier to absorb than to digest.

Yet it is no difficult matter to prove that the wisest even among the masters of them are very tyros in the art of reasoning, once they venture forth from what Carlyle would call the mud-volcano where they habitually dwell, and where by dint of sputter, and flinging of scoria, and raising up clouds of ashes, they so bewilder and daze the ordinary observer that he is glad to see things as they would have him see them.

Let the proof of this statement be taken from the opening chapter of Dr. Maudsley's much-extolled treatise on the *Physiology of Mind*. Dr. Maudsley, before launching into the body of his subject, devotes a few pages to general biological considerations; but, instead of offering anything new to his readers, treats them to a *rechauffé* of the views of that brilliant but erratic genius, J. J. Rousseau.

He says (proof of his assertion he does not deign to furnish) that man was originally an untutored savage, who worshipped the powers of nature in the agony of his dread, and attributed to them the quality of personality. Thus he says when a pestilence devastated the army of the king of Assyria, the ignorant populace believed that it was an angel of the Lord who smote them, just as the Greeks believed that their army had been decimated by the angry god of the silver bow. A little reflection taught men that priests and prayers were unavailing, and the first step in the biological evolution of the race was the substitution of inquiry for blind belief. To this inquiry the hardy children of the North were compelled by the unwillingness of nature to unlock her treasures except to unremitting toil. The people of more favored climes still retained their superstitious regard for the great phenomena of the physical world, and hence, according to Dr. Maudsley, all religions had their origin in sub-tropical climates, as witness the myths of Zoroaster, Moses, Buddha, Christ, and Mahomet. It is in this fashion that Maudsley expounds his views of the progress of the human race from its cradle up to its present proud position, in which "nature is undergoing her latest and most consummate development in man."

Dr. Maudsley, repeatedly and with scorn, repels the suspicion

that he would admit as truth any statement which does not rest on a basis of positive fact. He contends that the failure of past systems of philosophy, and notably that the errors of psychology, have been the result of an overweening love of unsupported speculation, the substitution of fancy for fact, and a neglect of the iron logic of the inductive method. In view of such pretences it surely must strike even his most superficial reader with wonder that he should thus write page after page, stringing together, in sentences of strong rhetorical glow, statements entirely unsustained by proof, and which every one acquainted with the history of philosophy and civilization must condemn as not only false but absurd. The history of the human family is thickset with evidences that the first historical man possessed an intelligence from which subsequent types were a sad deterioration; and that fluctuation, and not steady progress, has been the experience of nations. But evolution on a large scale is necessary for the successful issue of Maudsley's theory of mind; and whether it comes clothed with proof or not, it seemingly makes no difference to him. The error which, in the process of evolution, operated most injuriously against the development of mental science is what he vaguely calls metaphysics,—the error of metaphysics. He constantly employs this term, and yet never once attempts to tell what he means by it. That metaphysics are a bugbear and a grand delusion, an antiquated and exploded scheme, long ago devised to enslave men's minds; to make them run amuck of truth at every step and land them on the barren shore of unmeaning wordiness, is the impression his references tend to make on the mind of the half-read medical student into whose hands his book is apt to fall.

But surely it must make the wise entertain serious fears for the future of knowledge when a recognized leader of a fashionable school of thought thus flings contumely on a science which lies at the basis of all natural knowledge, and which furnishes to every branch of physical science the only safe and unquestioned basis upon which it can rest. His language touching the value of metaphysics is sadly significant. He writes:

"Two facts come out very distinctly from a candid observation of the state of thought at the present day. One of these is the little favor in which metaphysics is held, and the very general conviction that there is no profit in it. The consequence of which firmly fixed belief is that it is cultivated as a science only by those whose particular business it is to do so; who are engaged, not in action, but in speculating in professional chairs, or in other positions where there is little occasion for hard observation and much leisure for introspective contemplation; or if by any others, by the ambitious youth who goes through an attack of metaphysics as a child goes through an attack of measles, getting haply an immunity from a similar affection for the rest of his life; or, lastly, by the active and ingenious intellects of those metaphysical philosophers who, never having been trained in the methods and work of a scientific study of nature, have not submitted their understandings to facts, but live in a more or less ideal world of thought."

Such is the arraignment Dr. Maudsley makes of a science which numbers among its lights Aristotle, Plato, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, St. Anselm, Malebranche, Leibnitz, Descartes, Locke, Spinosa, and Kant. If the labors of these men have added nought to the sum of human knowledge; nay, if, on the contrary, they have succeeded in retarding its progress, then surely the opinion of the world is all awry, and men must kneel at the feet of a later Gamaliel to be instructed in the elements of truth. But Dr. Maudsley is at least consistent in his condemnation of the study of metaphysics, since his own system of scientific belief runs directly counter to its principles. It is an array of facts, interesting indeed, and presented with all the attractiveness of an animated and dignified style, but into which there enters not a scintilla of sound reasoning. Indeed, the moment he assumes the guise of a reasoner he becomes an object of pity; for, having no sure ground to stand upon, he flounders in a quagmire, and the sweat of hard, unrequited toil alone moistens his brow.

"Labor ille carens rectore fluit."—QUINTILIAN.

Though a more abiding interest might perhaps be lent to this article by a general survey of the field of modern physiology, and readers might be thus placed in possession of the peculiar views of a greater number of individual writers, still the similarity which characterizes the majority of their speculations, and their entire agreement in combating the conclusions of psychology, have led us to single out one of the number for consideration, since that one reflects all. Spencer, Draper, and even Helmholtz, though all outspoken enough in their opposition to the doctrine of a spiritual soul, are timorous and halting when compared with Maudsley. He has the full courage of his opinions, and has entered the lists against the psychologists with the ardor and enthusiasm of a *preux chevalier*. Professor Huxley is rather opposed to systematic materialism since, in his words, "it tends to paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life;" but Dr. Maudsley boldly asserts that a psychical substance is a myth, the figment of an undeveloped brain, the remnant of an age of superstition. And not only that, but he is strongly aggressive, and systematically attacks where others merely hint opposition. For these reasons we will mainly confine our remarks to him, and so estimate the worth of the materialism which claims to be nothing if not scientific.

Dr. Maudsley considers biography as one of the most helpful adjuncts to the labors of the psychical physiologist; and it is curious, as well as instructive, to note how adroitly he accredits it with such helpfulness by assuming it capable of playing a part that it

can play only on the supposition that his theory of biological evolution is correct. He says:

"Biography regards men as concrete beings; takes note, if it does its work properly, of their ancestral antecedents; acknowledges the differences between them in characters and capabilities; recognizes the helpful or baneful influences of surroundings, and patiently unfolds the texture of life as the inevitable result of the elements out of which and the conditions under which it has been worked."

All this obviously assumes what is legitimately a part of Dr. Maudsley's thesis to prove. Does he not palpably take for granted that biography is competent to accomplish what he states to be its function? and does not the accomplishment of such function set at rest all discussion concerning the freedom of the human will and the intervention of Divine Providence in the affairs of men?

Thus does neglect of the rules of logic betray men into absurdities, which, however, are not necessarily discovered at a glance; for it is a part of the new school to glaze over with confident manner and the arrogation of superior knowledge that which the humbler truth-seeker more frankly acknowledges to be an open question. But, in order that our readers may not suspect us of making unfavorable comments concerning Dr. Maudsley's candor and consistency on too slender grounds, we will exhibit a specimen or two more of his manner of dealing with controvertible matter even at the risk of tarrying too long *in limine*. He says (p. 14):

"The metaphysician has dealt with man as an abstract or ideal being, having taken no account of concrete man; has postulated him as a certain constant quantity, and thereupon confidently enunciated empty propositions."

Is not this empty rhetoric? What metaphysician, even of the most wildly speculative sort, ever yet professed or admitted that he meant to deal with man as an abstract or ideal being? It is true the science of metaphysics proceeds by way of abstraction, in which way alone we may hope to come into the possession of the truth; but making abstractions, and regarding man as an abstract being, are totally opposite things. "It surely argues," continues Dr. Maudsley, "no little conceit in any one to believe that what Plato and Descartes have not done, he, following the same method, will do."

Now, every one, howsoever little versed in the science of metaphysics, is well aware that it is the bewildering extent of the field of speculation which it offers and the unending multiplicity of the relations which hold together the terms of its problems that have stood in the way of its rapid growth; and that, were the number of minds engaged in its study multiplied *ad infinitum*, there would be always left something to discover and furnish food for additional reflection.

So much for the extent of the subject-matter over which the mind of the metaphysician ranges. Now, as regards the method he employs, nature has taken care of that; for, since our cognitive faculties are naturally adapted to the pursuit of truth, they naturally select that method which is best suited for unearthing the separate orders of truth. To employ the argument of retort, we might say, such distinguished physiologists as Claude Bernard, Bichat, Kolliker, and the famous physiologists of England and America have, in following out their peculiar methods, produced only such results as we are acquainted with; how, then, can Dr. Maudsley, or any other individual, hope to surpass them? The shallowness of the reasoning is patent. But the method which Plato and Descartes employed is, according to Dr. Maudsley, eminently and radically defective. That method is the interrogation of self-consciousness; and it is its inadequacy that Dr. Maudsley impugns. Here, again, is Dr. Maudsley sadly unsatisfactory, for he fails to inform us what he understands by self-consciousness. He speaks, indeed, of direct consciousness as distinct from what he calls *transcendental;* but he fails to define the former, and he says he does not know what the latter means. Scientific terms need to be employed with the utmost accuracy and precision, and especially such a term as consciousness, concerning which so much has been said and written, and which many modern writers are guilty of using in vague and conflicting senses. Before, therefore, discussing the views held by Dr. Maudsley concerning the value of consciousness, it may be well to set forth the meaning of the word as employed by those philosophers whom Dr. Maudsley assails for overestimating the extent of its credibility.

Self-consciousness is the ability of the normal mind to attend to what is taking place within it, so that it is thereby made sure of the reality of the occurrences to which that consciousness testifies, and likewise sure that itself is the subject and principle of them. Consciousness is not, therefore, the condition of the mind itself, but the sense of that condition, no matter to what cause this latter may be due. A delusion may, consequently, be attested by consciousness; but consciousness does not prove the delusion. Let us take an example from any standard work on diseases of the nervous system. An overwrought brain is the fertile source of a hallucination of the senses, when it is difficult for the person affected to determine whether the mental impression is the result of a centric change in the brain or caused by the action of an external object. The doubt hinges on the cause of the impression, and not on the fact thereof; for, whether it proceed from a centric origin or an external object, he is equally conscious, and consequently certain of its existence. Let now the person in doubt

as to the source of his impression employ the proper test for determining that source, and doubt on this point will vanish, while consciousness remains the same, + the consciousness of certainty as to the cause. Thus a person in doubt as to the source of a visual impression presses his closed eyes with gentle but prolonged force, and, on opening them, either has the impression duplicated for a moment, or finds it just the same as at first. In the latter case he concludes he has been the victim of an hallucination, the cause of which is centric, while in the former case he is convinced that it has an external origin. Had Macbeth, when he so plainly saw the dagger before him, with its handle towards his hand, tried this experiment, he would have been convinced of the unreality of the apparition, and believed, with good reason, that it was

> "A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
> Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain;"

that it was, indeed, the bloody business which informed thus to his eyes.

It is evident that consciousness has nothing to do with determining the cause of the mental condition in these cases. Should, however, a person believe that an *hallucination* is not of centric origin, but that it is an impression produced by an external object, he becomes the victim of a *delusion*, and his consciousness as to his mental state remains the same, + a consciousness of the belief that what is of centric origin has an external cause. These examples remove all doubt as to the functions and province of consciousness, and will enable us to appreciate Dr. Maudsley's attempts to belittle its reliability as a motive of certainty. The school of philosophers to which Dr. Maudsley belongs destroys the true notion of consciousness by losing sight of its subject self; or rather by confounding consciousness with self-consciousness attests self, but is not self; it is an act of the mind, by which it knows itself as affected in a certain manner; but it can by no means be called the mind, for there are conditions of the mind where consciousness does not exist. It is evident from this that Professor Huxley is wrong when he says that self is a "series of states of consciousness," for every one is conscious to himself of self as the abiding subject of changing conscious states, and not of self as "state." This point Mr. Mivart dwells upon at length in his opening chapter of *Lessons from Nature*, where he makes it clear that Huxley, Mill, and Lewes are all radically mistaken in their conception of this fundamental fact of philosophy.

Another error of which Dr. Maudsley is guilty is his neglect to distinguish *reflex* from *direct* consciousness. The majority of men pass their lives without making one reflex act of consciousness, and

yet it surely would not be correct to say that they pass their lives unconsciously. Reflex consciousness is a conscious introspective act, by which the mind adverts to its actual condition, and affirms to itself categorically that it is affected in a particular manner. Direct consciousness is that condition of the mind wherein, though not particularly adverting to the fact, it is aware of what is taking place within it. Let a person be plunged in ever so deep a revery, *totus in illis*, so that he can be said not to be at all thinking of what he is thinking about, that person is, nevertheless, entirely conscious of his thoughts; for, let him be asked of what he is thinking, and he will answer immediately and without hesitation, which could not be the case were he not conscious all along. Reflex consciousness is a philosophical act, for introspection alone does not constitute it. The person reflexly conscious must be conscious of the introspective character of his introspection; or, in other words, he must have the idea of the act of reflex consciousness before he can perform it.

These distinctions Dr. Maudsley has failed to note, and his conclusions are accordingly faulty. Thus he says:

"To direct consciousness inwardly to the observation of a particular state of mind is to isolate that activity for the time, to cut it off from its relations, and therefore to render it unnatural."

He here supposes an extreme case of reflex consciousness, wherein the mind is occupied with itself as purely a conscious agent, and not with thoughts that have no reference to consciousness. Reflex consciousness of this sort is not necessary for the observation of internal facts; vivid direct consciousness is sufficient, viz., that consciousness with which every man in his moments of actual intellectual life is aware of what he is thinking. Isolating mental activity, cutting it from its relations, means nothing, for we either are conscious of what we are thinking of, and so the mind is capable at once of the twofold act of thinking of a problem in mathematics and knowing that it is thinking thereof, or there is no such thing as consciousness, and the ordinary speech of men is absurd. Dr. Maudsley's reasoning is the same as that of Comte, who calls psychology the last phase of theology, and condemns it for the reason just alleged. Comte says:

"In order to observe, your intellect must pause from activity, yet it is this very activity that you want to observe. If you cannot effect the pause, you cannot observe; if you do effect it there is nothing to observe. The results of such a method are in proportion to its absurdity."

This is the veriest sort of quibbling. A machine cannot winnow and thresh at the same time unless constructed for the twofold

purpose, but even so clumsy a thing as a piece of mechanism made by human hands may carry on a variety of operations at once, and why not the human mind, that most delicate and complex organization, "infinite in faculties," and restless in activity? The statue of Condillac, in its first stage of sentient life, would be more perfect than the man of Maudsley and Comte, who would be incapable of observing what takes place in his mind when in a state of wide-awake thought. *A priori* reasoning is perilous in the inductive sciences, but when it is employed in the face of overwhelming facts it ought not even to be dignified with the name.

The next objection which he urges against the value of consciousness as a means of psychological research is that few can employ it satisfactorily. May not the same be said of the microscope, the ophthalmoscope, the galvanometer, or the cephalohæmometer? Indeed this objection is so unworthy of a scientific man that Dr. Maudsley himself is half ashamed of bringing it forward, and he must indeed be reduced to desperate straits when he bolsters up his position with arguments which wear but the "trappings and suits" of reason? The following objection carries scarcely more weight. He says:

"There is no agreement between those who have acquired the power of introspection; and men of apparently equal cultivation and capacity will, with the utmost sincerity and confidence, lay down inconsistent or directly contradictory propositions. It is not possible to convince either opponent of error, as it might be in a matter of objective science, because he appeals to a witness whose evidence can be taken by no one but himself, and whose veracity, therefore, cannot be tested."

Every word almost in this remarkable sentence betrays ignorance and confusion of thought. No two men who have "acquired the power of introspection," or are at all aware of the functions of consciousness, can lay down "inconsistent or contrary propositions" as the result of the deliverances of consciousness. That they may be conscious of different mental conditions produced under similar circumstances we will allow, but in order to determine whether those conditions are or are not the result of alleged causes consciousness cannot be invoked. Its function is limited to the testimony which it gives concerning a passing mental state, and to push it any further were to impose obligations on it which it is not competent to fulfil. Dr. Maudsley rightly observes that in consciousness "the observed and the observer are one;" but when he adds that "the observer is not likely in such case to be unbiassed by the feelings of the observed," he states what is unmistakably incorrect. If the observed and the observer are one and the same, how can there be collusion between them? And besides, how can the observed have feelings distinct from those of the observer? Are they not both one? And is not consciousness the pure testi-

mony of the mind to itself of the feelings it may have, a testimony which is the result and effect of those feelings, and which consequently could not exist did not the cause which gave rise to it also exist? The consciousness of feelings and mental states is, therefore, the best proof of their existence, since it stands in the relation of cause to effect. There can, therefore, be no difference between cultivated men or ignorant men when it is a question of the feelings or ideas attested by consciousness; it is the intervening judgment which creates the difficulty when it pronounces concerning the origin of those feelings and the truths they are competent to establish.

A false principle becomes a very Pandora's box of errors when logically pursued, and we must do Dr. Maudsley the justice of saying that having set out with an erroneous conception of the nature and function of consciousness, he does not hesitate to draw consistent conclusions. We have already remarked that a delusion is the fixed belief that a mental condition connected with morbid changes in the brain is the product of external agencies. The madman is conscious both of the impression that he is made of glass and liable to be broken by a slight concussion, and equally conscious of his firm belief that such impression represents a fact. That he is mistaken in his belief is not the fault of his consciousness, but of some organic change in the brain which has unfitted it for the purposes of the mind. And yet in view of such obvious differences Dr. Maudsley confounds consciousness with the mental state which it reveals, and does not hesitate to say that as the madman is the victim of a delusion, so also may the philosopher be. In order to confirm his view he brings forward the corrective influence of the thermometer as against what he calls "the subjective and deceptive feelings of heat and cold" experienced by the individual. He pits the observation and judgment of mankind against self-consciousness as he does the thermometer against our "subjective and deceptive feelings of heat and cold." Now we will grant that the relation is precisely similar in the two given cases, but neither implies opposition. The observation and judgment of mankind help us to the apprehension of a class of truths with which consciousness has nothing to do, and so, likewise, the thermometer is designed to measure degrees of heat, and by no means to determine our sensation. The fact that a man knows the thermometer to mark 80° will have no effect in abating the severity of a chill, neither will the combined judgment and observation of mankind alter one whit the consciousness of any individual:

> Pergis pugnantia secum
> Frontibus adversis componere.

Passing from the consideration of the insufficiency of self-consciousness to shed light on the data of the mind, Dr. Maudsley questions its ability to furnish any information whatever in a large class of cases wherein its testimony is invoked. Let us consider for a moment the steps by which he would lead us to this conclusion. Dr. Maudsley professes himself an ardent admirer of the inductive method, and with good reason, for though we do not consider it, any more than other methods which natural logic favors, the product of modern times, we confess that modern men of science have applied it to more purpose and with better results than their predecessors; but Dr. Maudsley mistakes the nature of induction when he endeavors to apply it in his peculiar way. His language is:

"It is the fundamental maxim of inductive philosophy that observation should begin with simple instances, ascent being made from them step by step through appropriate generalizations, and that no particulars should be neglected. How does the interrogation of self-consciousness fulfil this demand? It is a method which is applicable to mind at a high degree of development, so that it perforce begins with those most complex instances which give the last certain information; while it passes by mind in its lower stages of development, ignoring those simpler instances which give the best or securest information."

The inductive method does not necessarily impose on us the task of beginning with *simple* instances, for this cannot always be done, but it does compel us to begin with *single* instances, and to multiply them till reasonable grounds exist for a generalization. Let the single instances be as simple or complex as possible, all the inductive method requires is that we study them under all possible circumstances, and view their relations and environments as far and as often as possible before attempting to draw general conclusions or to formulate general laws. The ordinary rules of logic require us to proceed from the simple to the compound, from a consideration of the part to a consideration of the whole, when this process is possible. It is the synthetic method. But this method is rarely possible in the investigation of nature. We are confronted with complex phenomena, and these it is our business to analyze. Therefore it is that the analytical method is better adapted for physical research. When the chemist began his labors he found himself surrounded by complex organisms, and it was from these that he obtained his first knowledge of the laws of chemistry. *A pari*, the psychologist finds himself face to face with mind in its most complex, because most highly cultivated state; is he, therefore, not to explore it because it is not simple? As well inform the chemist that his science is all wrong because he did not begin with the consideration of hydrogen and oxygen. Not only that, but it is impossible for the psychologist to reach mind in its simplest state, for though the chemist can proceed from a knowledge of the most

highly organized substance to the simplest, and obtain as complete a knowledge of the latter as of the former, it is impossible for the psychologist to descend from the study of highly developed mind to the feeble mental efforts of an infant. Should he then count as nought the deliverance of his own consciousness, and is he unable to construct a science of psychology which explains and analyzes the phenomena of highly developed mind? It is true much interest would attend and valuable information result from a knowledge of what takes place in the nascent mind, but the veriest psychologist is no worse off in the way of obtaining such information than Dr. Maudsley himself. If each one could keep a record of mental conditions as experienced through consciousness, from the moment of birth up to the period of maturity, it would be his undoubted duty to begin with the simplest recorded instances, and proceed to the most complex and elaborate. But this is out of the question, and so we can understand how utterly uncalled for is Dr. Maudsley's rebuke to the psychologist as conveyed in these words of Lord Bacon: "For if he had looked down he might have seen the stars in the water; by looking aloft he could not see the water in the stars." And here we might remark *en passant*, for the thought is scarcely worth the ink, that Dr. Maudsley is guilty of a weakness common to his tribe, which is the assumption of superiority over the advocates of older opinions, and pity for their benighted state, while he complacently gives us to understand that he soars with unfettered pinion in the calm azure of truth. Most of the productions of our day having in view the exaltation of modern science are marred by this feature, as though a sneer had the weight of an argument. We do not mean to underestimate the value of physiological researches, for all truth is beautiful, the lustre of one being reflected in the other, and as sound psychology receives with welcome whatever additional knowledge it may stand indebted for to physiology, it can with patience suffer the affronts of those who are churlish in the giving. Our anxiety is to defend the methods which psychology employs, and to claim for it the credit of what it has accomplished.

A great fault in Dr. Maudsley is the mental irritability he betrays whenever the facts of psychology stand in the way of his favorite materialism. His is not a scientific treatise, but a special plea; his aim is not to increase the store of scientific knowledge, but to deal blows at truths which the unanimous voice of mankind in all ages has proclaimed. In a word, Dr. Maudsley is a passionate materialist, and impatient of the opinion of those who differ with him. One feels on rising from a perusal of his interesting but misleading monograph, that did men but agree to deny to the soul a separate and distinct entity, and view it simply as an expression of nerve

function, Dr. Maudsley would no longer interest himself in physiological investigations, his occupation would be gone. He is an ingenious, but a too evident *ex parte* worker. This is especially noticeable in his comments upon what he calls the unconscious activity of mind. He tortures the simplest facts from their natural and obvious significance to a support of his materialistic views. Thus he says:

"Consciousness, which does not even tell us that we have a brain, is certainly incompetent to give any account of the essential material conditions which underlie every mental manifestation, and determine the character of it."

Now, it is no part of the function of consciousness to tell us that we have a brain, nor to inform us what "essential material conditions underlie its manifestations;" and the fact, that its functions do not extend so far, renders its deliverances within narrower limits more reliable. To attack the value of consciousness because it does not deal with material changes is like impugning the skill of a watchmaker because he is not acquainted with the natural history of the materials he may handle. Says Dr. Maudsley:

"The most simple phenomenon which consciousness makes known to us is really very complex; a feeling which is elementary to it may be far from elementary; and we cannot, by its means, go deeper into the discovery of the simpler constituent elements. Clearly, then, the science which does not enable us to go deeper in the analysis of the really complex state, which the most simple delivery of consciousness is, must lie at the foundation of a true psychology."

In order that our strictures may be perceived to have reference directly to the thoughts and language of Dr. Maudsley, we prefer always to reproduce his own words, so that when we say he is guilty of confusion of ideas, the reader will be able to determine for himself whether we make good our statement. But the most simple phenomenon which consciousness attests, if simple as attested by consciousness, must be simple *in se*, for the feeling is nothing without consciousness; and it is simple or complex, just as consciousness attests it. We have before seen that consciousness is the light in which the mind perceives the character of its affection, and that light is determined by the affection, so that the mind cannot see itself otherwise than as it is affected. Consequently, if the feeling is perceived as simple, it must be simple. Dr. Maudsley evidently confounds the material conditions on which a feeling depends with the feeling itself. Physiology teaches him that the most primitive feeling implies a molecular change in the nerve-structure of a very complicated sort; and he, by a most unwarranted assumption, would have us believe that this change, complex and elaborate, is the feeling itself, which misinformed and dimly perceiving consciousness represents to us as simple. Is not

this the most flagrant sophistry? As well say that the sound of a piano is not understood, or thoroughly appreciated and perceived, because the listener is not acquainted with the complex mechanism on which the sound depends.

We would ask Dr. Maudsley whether his feelings, emotions, and perceptions differ in the least from those of other men because he is a physiologist? Evidently not; and yet all the feeling, emotion, or perception he knows only through consciousness. Dr. Maudsley speaks somewhere of a "psychology that violently separates itself from nature;" of a psychology which maintains "an unnatural divorce" from well-established facts. That such a separation should appear unnatural to Dr. Maudsley's heated mind is quite natural; but the impartial and unimpassioned observer will be more inclined to call unnatural an attempted union for which facts supply no basis. The confusion in Dr. Maudsley's language and ideas comes of his endeavor to make psychology and physiology one and the same science, whereas they are entirely distinct, following distinct methods and bringing to light completely different results. Indeed he assumes the identity of the two sciences, and it is only this assumption which gives the color of probability to his speculations.

He supposes mind to consist entirely in nerve-change, because he perceives nerve-change to accompany mental activity. This is the very essence of his position and mistake. He finds, in the adaptation of certain portions of the nerve-tissue to the production of specific functions a reason for referring the production of every class of mental phenomena to the nervous system as their cause, not suspecting that the peculiar adaptation in question may be a mere condition modifying in its manifestations the power of the substance which is the source and cause of the phenomena. He assumes the manifesting medium of thought, when in a state of action, to be nothing more or less than thought itself, and proceeds throughout on this assumption.

He is not the first reasoner who has been guilty of the fallacy of confounding condition with cause, and of assigning to the modifying influence of the former the character and operation of the latter. "On grounds," he says, "which will not be easily shaken, it is now, indeed, admitted that with every display of mental activity there is a correlative change or waste of nervous element; and on the condition of the material substratum must depend the degree and character of the manifested energy or the mental phenomenon." This we readily grant; and it is one of the triumphs of physiology that it has been able to ascertain, even though it be only to a limited extent, the conditions and changes that accompany different mental operations. But what follows? Surely

not that on this account we must admit that brain secretes thought, just as the liver does bile, for so another celebrated materialist (Vogt) has inferred.

Dr. Maudsley complains that "the received system of psychology gives no attention to those manifold variations of feeling in the same individual which are due to temporary modifications of the bodily state, and by which the ideas of the relations to self and to one another are so greatly affected." Naturally it does not, for its province is to busy itself with those variations of feelings, and not with the conditions upon which they depend. To be acquainted with bodily conditions and to understand their relation to mental states is a most excellent thing, but that is the office of the physiologist, and such a knowledge can in no manner affect the results of psychical research. The condition which modifies mental action is objective; the action itself is subjective, and revealed by consciousness. When Dr. Maudsley says that "feeling is not always objectively caused, but may be entirely due to a particular bodily condition," he shows clearly that he does not attach the proper meaning to the terms objective and subjective. A bodily condition is as thoroughly objective, as respects the mind, as any set of circumstances wholly external to it; and when the psychologist considers a feeling or state of consciousness, and endeavors to analyze it, it is as little his business to consider the bodily condition on which the character of that conscious state depends as it is to study the meteorological condition on which the "blues" depend when he is endeavoring to analyze the nature of that doleful state of mind. It would, no doubt, be interesting to trace out the connection between the weather and states of the mind, but any information acquired in that direction will never throw fresh light on a given mental condition. In like manner bodily conditions do, no doubt, influence mental condition to a greater extent than the majority of people suspect, and more marked cerebral changes accompany mental action than we may imagine; but neither of Dr. Maudsley's conclusions follows from these facts. It neither follows that these bodily conditions and cerebral changes are the cause of mental action, nor that a knowledge of them, however useful and desirable, can increase our knowledge of that action.

Just as Dr. Maudsley confounds the objective with the subjective, so does he mistake the accidental for the essential. The accidental is what pertains to the individual as such; the essential what pertains to him as representative of his species. This distinction is simple enough, and laid down in almost every handbook on mental science, yet Dr. Maudsley entirely overlooks it. His own language will best set forth his purblindness. He says:

"So far as the present psychology is concerned the *individual* might have no existence in nature; he is an inconvenience to a system which, in neglecting the individual character or temperament, ignores another large collection of valuable instances. . . . . He who would realize how vague, uncertain, speculative, how far from the position of a true science psychology is, should endeavor to grasp some one of its so-called principles, and to apply it deductively, in order to predicate something of the character of a particular person; let him do that and he cannot fail to perceive how much he has been mocked with the semblance of knowledge, and must needs agree with Bacon as to the necessity of 'a scientific and accurate dissection of minds and characters and the secret dispositions of particular men.'"

Now, the individual is the fountain-head of all knowledge of the species to which he belongs; first it is through a study of the individual that we obtain a direct general conception; but let it be understood such general conception embodies only what the individual possesses in common with all others of his class, and shuts from view the traits and qualities which belong to him as such. Suppose human physiology wishes to establish a general principle as the result of observation made on many individuals, would the fact that different individuals exhibit different peculiarities invalidate such a principle or stand in the way of its application to all? Yet this is precisely what Dr. Maudsley would have. It is no more an objection against a principle of psychology that it does not enable us "to predicate something of the character of a particular person," than is an objection against any principle of physiology that it does not enable us to determine the size of an individual or tell the color of his hair. Science deals only with universals because they represent essences, and we acquire our knowledge of universals through individuals, and this is what is conveyed by the words of Bacon as quoted by Dr. Maudsley, and not the absurd meaning Dr. Maudsley attaches to them. "A scientific and accurate dissection of minds and characters and the secret dispositions of particular men" is the study of the individual, which leads by a reflex universal conception to a knowledge of mankind; but not, and Bacon never dreamed of such a thing, to a knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of each separate individual.

With the view of lending additional force to his argument against consciousness, he brings forward that interesting array of facts which give color to the theories of unconscious cerebration and the registration of impressions.

While not disposed to deny a single fact tending to establish what is meant by "unconscious cerebration," we decidedly object to the term as eminently misleading and adapted to cover an assumption. Men have always connected the word *conscious* with mind in the strictly psychological sense; and not only that, but they have been accustomed to measure mind by consciousness, for thereby alone do they know it. Now, the term *unconscious*, as

applied to cerebral action, is deftly employed for the purpose of insinuating, before any process of reasoning, that mind is altogether an effect of cerebration. Why should the term "unconscious cerebration" be used any more than unconscious digestion and circulation? It is evident that in the latter case the advocates of materialism would accomplish nothing by using the expression. Moreover, unconscious cerebration implies conscious cerebration; and if consciousness does not attest to us the fact that we have a brain, how can it inform us of its function? The truth is, all cerebration is unconscious, and necessarily so, for mind reveals to itself nothing but mind, and in this revelation all consciousness consists. Cerebration is the condition of mental function, and, as all conditions profoundly modify the operation of cause, is it to be wondered at that even a substantive soul should be hampered by the medium through which it acts? Dr. Maudsley is ingenious, but he is the victim of what may be called unconscious duplicity. He produces his microscope, his rule, and his retort; he examines a piece of violet glass; he subjects it to countless experiments, and announces to the world that he has discovered the reason why it is adapted to the transmission of its proper ray; he does the same for red, blue, and yellow glass; and then he constructs elaborate theories in explanation of each, not now *transmission*, but *emission*. He learnedly informs us that certain molecular changes in the violet-colored glass occur in such a manner that they necessarily emit a violet light; and so with regard to red, yellow, and blue. Does he imagine for a moment that he may be confounding condition with cause? that he may be setting down as the cause of the ray the cause merely of the color of the ray? The cause of the color of the ray is surely not the cause of the ray, but simply a condition of its manifestation. The sun is the source of light, the glass the condition of its color. In like manner all he has said and written of "unconscious cerebration," registered impression, and associated mental action, may be reduced to the following: Mental functions differ, and physiology has discovered that these different functions are connected with different portions of the nervous structure, and that the different changes occurring in the latter invariably correspond to separate and determinate functions. Therefore distinct portions of nervous substance are the sole *source*, *root*, and *origin* of the functions connected with them. The reasoning is specious and misleading, for may not structural conditions of the brain so modify the actions of the mind that with certain portions thereof volition may be connected, with others memory, and with others again intellection, while the soul is behind all, possessing its own substantive entity, just as the sun which bathes the universe in light shoots a few of its scattered rays through a cathe-

dral window, and flecks chancel, nave, and pillar with violet, purple and gold, according to the character of the transmitting medium? We have no more than turned over the first leaves of Dr. Maudsley's interesting treatise on the *Physiology of Mind;* but so suggestive of reflection have these proved that we find ourselves brought to the limits of an article sooner than we expected.

POSITIONS OF THE INTELLECTUAL WORLD AS REGARDS RELIGION.

INVESTIGATIONS into the true relations subsisting between science and religion are the passion of the age in which we live. Discussions arising out of these investigations, one would think, should necessarily be confined to the respective schools—that is, to men of science on the one side and to those who have chosen their vocation in the religious order on the other. But so far from this being the case, the controversy is largely conducted by persons who have no position in either school. Philosophers, statesmen, men of letters, have taken part in it to an unprecedented extent, and thrown the light of their varied intelligence upon it, or not unfrequently increased the existing confusion of thought.

Even a slight survey of the field of contemporary literature is sufficient to assure us that at no time in the history of the world has a greater array of ability ever been engaged in the consideration of any one subject. Nor is this remarkable. The deepest questions, and the most important, that can occupy the human mind are comprised within the sphere of religion, and, hence, it is easy to understand the paramount interest which the intellectual world accords so freely in our days to the discussion of these questions. Then, again, modern science undertakes to answer them, and attempts to elucidate the problems they involve; and so wonderful has been the success which has crowned its advance in almost every other department, that many minds have been led to believe, and perhaps do still believe, that it is able to solve them. Without expressing an opinion in regard to the possibility or rather impossibility of this, the present fact that science has undertaken to instruct humanity on points heretofore considered the exclusive realm of faith, has led into the field of controversy the volunteers already alluded to, and accounts partly for the other fact, viz., that the questions at issue have been treated from every possible and im-

possible point, under all admissible and inadmissible aspects, and in every conceivable and inconceivable way. And from the flood of light thrown, or, at least, supposed to have been thrown on them, the inference might be drawn that the main points of the controversy must be settled beyond dispute. Yet, strange to say, just the reverse holds good. It seems as if a singular fatality had presided over all these efforts made for the avowed purpose of arriving at a final decision, and made, moreover, in earnest and with great sincerity. A mysterious agency appears to have led the human mind to exhaust its versatility without accomplishing the desired end. For the haze of mystery which gathers around these subjects has not been dispelled; it has been increased rather than lessened; the result thus far reached is only intellectual confusion, and the final verdict is still seemingly involved in uncertainty.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, contemporary literature furnishes a vast amount of correct information, or, at least, of materials from which correct information may be gathered, with regard to the apparent conflict of science with religion. As an ingeniously contrived apparatus enables the meteorologist to measure the direction, velocity, and force of the currents of air, so do opinions stated and restated, modified and modifying, serve as indicators of the currents which surge to and fro in the realm of thought. To give a detailed account of all the reports that have been made by men of high competence in their own lines, would be an undertaking very difficult in itself, and wholly impossible within the scope of this paper. But it seems to me quite possible to utilize the data or results of observations contained in contemporaneous writings for indicating what answer suggests itself to the questions, Whither is modern religious thought drifting? What will be the final outcome of this strife of conflicting opinions?

Mr. Mallock, in his well-known and quite remarkable book, *Is Life Worth Living?* has shown the necessity of making some sort of reply to these questions—questions of the gravest import to individuals as well as the race. How far the reply affects the value of life for each one of us does not concern us in this paper, but only the probable solution of the difficulty, so anxiously awaited and to all appearances so terribly uncertain. The very attitudes of modern thought toward religion are highly suggestive, because full of indications as regards the proximate if not the final result, and, therefore, they well deserve careful consideration. Patient search into these, we think, will enable us to discover the central idea in the opinions that are fast permeating cultured society.

Passing over all positions which form simply links of transition from one school to another, the intellectual world may be roughly

divided into three classes according to their attitudes towards religion: One, without religion, without any wish for religion, nay, bent in all earnestness upon its abolition altogether,—the school of "advanced thought,"—which I will call for the sake of clearness and brevity the extreme left, borrowing for the occasion a parliamentary phrase with which every one is familiar; another, the extreme right, comprising the believers in orthodox Christianity in its most authoritative form, namely, the Catholic Church; and, third, the centre party, standing between these two extremes. The majority belong to the last-named class, for the world in our days, as is well known, is filled with people who are neither willing to accept the postulates of modern scientists in their fulness, nor altogether to ignore them; people who professedly belong to "a Church," but whose confidence in their professed creed has somehow of late been seriously shaken, and who have become dissatisfied without being able to assign any clear or definite reason for their dissatisfaction or doubts; people, in short, who look with equally divided attention toward religion and toward science for a solution of their perplexing difficulties. The extreme right represents to us the cultus of religion as a science, the extreme left the cultus of science in lieu of religion, whereas the centre virtually consists of an indefinite mixture wherein both elements are contained in varying proportions. Numbers in this latter class are people who would like to possess a religion, but who unfortunately know not exactly what they want nor where to get it. Indefinite as this division may appear, it is by no means arbitrary, for the three attitudes are plainly perceptible in modern literature, and hence admit of verification without much labor.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that, the division has resulted from the influence of science upon society within the last few decades. At first the views of advanced thought were held by comparatively few. But "the disposition of mankind to impose their opinions and inclinations as a rule of conduct upon others," as Mr. Mill and Professor Max Müller both tell us, has in this instance achieved quite a success. For that is precisely what the men of science have done for society in the recent past. The cultivated classes fell into the new views without much resistance, and since the intellectual class always represents a moral force also, the acceptance of the creed of science by that class has not failed to act accordingly upon the masses. The influence of this has already begun to be felt in the lower strata of society. So long as fatalistic theories are accredited and subscribed to by only a few, they can be ignored. Yet the importance of showing a doctrine's fallacy, and proving, once for all, its absolute untenability, stands in direct proportion to the extent to which it may be productive of

harm. And it is gratifying to observe how generally the necessity of this work begins to be recognized.

Now, what are the *nova credenda* promulgated by the extreme left? They are not, be it stated with emphasis, scientific deductions legitimately obtained, but are encroachments of science upon an order which differs from it in *kind*, and hence they are illegitimate in and by the very process of their generation. Modern science as far as it has preserved its character as real science we all have just reason to regard with pride and admiration; its achievements will ever remain genuine triumphs of the human intellect, and the practical benefits resulting from them flow in a thousand channels around us. Let us not depreciate what science has accomplished, but let us not forget, too, on the other hand, that the lines

> "Reason our guide, what can she more reply
> Than that the sun illuminates the sky?"

will always be applicable to the line of demarcation between science and religion. "Faith" can become a matter of science, and so it has in Christian theology; but science never can supplant faith, as will be presently seen.

However, since modern science has had the arrogance to proclaim a creed of its own, it is well to examine the positions on which it rests in trying to make good its assumptions. They may be reduced to two propositions, each of which is not an affirmation but a negation. What science denies is, in the first place, the existence of a personal Deity, a belief which is the corner-stone not only of Christianity but likewise of all monotheistic religions. And, in the second place, science denies the existence of a supernatural order; that is to say, the existence of the soul as an indestructible, immortal entity, a belief which the Christian holds in common with the pagans of old. Now the consequence of conceding these two negations is this: Faith, in the sense with which mankind has invested that word for wellnigh two thousand years, nay from the very earliest dawn of history in one nation,—this time-hallowed faith is transformed into an absurd superstition; and if the above-mentioned premises could be granted it would, of course, follow that the sooner the human race were freed from that superstition the better. This brief synopsis of the fundamental principles of the creed of "advanced thought" leads to several important reflections, which it is well to keep before us. The substitute offered for religion in these our days does not put us on a level with classical paganism. For the paganism of Greece and Rome appears far more consonant with Christianity than is the paganism of Christian countries in our own times, because Greece and Rome, and even the idolatrous forms of worship in the East, carefully preserved cer-

tain conservative elements, namely, belief in a supreme governing power, and belief in future rewards and punishments. But as the denial of the existence of a personal God does away with a Ruler on high, and as in like manner the negation of a supernatural order implies the impossibility of retributive justice after death, these two restraining forces are shaken off altogether, and man is launched into the sea of passion, on a frail craft, without compass, rudder, or sail. What modern science, therefore, endeavors to put in place of the teachings of Christianity is not a cultus of æsthetics, or of honor, or of nature, but is simply and solely a complete negation of any and all religion, in other words, a deification of man; for in virtue of this new creed man acquires all the prerogatives heretofore accorded by unanimous consent of all ages to that Supreme Power in which mankind has heretofore believed. And this conception—that the foundation-principle of the world consists in an impersonal, changeless, and yet change producing system of forces—what is it capable of producing but at best a barren feeling of despondency as to these inexorable forces, or a sort of æsthetic complacency with or stoical indifference to, its wonderful manifestations?

The pretensions of positivism have been so felicitously handled by Mr. Mallock, in the book already referred to, that I shall not dwell on any point here where the final word has been spoken by him. But in regard to the ignorance with which he charges modern advanced thought, a few remarks may not be amiss. He claims that the foremost thinkers of our age show "real knowledge in the hands of real ignorance," a statement so precise and so true that it seems all the more paradoxical. Yet ignorance, and nothing but ignorance, is the reason why all the laudable efforts of the school of "exact thought" at philosophical construction have failed; and the same fault must vitiate its further efforts. A certain amount of ignorance in regard to scientific data always does and always will prevail, even among the majority of fairly well-educated people. Nor is ignorance always to one's disgrace, since it is not always one's fault. The word, therefore, in itself, is not necessarily one of reproach. The ignorant very often are rather objects of pity than of condemnation, and absence of correct information may be both excusable and natural even among the cultured classes as such. Ignorance grows into a deformity, however, a disgrace, when it is coupled with self-conceit and presumption, and it grows finally into a crime in one who sets himself up to teach others; and the gravity of that crime must be measured by the gravity of the subject on which the ignorant pretend to teach. And of this crime the foremost thinkers of our day are guilty to an almost incredible extent. The mischief worked by inaccurate terminology, by an

"iron force of logic," which proves when put to a crucial test more pliant than melting wax, is great enough; but the havoc wrought by a complete mistaking of first principles, and of the nature and function of scientific terms, is altogether beyond expression. An elementary fact misapprehended leads, of course, to the construction of utterly false doctrines and systems.

It is true that since the time of Pythagoras the science of man and of the universe, and even of the Author of man, as far as it is deducible from principles furnished by natural reason, has been called philosophy. Yet never until now has philosophy claimed to be heard authoritatively when touching upon the matter of theology; and in the sense in which modern science understands philosophy it is made to embrace also the sphere of theology, that is, religion. Now philosophy, let it be well understood, is the science which deduces conclusions from principles obtained by the light of natural reason alone. It can, therefore, arrive at no valid conclusions beyond the range of natural reason, and since all the great problems of man and his destiny, and of the universe itself, lie beyond that range, philosophy alone and unaided cannot be a guide in the realm of faith. These problems, if solved at all, can be solved only by the aid of a supernatural light, that is, by revelation, and are, *ipsissima natura*, withdrawn from that region where the human intellect alone and unaided may reign supreme. Modern philosophers, however, magnify reason beyond all reason, and imagine they obtain results from it, which, though in most cases quite indirectly, they in reality obtain from revelation. They contend that the dogmas of faith are reducible to philosophical propositions, and maintain the fatal error that the *matter* of religion and the matter of philosophy are essentially the same, and that they differ only in *form*. They fail to discern that the matter of the one is that portion of universal truth which is intrinsically evident to natural reason; whereas, the matter of faith is that portion which is intrinsically *not* evident to natural reason, and is contained in revelation, and hence is precisely that which philosophy must bow down to and worship. Philosophy is not able, nor will it ever become able, to strip from faith its mysterious robes, and present its naked truth to the natural understanding. For, let us repeat it again, philosophy is concerned solely with truths naturally cognoscible; faith, on the contrary, with truths only supernaturally cognoscible, and consequently intrinsically not evident until we are supernaturally enlightened to see them. Clear and obvious as this distinction is, modern science has completely lost sight of it. Yet, much to be regretted as is the intellectual confusion which links belief in physical laws with disbelief in the supernatural order, it is a phenomenon that can partly, at least, be easily accounted for. A man of

science concentrates his keenest attention for a long time upon the observation of one small manifestation of life. To the physicist life, and not only life, but the world and the whole universe, resolves itself into an infinite aggregate of the workings of certain sets of laws. His thoughts, instead of acquiring a wider range, instead of becoming more and more comprehensive, are thus continually narrowed and hemmed in. And the result is that whatsoever cannot be brought under the focus of either telescope or microscope ceases to have existence for the scientific observer, and its reality is denied. The measure of what our senses can compass and take in by investigation becomes his measure of life, of the world, of the universe. To mention but one instance, modern science instructs us that an atomic movement in the brain is not only the concomitant of every "thought," but that this very "thought," after all, is the effect which the atomic movement as cause produces. This virtually converts man, despite free-will, into an exquisite automaton, whose loftiest flight of imagination may in the last instance perhaps be reduced to "*chablis*" and "*pâté de foie gras.*"

Again, let us not fail to note that the creed of the religion of taste does not discard morality; professedly it sails under that flag, and proclaims—and this quite seriously—that a further development of morality is one of the great results which the advancing civilization of our age has still to accomplish. As modern science overlooks the fact that religion and science have spheres belonging to different orders, so it also overlooks the fact that morality and Christianity are inseparably bound together. The morality which science inculcates is a morality bent down to earth, drawing all its nutriment and strength from the physical laws; it is a morality looking only as far as the eye can reach, and proclaiming all dreamland that lies beyond our vision in space and time. Such morality may take hold for a time of those who have grown up in tainted Christian morality, nay, it may even continue a gradually decaying sway for some generations, but if put to the test of time it is certain to collapse, as all earthborn fabrics do collapse. Never yet has natural reason alone proved adequate to furnishing safe rules for the conduct of life. Ethics, as a science, must borrow its chief fundamental principles from faith, and unless it does so it must fail as a system. For a code of morals resting entirely on the reality of the laws of matter declares itself insufficient. The problem of obligation, that is to say, our duty to seek the *summum bonum*, proclaims in that case "follow nature." And hence the gratification of our natural desires, the complete satisfaction of every passion, every craving, every appetite—this and nothing else would constitute the final aim for each individual; and the greater or less success with which this aim is attained would be the measure of

the greater or lesser morality of that individual. Nor is this all. Science preaches its system of morality notwithstanding the fact that not one ethical system based upon natural reason alone, has ever obtained for any length of time, while Christian morality, on the contrary, has outlived all systems. The much-vaunted theory of the "survival of the fittest" should have suggested an inquiry into the cause why common-sense has rejected one system after another except this one, and why natural reason still seeks for and concocts new systems, to be superseded in turn by newer still. This point has remained without investigation so far as science is concerned; perhaps this is so because the reason of it is so clear and tangible. But nature herself feels that there must be something above her, in which she must participate, else there is no supreme happiness for her. Without a supernatural order no real and lasting basis for morality, that is to say, for genuine morality, is conceivable; and this imperative necessity of morals, which happily is admitted on all sides, points to and presupposes in fact the supernatural order.

Schopenhauer, pessimist and misanthrope as he was, and one who certainly cannot be accused of hyper-religious tendencies, recognized this very clearly. He says: "We may just as well expect our system of morals and ethics in general to produce virtuous, noble-minded, and saintly individuals, as æsthetics to create poets and sculptors and musicians." And he contends that "the recognition of the supernatural as far above the natural order, metes out to the human race its greater or lesser share of happiness, and the more we cling to the material world the more do we forfeit the enjoyments which, as moral agents gifted with free-will, are within our reach in the immaterial world;" and again, "The highest, the most varied, the most lasting enjoyments are those of the intellect, no matter how greatly in youth we may deceive ourselves as to this fact."

The claims of modern science, then, for the non-existence of "soul" and of "God" are summed up thus: the soul refuses to be analyzed like that world of sense, which is all that is tangible within our reach, and hence it is not; and hence, furthermore, there is no supernatural order. And so in regard to God. The champions of exact thought declare to us—and their declaration is true to the letter—that neither the chemical laboratory nor the electro-magnetic current, neither vivisection nor decomposition, have ever yielded up the infinite entity "God," and hence there is no God. Thus "God" and "soul" are placed in the category of the unknowable on precisely the same grounds.

In one instance, though only in one instance, does science admit that it is confronted by something which the foremost thinkers

not only declare baffles science now, but which they moreover believe will always do so. And this phenomenon is consciousness, the gate, as it were, by which man enters into intercourse with the infinite. This one admission inflicts a deathblow on the whole artificial structure of the creed of advanced thought. It seems to be beyond contradiction that facts which are not reducible to matter and its manifestations, and which are yet undeniable and real facts, presuppose and must belong necessarily to an order real and yet immaterial. Whether it be compatible with unimpaired reasoning faculties to admit this much and deny in the same breath the existence of a supernatural order, is a question which the reader may decide for himself. On a matter of less grave import so exquisite a piece of inconsistency would be simply ludicrous; but occurring, as it does, on a subject which influences not only the short period of life on earth, but that life which is no longer subject to death or pain or change, it must fill one with deep regret for the individuals who stake on it the future, waiting to have their eyes opened when *trop tard, je t'abandonne* will be the sound reaching their ears, to resound there for evermore.

Several revolts have been made against the triune majesty of God since Christianity brought to wretched mankind the teachings of faith, accompanied by hope and by an infinite never-failing charity. And of all these revolts that of the present age bears the most atrocious character. In the records of history there are accounts of an almost constant struggle against "kingcraft." This struggle being directed against authority, and hence against the Author of authority, that is, the first person of the Trinity, is not so much a questioning of the authority of God the Father, as rather a finding fault with Him for the form in which through a divine hierarchy He has been pleased to impose the law of obedience upon us. The nations proposed then rather a transformation of the links through which the authority of God becomes manifest, ascending from father to king, from king to God's vicar upon earth, and from God's vicar upon earth to the Author and Father of all in heaven. The revolt therefore was not bereft of purely human features; it is the rebellious child that in vain tries to break loose from paternal tutelage. And again, the revolt against God the Son, traceable in all that has been done against His Church, and familiar to us as the struggle against "priestcraft," was also not devoid of certain characteristics which bring it within the circle of transgressions essentially human; for here also it was rather the form of Christianity than its essence which shortsighted human nature presumed itself capable of improving upon, and hence no essential attribute of Deity was directly assailed. Secondary issues were made; the highest sphere was still left undisturbed. Not so in the present revolt. Be-

ginning with the denial of God as God, the act bears no longer the semblance of a purely human trespass; it deprives the races of faith, of hope, of charity; it defies *à l'outrance* the Holy Ghost, the splendor of light and grace and wisdom. There is no palliation here; no appeal for mercy pleads in behalf of a pride which begins and ends with a declaration of self-sufficiency and recognizes no power above it. The revolt inaugurated by modern science terminates immediately in an apotheosis of human personality, and erects egotism into a basis of culture and morality. But enough of the attitude of the extreme left.

Next in order comes the centre. As has already been remarked, a variety of elements goes towards making up its vast aggregate. It includes many whose religious sentiments raise them above the depraved materialistic tendencies of the age; many who are honest, sincere, upright in their conduct, blameless in their morals; many who cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause to some mere fragments of Christianity; many who believe not only in One Father, and One Redeemer, and One Sanctifier, but who are also willing to accept dogmatic teaching, through which alone, as they correctly perceive, practical results are obtainable from faith. The onslaught of science on religion, and the fatal results accruing from it to Protestantism on the one hand, and on the other hand the imperturbable majesty of Rome, have each in its own way acted upon and influenced this by no means homogeneous mass. Having been stirred as never before, the different elements are shifting and contending, undecided and uncertain. Color-blindness hides from their sight the white robe of Catholicity, and yet they still search for truth without a proper knowledge of the whereabouts of truth. At this very time it is claimed in England, and also by some on this side of the Atlantic, that this is, after all, nothing but a returning movement towards a more mystical form of Christianity. This is what Mr. Gladstone in his remarkable paper "On the Evangelical Movement, Its Parentage and Issue," seems to maintain, for he contends that the deep craving of the human mind after an intimate intercourse with its Creator, led to Ritualism, as it led in many cases to Rome. So far as it goes this is true. The case can, however, be stated in a more correct and more comprehensive manner. Since atheism has gained a certain ascendency, the necessity of replacing a cold and unsatisfying creed by one which leaves no vacuum in the human breast, has become more and more imperative, and made itself more and more widely felt. Protestantism and atheism are separated only by an imaginary barrier, and the need to strengthen this weak partition has become obvious. Now Anglicanism, in spite of all its solemn protests, finds itself to-day in the same uncomfortable position as all the other offspring of

the Reformation. Without a fundamental reorganization no new lease of life is possible for Protestantism under any form. During and for some time after the break with Rome in the sixteenth century, fanaticism carried the adherents of Protestantism on its wings. Isolated instances excepted it does so no longer. Its flight was short, and would have ended sooner had not the Catholic teaching which it superseded continued to still live in the hearts of many, who led astray by a sort of religious intoxication embraced then and there the one or the other Protestant "Church." Nominally Protestants, vast multitudes remained actually though unconsciously Catholic; for the Catholic Church claims all who are Catholics in their hearts, be they heathen, or Mohammedans, or Protestants in the eyes of the world. The narrow view which tries to fasten upon Rome the stigma of unjustifiable exclusiveness, reserving the realms of endless bliss for those only who professedly and openly belong to her, begins happily to be more and more discarded. Her pale, in reality, includes by inalienable rights all who partake in the fruits of Calvary either through the baptism of blood or of desire; and all, again, who have received the sacrament of baptism and believe with unshaken sincerity that the denomination of which they are professedly members is the unadulterated form of Christianity; so that there are Catholics, true children of the Church, outside of Catholic congregations, and their fate hereafter will depend upon the manner in which they have used and obeyed that "light which enlighteneth every man that comes into the world."

Others, again, have tried to explain what is going on in the Established Church of England as a reaction. Through the overzeal of the first Reformers an indispensable part of Christianity has been lost, so they tell us; and hence what we are witnessing now is merely the reacceptance of this indispensable part. But this too is a misstatement. It was not our dogmatism which led to the Reformation; and, besides, the Ritualistic movement bears on its face the marks of a decided effort to cast off bonds which bind the Ritualists to a religious system which has no claim to infallibility. The fact is that the Christian doctrines held and taught by Rome cannot be improved upon. Attempts to do so have not been wanting; they have continued through a period covering more than three hundred years, and they have been made in almost every country in which Christianity has planted its banner. The conditions, therefore, as regards time as well as space, have been most favorable for a continued series of these experiments; and, as a matter of fact, variations of Christianity have sprung up everywhere, each claiming to contain the very essence of Christianity. True, all of them contain some vague sort of Christianity, a dead

and silent Bible, and more or less of Catholicism in a mangled condition. But what is the result? Not one of these patent religions has been able to stand a test of three centuries. They change color with chameleon-like rapidity, and while the process of creed-manufacturing still flourishes with unabated vigor in the camp of Protestantism, the discovery of "*the*" religion lies still to be made. If Ritualism be placed at one end of the religious spectrum and broad Unitarianism at the other, every conceivable variety of shade and color can be arranged between the two. Hence people have had a very wide field for their choice, and yet all these religious experiments are coming more and more to be looked at by the public generally with disgust as so many religious vagaries, and the insufficiency inherent in each of them alike asserts itself. Under the auspices of these varying and contending creeds the human heart has become the prey of an undefinable melancholy. A brooding sorrow moves over man's fate, and has seized upon most highly gifted minds; a mysterious forlornness touches us in the productions of the most distinguished writers. It is a feeling of despondency which springs from the consciousness of a lost felicity, and it neither can nor will be banished by anything save such faith and hope and love as give to man heaven, since it expresses the yearning of the heart after things not of this earth,—things that God alone can give and does give if we but humbly ask for them.

For the better verification of this mental condition, and also in order to illustrate the truth of Mr. Mallock's prediction that "prejudices, even when so dogged and so virulent as that against Catholicity, will lift and disappear one day like a London fog," a few quotations from a writer in *Frazer's Magazine* are subjoined:

"The motives of right conduct which Christianity has to offer,—hope for the individual, hope for the race, a great act of self-sacrifice requiring self-sacrifice in turn, self-reverence springing from a sense of a high and divine calling, the consciousness of the divine fatherhood resulting in a claim of universal brotherhood, an unswerving faith in the complete and final victory of good over evil, love to God and love to our neighbor as the mainspring of life,—these motives are considerably superior to any mere 'honesty is the best policy.'"

Again:

"The mere blank negation of all religion, which seems to be the present mental attitude of the cultivated classes in Germany, can result in no high or noble activity, no moral heroism, nothing but the old story, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

Continuing his observations on Germany, the same writer goes on to say:

"Catholicism is the only form of Christianity that has any real hold upon the people.

In the Rhineland and in Southern Germany the churches are crowded with devout worshippers, whereas in Protestant Prussia the very profession of Christianity has well-nigh died out."

And on the connection between morality and faith the following comment is made:

"The acceptance of the supernatural as a condition of adopting Christianity as a rule of life, nay, the acceptance of the supernatural in this highest sense, is an essential condition of any religious faith. Christian morality is in the highest sense supernatural."

And from a paper entitled "Agnosticism and Women," published in the *Nineteenth Century*, we quote what Mrs. Lathbury says in regard to the saddening effects upon society should the day ever arrive when the spread of the new views shall extend over her sex. After pointing out that from whatever side the practical issues of the question are broached, the motive power is always withdrawn, and no substitute offered capable of appealing to what predominates in the female character, the heart, she raises a pathetic and touching cry for mercy on behalf of her sex:

"To be in the front ranks of progress and in the tide of intellectual fashion, to rise above the prejudices that spring from our instincts rather than from our reason, and, above all, to be in sympathy with the men they admire, are often the most potent influences that sway a woman's mind towards the atheism of the present day. If it is the lot of any to be obliged through honesty of thought to cast away their ancient landmarks, let them consider whether it is all gain to others that they should be led to do likewise. What has the agnostic to offer in compensation? In the strength of his days he sets out for the goal of culture. Physical, mental, moral culture is his aim and his watchword. Enlightenment in this world takes the place of hope in the next, and the intellect alone sets its mark upon the future. Enthusiastic for all progress, he forgets that a progress that comes to an end with death is no true progress at all, and that what is untrue for the individual cannot be true for the human race. With faith of an ultimate age of ice, and their hope bounded by the grave, what is left to the women of the future but their love alone, to tell them of how much happiness and misery they are capable? If such is the only truth possible for mankind, in very mercy let us pause long before we help others to attain to it."

These quotations offer considerable matter for reflection, and help us to form a definite conception of the real drift of thought. It will be seen that both writers agree that human nature cannot be lifted by its own strength to the level of truly moral actions. Unless an element of a higher order draws us by its influx on into an upper stratum, the current of animalism will succumb to the constant pressure around, and flow downwards from its present level in the direction of the least resistance.

Such views are all the more deserving our attention, because even from so-called Christian pulpits the sound reaches the ear that the cosmogony of Genesis is, at best, an untrustworthy compilation of primeval tradition. Men whose professed calling in the world it is to preach, proclaim that belief in an infinite substance informing

all phenomena, a trust in an eternal First Cause underlying all change, is the belief which has satisfied in all ages the greatest minds, and which suffices for the advanced civilization society has reached at the present day. They indorse in full the pretence of science that the universe is an unbroken chain, without even a break between plant and animal, or animal and man; they probably think a catena of facts established, which science itself only hopes to establish; they subscribe to "natural selection by conflict," though they do not dwell perhaps upon it, nor advocate it in individual cases, probably because of the unpleasant backwardness of legal views on such matters; in short, they are the oracles of scientific materialism, ridicule quite openly what they call "the old orthodox faith," which sees in life traces of direct divine intervention, and think they have discharged their functions as enlighteners of conscience in a highly conscientious manner if they finish their discourse by a remark that while reason must furnish the guide religion may still continue to give the vivifying motive. The model modern clergyman comes generally of a respectable family, is well-bred, has, besides, a good figure and voice, a "charming wife" as life companion, possesses excellent social and domestic accomplishments, keeps clear in most cases with considerable tact of all sorts of trouble, is, in short, "a gentleman," but has neither deep convictions nor much scholarship, no initiative power and no vocation. With a bland smile he informs his audience of the deep psychological meaning of the doctrine of atonement; he perceives a matchless didactic method in the doctrine of inspiration; in rites a moral and æsthetic cultus; and in churches incomparable instruments of discipline and social order. And this, people are told, is preaching Christianity, that is, Christ and Him crucified. But, though these esteemed pastors of souls instil such soothing syrup into the consciences of men; though the material wealth, which is commonly a concomitant of these "fashionable churches" serves as another incentive to swell their ranks; though science and religion are temptingly amalgamated in them; notwithstanding all this, these establishments do not thrive as one might expect. Disgusted with the vague and meaningless teaching of broad Protestantism, mental obtuseness must give way to more clear and more correct estimates of true religion. The principle of subjectivity introduced by the Reformation, as Professor Luthardt, the eminent Lutheran leader, himself admits, can no longer maintain its position. Men wished to be certain of salvation, each for himself, without priestly mediation. They have tried it, and the supreme judgeship of *ego* stands condemned before the forum of conscience. However much pride may revolt against anything which implies humility, there is a something within us which bids us

be humble, and this element once asserting itself is not to be silenced. And it is this element which bursts through and finds expression in our days, though restrained by the very men who ought to nurture it. It is this element which stamps hopefulness respecting the future of the centre, a hopefulness which will find its fruition in the decision the individual ultimately must make, to escape from the dreary dilemma. And thus it is that, against and in spite of all adverse influences, the conservative lines have been much closer drawn in the sphere of religious thought than was the case two decades ago.

And now how does the extreme right act? how does Rome act? Has the Catholic Church also been drawn into the vortex, or does she keep aloof from the contending masses, like an uninterested and indifferent spectator? To those who know her, her actions are also known, and to those who do not know her the uncompromising dignity and firmness she preserves are a more eloquent testimony than words could convey. Fully aware of the far-reaching and grave import of the issues involved in the questions which are agitating our times, she fulfils her mission in the same spirit which was given her on the day of Pentecost, the spirit of wisdom guiding her, the spirit of charity animating her to extend the tender mantle of divine love to all who seek for refuge and shelter.

These then are the three principal attitudes of the intellectual world towards religion as they strike us in a more or less pronounced way in contemporary literature. They are the constellations from which the horoscope of the future must be cast; they are not conjured up by imagination, but are plainly perceptible on careful observation.

The English character is distinguished by that calm, just measuring of the evidences which should decide the actions of individuals and of nations. Some extraordinary event may for a time weaken this national feature, as was actually the case in the sixteenth century; but sooner or later it will reassert itself. This process, it is true, is one which requires time for its consummation; but for that very reason after the reaction has once set in, the final result is less doubtful than in cases where the prevalence of passionate, emotional elements render every conclusion doubtful. A volatile temper has never yet been predicated of Englishmen as a race. If we cast a glance over the religious history of England for the last half century, the steps by which this reactionary movement has progressed are traceable. What, let us ask, has led the maturest intellects, the ablest scholars, the ripest minds, men of whom the nation feels justly proud—what has led and induced them to humble themselves before Rome, and ask for admittance into her fold? Manning and Newman, names too illustrious to need more than

mere mention in order to bring them before us in all their grandeur and lustre, sifted the evidences of Christianity with the thoroughness, and perseverance, and courage which ought to be inseparable from investigations into the most important subject man has to deal with; and they did not shrink from a manly acknowledgment of their error when the suspicion of being wrong had ripened into sincere conviction. Bent upon embracing truth in its fulness they accepted it where alone they could find it. If it is urged that what landed them safely in the Church of Rome was the greater ability they could apply to the task of searching for and finding the truth, the answer is that not in that, but in their great earnestness of purpose, in their unswerving justice, in their wondrous moral courage, and in their humility lies the secret of their conversion.

The Ritualistic faction of the Established Church of England likewise bears testimony that the weighing of evidences of the past has, in the opinions of a considerable portion of the clergy, made a departure from the rites of the "Established Church" an obligatory duty. Only after a long and careful search did Ritualism adopt a cultus, which is best described as a fac-simile of the cultus of the Catholic Church minus her life-giving spirit. Here again we see the same element asserting itself as in the individual cases mentioned before. While only the individual minds of a Manning, a Newman, a Faber, a Ripon, and many others went over the ground with the careful solicitude of persons desirous of discovering truth in its entirety, the Ritualistic clergy showed their unwillingness to take at once the path of humility and avow their error on all points of difference. They were submerged too long in the deep waters of self-complacent error to rise quickly to the surface; they rose high enough to see the blue sky in the firmament above; they saw rays of that light before which darkness recedes, but they did not venture to gaze upon the sun in his full brilliancy. But there is ground for hope that their union with the sole repository of unchangeable truth will at last be accomplished.

And lastly, as regards the nation itself, our judgment of its future attitude must be guided by the new currents which display themselves already in contemporary literature. A spirit of equity, of impartiality, greater freedom from prejudice, lessening aversion to Catholicism, these are features distinctly observable, and from their presence one is constrained to think that the pulse begins to beat with a hopeful vitality. The pretensions of modern science and its atheistic creed violate too grossly the deepseated religious sense of Englishmen. Publications like Mr. Mallock's works increase in popularity, and they are gauge-glasses for ascertaining the temper and the direction of the drift of thought. Mr. Mallock, a literal skeptic, as he himself avows, typifies the sterling quality of the

English character to which I have already alluded. Viewing science by the light of reason, and religion by the light of reason, he arrives at the conclusion that Catholicity is the one religion that can, and the one religion that will, survive the complete and inevitable shipwreck of all other creeds. As an outsider he sees, of course, all things that belong to the Catholic religion foreshortened; his picture of the Church of Rome is deficient in drawing, in perspective, in coloring, in the distribution of light and shade. Nor could this well be otherwise, since it is necessary to look at her from a central point of view, in order to perceive the harmony of proportions, the classic simplicity of style, the matchless beauty of color. Nevertheless, how great is the gain when a mind drifting about without aim, desirous simply of finding relief somewhere from an overpowering, unbearable anxiety, ascertains at last where relief may be found, if relief is to be found at all.

And thus three successive stages seem to be quite perceptible: Giant minds, at first, leading the way, followed in turn by individual strong minds; next, the clergy, setting fresh canvas before the breeze, and sailing for Rome, but unable to make more than Civita Vecchia; and lastly, the nation, surging to and fro, shaking off the old yoke of prejudice, casting aside the glacial doctrine of science, looking about for new and safe moorings, and no longer unwilling to listen to the soothing strains of peace, and rest, and happiness that peal forth from the organ of the true Church of God.

Yet *one* step has to be taken by one and by all before that peace and that rest and that happiness can be attained, and of that one step Mr. Mallock speaks when he asks: "But that first decision, how shall we make it?" answering: "That decision, if we have a will at all, lies with our will, with the will alone to make," which answer, however, is not full, since to secure the blessings of grace and peace and faith there is, above all, required humility, calling for help in prayer. Hence, let hesitating minds reflect well on the two words: "Pray and obey."

NOTES ON SPAIN.

Part II.

BEFORE quitting the subject of Toledo and its ancient rite, it may be interesting to my readers to compare the latter with certain other rites which here and there still survive in Europe. Unfortunately I had no opportunity of seeing the Mozarabic High Mass, which I regretted the more since I had found[1] that function, as performed at Milan and at Lyons, full of ritualistic interest. The ancient Ambrosian rite of Milan presents certain noteworthy resemblances to the Mozarabic Mass. Thus (1), after the elevation, the priest extends out his arms horizontally for a short time; (2) besides the Epistle and Gospel, a lesson from the Old Testament is also read, and (3) the priest never turns round to the people at any "Dominus vobiscum." The last circumstance is due to the fact that, according to the strict Ambrosian rite, the priest should celebrate facing the people (standing on the further side of the altar), and no doubt the former existence of a similar custom in Spain accounts for the fact that the priest does not turn round to the people at the Dominus vobiscum in the Mozarabic rite. It may be well to add here some other peculiarities observed in the Ambrosian rite, so that any reader who (more fortunate than the writer) shall witness the Mozarabic High Mass may be enabled to compare the two together.

According to the Ambrosian rite, the Gospel and Epistle are both sung successively from the same pulpit, which is on the Gospel side of the entrance to the choir. The albs worn at the High Mass witnessed were very short (not reaching so low as the knees), and with a "flounce." I was, however, much interested to see that they were "apparelled," the "apparels" being somewhat larger in size than the mediæval ones. It being advent, the deacon and subdeacon wore chasubles, but the deacon on removing his for the Gospel did not, as with us, put on a broad stole, but there was a curious rectangular ornament attached to his narrow stole, behind his left shoulder. The censer used had no cover, and, on this account, it was used in a peculiar manner to prevent its contents falling out; instead of being swung as censers ordinarily are, it was swung rapidly round in complete circles, first in one direction and then in the reverse manner. Each time before incensing the altar, the priest offered incense on his knees. At an early part of the Mass the canons all advanced in single file, and successively kissed a corner of the altar. At the offertory two old laymen (each

[1] During a journey to Rome at the time of the Vatican Council.

wearing a white cloak with a black hood) came to the rails and offered altar-bread, and two women came to the entrance of the chancel and offered wine (the offerings being received by the deacon and subdeacon in silver vases), an interesting case of the survival of a primitive practice. During the greater part of the Mass the deacon and subdeacon stood sideways, each leaning with his arms on one end of the altar. The priest washed his hands, not at the offertory, but immediately before the consecration, and it was done with great ceremony, the deacon and subdeacon holding the two ends of a long cloth, and the assistants holding the basin and ewer. The priest again washed his hands, and in the same manner, after communicating. No bell was used at any part of the Mass, and that part of the canon which comes between the "*Pater noster*" and the "*Pax Domini sit Semper Vobiscum*" was sung as loudly as any other part. The *Secreta* also were sung aloud, like the Collects and Post-communions.

The ancient rite still surviving in France, namely, that of Lyons, has fewer differences from the Roman rite than has the Ambrosian; still it is very different, and in some of its differences it approximates to the type of the Mozarabic rite. Thus immediately after the elevation the priest extends out his arms horizontally,[1] and the whole Mass shows traces of having been originally said with the celebrant facing the people. As in the Ambrosian rite, the part of the canon after the *Pater noster* is sung out loud. At Lyons the subdeacon arranges the Corporal, etc., on the altar while the deacon is singing the Gospel. The priest washes his hands before the offertory as well as after it, the acolyte carrying a large towel on his shoulder, which the priest makes use of while in that position. The subdeacon remains behind the altar (where there is a credence table and where the chalice is prepared) from the offertory nearly till the elevation, and whenever the missal or any other object is removed from one side of the altar to the other, the assistants in carrying it pass across *behind* the altar, instead of in front of it as with us. After the offertory, the priest first incenses the altar (without the missal being removed), and then the deacon incenses it all round, walking completely round it, as in a Greek Mass. The subdeacon does not wear a veil on his shoulders as in the Roman Mass, but holds the paten inclosed in a small veil, not larger than that of the chalice, if it be not the chalice veil itself. No bell is used at any part of the High Mass, though it may at the Low Mass, which I have not seen. The Lyons rite is very majestic when the archbishop pontificates; for he is then attended by no less than seven priests, seven deacons, and seven subdeacons.

[1] As he does also in the Dominican rite, and as was done in the old Saracen rite.

Probably in the pontifical ceremonies of this rite, and in those of the Papal High Mass, certain customs still survive which once were more or less generally diffused.

Returning from this rather long digression (which I hope and think will not be without interest to many American Catholics) to the record of our Spanish ramble, I would advise travellers proceeding from Toledo to Andalusia first to return to Madrid, and thence start afresh, as we did, although it must be confessed that the short return journey was a very slow and tedious one, a change of trains being necessary at Algodor, with the chance of finding insufficient accommodations in the up-train on the direct line from Portugal. In our own case a shooting party, also returning, like ourselves, from Toledo, took possession of all the first-class seats not already occupied, save those in an empty carriage ticketed, "*Resarvado para las Señoras.*" Into this we accordingly got and refused to leave it in spite of entreaties and threats of officials, our reply being that we would most readily leave it for an inferior vehicle should any first-class female passengers appear at any station on the road to Madrid, but that while it remained without a tenant we might as well temporarily occupy it; and this we did (no lady appearing) for the rest of our journey.

We were not sorry to be again at the Fonda de la Pax at Madrid, for though Toledo is full of antiquarian and picturesque interest, it is not a place for comfortable sojourn, with its swarms of beggars, who swoop down on you from every corner, and who may bestow on you unpleasing epithets (I was called Pontius Pilate) if their appeals be disregarded. With the uneven and not too cleanly streets your eyes have to be directed pretty constantly downwards, and yet it is needful not to neglect looking above as well as below. Thus in one peregrination I was startled by some water falling just in front of me, and, looking up, perceived that it was due to the fact that a woman above was cleaning her teeth out of the window, without much regard to the passing stranger. We got back to Madrid on Saturday night, and next morning heard Mass in the fashionable church of the Order Calatrava,[1] in the Al-

[1] The military confraternity of Calatrava is a development of the Cistercian Order. It was founded in 1158, approved by Pope Alexander III. in 1164 and Gregory VIII. in 1187. The knights at first wore the Cistercian habit, but the needs of military life caused it to be first shortened and then discarded. Ultimately a mere secular dress came to be worn for ordinary use, but a white silk mantle, ornamented with a red cross flewry over the left arm, was the habit for all ceremonies. This order, like the other military orders, became rich, and degenerated, and in 1485 Ferdinand and Isabella united the grand mastership of the order to the crown, the Pope, Innocent VIII., having consented thereto.

In the year 1219 an analogous religious order for ladies was founded by Don Gonzalez Yañez. Their red cross was worn embroidered on the front of their habit.

cala, close to the hotel. It was filled again and again with an edifying congregation, particularly pleasing to a Northern visitor from the unobtrusive costume of the black-veiled ladies.

In the evening we started for Cordova, a journey of nearly sixteen hours, the train leaving Madrid at 9 o'clock in the evening and reaching Cordova at about a quarter to 1 the afternoon of the following day. The train was horribly full, and Spaniards of both sexes are somewhat fidgety travelling companions, everlastingly wanting to get out, and that on both sides of the carriage. All the males invariably smoke and have a great objection to an open window. This was the most uncomfortable journey we made in Spain; but was, after all, a miracle of comfort compared with the same journey as experienced by Lady Herbert of Lee ten years earlier.

Arriving at Aranjuez at 10.50, the rare luxuriance of trees was perceptible even through the obscurity of a moonless night. We reached Alcazar (just now made famous by an attempt at robbery by brigands) at 2.30 A.M. Soon entering the country of La Mancha, we found ourselves at dawning day in the famed Sierra Morena, at Venta de Cardenas, close to the scene of Don Quixote's penance and of the adventures of Cardenio and Dorothea, passing by the imposing defile of the *Despeñaperros*, or "throw over the dogs" (*i. e.*, the infidels). About ten minutes past 8 we punctually reached *Vadollano*, whence travellers branch off to Linares, of mining celebrity now as in ancient times.

In a little more than another hour we reached the station—affording the much-desired and very excellent breakfast,—of Menjibar, irreverently styled by English-speaking jokers, "Mangybar." By this time the rain began to descend in torrents. My next neighbor at the breakfast-table was an Anglican ecclesiastic of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, who, to my dismay, informed me of his intention to walk from this point to Grenada. This, indeed, is the station whence a diligence starts for that city; but no persuasion could induce my new acquaintance to avail himself of it. Saying goodby to him with regret we started, and in another hour first saw the Guadalquiver (or great river), and another two hours and a half brought us to the much-looked-forward-to old Moorish city of Cordova. We drove to the Fonda Suiza, a large, clean, comfortable, but not cheap hotel, as the charge for board, lodging, and attendance was 12*s.* 10*d.* per diem. We reached it in a deluge. The rainy season of Andalusia had, we were told, began, and our anticipations for the future were not cheering. Our visit here, however, was enlivened by the kind attention of an English gentleman to whom we had letters, Mr. Rutledge,—known in Cordova as Señor Don Juan,—who held an important appointment in connec-

tion with railways. Cordova is, indeed, a Moorish city, and it may well be so, having continued under their sway for five hundred years. The streets are narrow, like those of Toledo; many are even narrower, and are entirely paved with flagstones; yet the place has a clean and thriving look. Most of the streets are bounded only by whitewashed walls, the sole openings of which are the doorways, and a very few and small windows with strong iron gratings, so that the aspect is quite Eastern. Moreover, many of the shops, even the largest haberdashers, have no inclosure in front, but are quite open to the street. Finally, the people are very dark in complexion, and the women generally wore one or two white chrysanthemums in their abundant, jet-black hair. Through the open doorways charming courtyards, surrounded by colonnades (patios), are visible, with large trees, great magnolias, and other Southern plants in full flower. Certain conditions of mediæval life in cities were forcibly brought home to us in our wanderings through Cordova in the rain; for there are here many gargoyles still in use, and not superseded by pipes, so that small cascades descend from them on to the pavement, sometimes at short intervals.

The only sight in Cordova is the Cathedral, or, as it is still called, "the *Mesquita*, or Mosque." Every one knows the Mosque of Cordova,[1] with fore-court and palms, its low roof, and 1100 columns connected by double horseshoe arches, so no description need here be given. But many persons wonder at the plan of its construction, consisting as it does of nineteen long, narrow, juxtaposed colonnades. To understand it one must understand what a mosque is. A mosque is no temple, but a shelter for worshippers from the sun and rain, with an indication of the direction of Mecca. Accordingly an elongated portico may well answer this purpose. Let the population increase, and then the increased need of accommodation may be met by the addition of a second row of columns with a corresponding addition to the roof. Let this process be repeated again and again, and at last we shall get such a structure as that we are considering. Very curious is the effect on entering, of the vast multitude of pillars and the relatively low roof; and it is the common practice of tourists and guidebook writers to lament the introduction of the lofty Christian sanctuary and choir which is raised in the midst of the low Mohammedan building, because it necessarily intercepts the view through the arcades, and prevents the vast extent of the interior being readily perceived. To me, however, this soaring Christian edifice, in the midst of the wide-spreading low Mohammedan structure, seemed an apt symbol of the superiority of the creed it ministered to over the relatively grovel-

[1] It was begun in the eighth century and finished at the end of the tenth.

ling religion of Islam. Far from regretting the change effected, the Christian may by it be stimulated to hope that analogous changes will ere long take place in the mosques and temples of India.

Returning to the hotel our *table d'hôte* dinner was made interesting by anecdotes from Mr. Rutledge's abundant experience, showing the changes a few years have effected. When, as a youth, he first visited Madrid, he travelled to it from Paris entirely by diligence, a journey of eight days and nights, without stopping. Early the next day the other churches were explored, and for the first time a Mass was witnessed performed with unedifying haste. We are now in Andalusia, the moral and religious condition of which is generally admitted to be decidedly inferior to the more Northern provinces. As to material comforts Cordova is a place which may well be chosen for a somewhat lengthened stay. There is very good society to be had, a first-rate club, and plenty of game for the sportsman. My friend, Mr. Howard Saunders, assures me that the great bustard is still common in the adjacent plains, with plenty of the little bustard, sand-grouse, red-legged partridges, hares, and rabbits, and, at the proper time, quails also. In the mountains are wolves, wild cats, a few lynxes, and also boars, red deer, and roebucks; the three last-named kinds of animals cannot be shot, however, till permission has been obtained.

Though Cordova is so little to the north of Seville, yet it lies near the mountains, and at a considerable elevation above the sea. The rail, therefore, continuously descends from it to Seville (which is in the midst of a wide plain), for the most part skirting the Guadalquiver; and here for the first time abundant signs of a subtropical climate present themselves to the traveller from the North. Hedges of prickly pear, and of what are commonly called aloes, but are really agaves (every here and there, with the decaying remains of their treelike inflorescence), form hedges on each side of the railway, and even here and there wide stretches of country have the appearance of an English common with its furze bushes; but what look like furze bushes are really patches of the dwarf palm, which here grows naturally on scraps of waste ground all about, even down to the rails. The journey to Seville was performed in a little over three hours and a half, and by 6 o'clock we were duly installed at the *Fonda de los Cuatro Naciones*, the best hotel we have yet found in Spain. The charge for everything was 8*s.* 9*d.* a day, and the bedrooms were clean, with carpets and mosquito curtains, and the living was excellent. The hotel is situated in the Plaza Nueva, close to the Cathedral. The street door leads into a large patio, which has been roofed with glass

above, and thus acts as hall, drawing and reading room, and here the *Times* and other foreign papers are regularly taken. The Spanish newspapers give evidence of a kindly and pious sentiment prevalent throughout the country. Spaniards are not content with inserting a notice of the death of their relatives and friends, but they insert a notice of the recurrence of their anniversaries also. On the morning of Wednesday, October 29th, day dawned at Seville soon after 5 o'clock, and at 6 it was daylight. The first sally was of course to visit the justly celebrated Cathedral, and a very stately church it is; its plan, an enormous parallelogram, with a central portion and two wide aisles on each side, as also a series of lateral chapels. It is somewhat like the Cathedral of Milan, but of a much purer though late Gothic, and with more bulky, clustered pillars. One great charm of the Cathedral is the brilliant stained glass, which fills every window. Even with the light of Spain the Cathedral looks gloomy at first. In London it would simply be pitch dark. The visitor should not omit to contemplate the celebrated St. Anthony of Padua, by Murillo, which made a trip to New York and back in 1874. It is placed in the chapel with the font, and in the next chapel is the tomb of Bishop Baltazer del Rio. In this latter chapel the altar is raised on a platform, to which access is gained by steps on one side, while the bishop's tomb is in the front wall of the platform. At the east end, in the Capilla Real, is the great treasure of the church, the relics of St. Ferdinand, inclosed in a silver shrine, placed in front of the life-sized image of Our Lady, which was given to the Saint himself by the canonized King of France, Louis IX. The image is seated on a silver throne, and its hair is of spun gold. But the magnificence of the Cathedral contrasts painfully with the religious indifference of the population of the city. I was informed by a pious, well-informed priest, that out of a population of 118,000, not more than 500 men and 2000 women make their Easter communion, and not more than 5000 men go to Mass on Sundays. I heard that religion has lost enormously within the last ten years,—since the revolution of 1865. I also heard that too many of the clergy are neither zealous nor edifying, and although while residing at Seville I saw Mass said with the same devotion as in other parts of Spain, I also saw it said with irreverent haste, a canon of the Cathedral, a young man, not genuflecting even at the consecration, but only drawing his right leg a little backwards, and going away directly after Mass without making any thanksgiving. Still, in spite of the general religious indifference, if a mission is given anywhere the people flock to it in multitudes, and there is always a great harvest of souls. If only the Church had the liberty in Spain

which it enjoys in England and the United States, Spain would soon be again evangelized. Hatred of religion, however, and a spirit of persecution are engrained in the far larger part of the so-called "Liberals" (?), and men whose sons are now actually being educated in Jesuit colleges signed the decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits, and would do it again if called upon by the need of pandering to the irreligious passions of their party. . The Church has been robbed most cruelly. No money is to be had for religious purposes, and yet great sums are spent by ministers on ministerial residences and such matters, while the taxes on property have risen to the extent of forty per cent.

There is a small Jesuit College in Seville, existing under a precarious toleration, and the Jesuits have another house, but no church of their own as yet. The rainy season was indeed upon us, and only the Cathedral could well be visited the first day. Thus Seville was seen to great disadvantage ; but I think its charms have really been exaggerated. The Plaza Nueva, the principal square, is spoiled by the want of height in the houses which bound it, and if Madrid charmed us by being so much more Spanish than we expected, Seville disappointed by being so much less different from Madrid than we had supposed it to be. In the evening we went to the large and handsome Teatro San Fernando, where a very scanty audience witnessed a couple of very innocent farces, with enormously long intervals between their acts. The next day the weather permitted the visiting of the regulation sights, amongst them the great tobacco manufactory, where three thousand women are employed, in immensely long stone-vaulted halls, in making cigars and cigarettes. The chatter, closeness, and smell were trying phenomena, and in spite of so many hundred black eyes, by no means disposed to avoid observation, the whole thing was to us an unpleasing experience. Each hall, or ward, is under the control of a superioress, who accompanies the visitor through it and protects him from the possibly too great obtrusiveness of its other inmates. After this, the least pleasing sight of Seville, we went to one of the most pleasing, namely, to the celebrated tower of the Cathedral, called the Giralda (pronounced Heeralda). This tower, like the Campanile of San Marco at Venice, has no steps within, but only a gently inclined plane, up which a donkey could easily carry a visitor. Moreover there are many resting-places on the ascent, and there are large windows on every side at short intervals, so that there is plenty of light, and we frequently paused to enjoy the view in the four directions its four sets of windows respectively face. Hence, of course, the great plain on which Seville stands is well seen,—a plain bounded on the north by the Sierra Morena and on the

south by the very fantastically shaped mountains of Ronda, while to the east are visible the last spurs of the Sierra Nevada range. To the west the widening plain stretches out towards the distant sea.

The roof of the Cathedral has a very singular aspect when seen from above. It is like that of a northern cathedral with the woodwork and lead stripped off, for the undulating stone vaulting is here naked and unprotected by any covering.

The house of the Duke of Medina Cœli—commonly called the house of Pontius Pilate—gives the visitor an excellent idea of the sort of house most suitable to the character of the place. It consists of several open courts surrounded by arcades, from which the doors of the bedrooms, etc., open. Such arcades must form delightful drawing and reading rooms for summer use; since even, at the end of October, it was pleasant to sit there without hat or overcoat.

Happening, in an afternoon stroll, to look into the Church of St. Pablo, it was evident that some ceremony was about to take place there. It turned out to be a special confraternity service, and one which was fairly attended. The retablo behind the high altar was very elaborate, and extended quite up to the roof. It was not Gothic, but of much later date, and ornamented with many life-sized statues. Very high up in the middle line was a large gold crown surmounting a pair of curtains closed midway, with a candle on each side of the curtains. The retablos are so constructed that men can climb up, about, and behind them right up to the roof. The first thing done in preparation for the service was to light the two candles beside the curtains beneath the crown, and then other candles about the retablos and on the altar. Afterwards the rosary was said in Spanish, and then the curtains beneath the crown suddenly opened and exposed the Blessed Sacrament which they had hitherto concealed. Next followed prayers in Spanish and a sermon, after which we were compelled to leave without waiting for the end of the long service, which is called a *manifestacion*.

Circumstances so happened that I had either to miss Cadiz altogether, or to run over to it and back in one day; I chose the latter course, and therefore started on the 31st of October, at half past 7 in the morning, arriving at Cadiz at 12.50; and then returned, leaving Cadiz again at 3.45, and reaching Seville at 9 o'clock in the evening. Cadiz is so peculiar, and in many respects so pleasing a city, that it should on no account be missed. There was no time to stop at Jerez, which (apart from the highly ornate Gothic Church of San Miguel) has little interest, save what is connected with its wine trade, which had no attraction for us. As you approach the station next after Jerez — that of Puerto de Santa Maria—there is a charming view of Cadiz, which seems to rise like

an island out of the water. Seen across the bay it looks quite near, and yet it takes more than an hour to sweep round the long semi-circular strip of land at the extreme end of which Cadiz stands. I am told that for those who are in no hurry it is a good thing to sleep at Puerto Santa Maria (at the Vista Alegre Hotel, by the side of the water), and then to run across the Bay of Cadiz in the morning, when there is a magnificent view of the city of Cadiz from the steamer's deck. Proceeding, as I did, by rail, as you traverse the sandy neck of land which leads to Cadiz, you come upon what at first appears to be a military encampment. As it is more nearly approached the seeming white tents, however, turn out to be nothing but pyramids of salt. Shortly before getting to Cadiz, there is on the left (or sea) side of the train a fine large church, with a central dome and two large towers covered with blue tiles, producing a very pleasing aspect. During the last portion of the journey the sea comes close to the railway on each side of it.

The line of rail towards Cadiz is bordered not only by agaves and prickly pears, but is bright with white and yellow flowers, with the autumnal-flowering lilac crocus, which yields saffron; with the squirting cucumber, and a large yellow-fruited Solanum. Cadiz, in spite of its decay, is a clean, bright-looking city, with its long and narrow streets made picturesque by a multitude of projecting balconies. Its classical Cathedral is commonly abused, but to me it seemed both a noble and a devotional edifice, and preferable to many a Gothic church. All its altars are made of colored marbles, with jasper and other precious material, and there are none of the bedizened dolls, which, however they may suit the taste of the native poor, are such a trial to English-speaking Catholics. Thus at St. Pablo's at Seville I noticed (during the manifestation) that over many of the altars was a glass case containing a life-sized image, dressed up in clothes, and sometimes with a wig of real hair like a third-rate waxwork show, and forming almost the last expression of degraded taste in religious art. The Cathedral of Cadiz was completed at the private cost of a recent bishop, with the aid of the late Queen Isabella the Second. There is a charming drive around the city from the back of the Cathedral to the Alameda. On each side of the drive are very remarkable trees called "Sapote," with short stems and a scanty foliage of longish, thickish leaves. At the market were baskets of arbutus fruit, called by the Spaniards madroño.

At the Fonda de Paris a young Mexican was taking his breakfast, who was delighted to talk English, and was enthusiastic in his praises of Stonyhurst, where his education had been finished, and whither he was about to repair next month for recreation, the pleasure of seeing his old college and his Jesuit friends out-

weighing the disagreeableness of a long journey and an English November! This rencontre was a fortunate thing for me and for my English travelling companion, for the Mexican happened to remark: "In your English railway trains you have a compartment specially reserved for smokers, while here it is for non-smokers that such a reservation is made." Of such a reservation I had never heard in England, nor, until this time, in Spain; but, acting on the hint, I asked the station master, on returning to the station, for the carriage reserved for non-smokers, and obtained one with a placard duly affixed, in which the return journey to Seville was accomplished without the accompaniment of undesired tobacco fumes.

Meanwhile the king had arrived at Seville by the Guadalquiver on his return journey from visiting the sad scene of the Murcia inundations. His arrival was hours later than was expected, and when it was almost dark. No cheer greeted his arrival, nor was any enthusiasm shown at the theatre, to which he repaired before sleeping in the old Palace of the Alcazar.

On the next day, the Feast of All Saints, the Cathedral was early visited; and one of the first persons met by me in it was the little Anglican clergyman whom I had left at Menjibar, determined to accomplish a journey to Grenada on foot, though unable to speak Spanish. He had not, I found, been able to succeed in this, in spite of great pluck and perseverance; and his adventures may serve as a caution to intending pedestrians in Spain. Yielding, to a certain extent, to my persuasion, he had taken the diligence from Menjibar as far as Jaen, and then started to walk, about 1 o'clock in the day, in spite of the entreaties of the hotel people (who thought he must be demented) that he should wait for the diligence. He was provided with a knapsack, an umbrella, and a sword-stick. The rain began again to descend, and the road became frightfully muddy. He had not proceeded far, when he was attacked by a very large and fierce dog, which a boy in an adjoining field seemed too stupid to call off till my friend was almost exhausted with the effort to keep him away by the use of his sword-stick. This difficulty having been surmounted, he was, after a walk of a mile or two further, taken into custody by two gendarmes, who came out of a wayside cottage, demanding his passport. The passport he had unluckily neglected to have *visé* by the Spanish authorities, so they naturally took him to be some escaped criminal,—the only sort of person in Spain who would choose to travel on foot. He was taken into the cottage and searched. Nothing suspicious being found, and cigars being proffered, he was left free to resume his march; but it was getting dark and no halting-place could be reached ere nightfall. He

therefore asked permission to stop till next day at the cottage. This was granted, and he was as well treated as the circumstances allowed. At supper the not-unwelcome stew had to be eaten without plates or forks, by the help of a spoon only, while wine was handed about from one to another in one single glass. At night a bed of straw was made for him and another man in the cooking and dining room, in which two horses, some sheep, and several cats also passed the night. The next day he continued his march in the rain, which came down in torrents. He was again arrested by gendarmes, and ultimately he had to stop and ask shelter in a village where he could find no inn. With difficulty getting what he wanted, he was compelled by fatigue and indisposition to wait for the diligence, getting into which he made the final stage of his journey to Grenada. The ill-effects of these trials having happily passed, he was now with me waiting to hear the Grand High Mass of the Feast of All Saints. The Cathedral choir was under repair, so the altar was at the west end of the choir screen, and the canons were seated on benches to the west of this, instead of in their proper "coro."

The bishop did not appear, neither did the king, for whom a throne on the Gospel side was nevertheless prepared. The music was good; but there was no assistant priest, only a priest, deacon, and subdeacon, with acolytes in dalmatics. I was interested to see that apparels were worn on the albs here, as at Milan. There was a sermon and procession, but the attendance of the people was scanty. The canons during the office and procession chatted one to another in a very free and easy way, and altogether the service was much less impressive than many a High Mass I have witnessed in England.

Before leaving Seville, a pious pilgrimage should be made by all lovers of the great Society of Jesus, to the University, for this is the old Jesuit College, and in its church are interesting tombs much older than itself, removed there from the old Carthusian monastery ruined by the revolution. Another effect of revolution has been the change of destination of what is now the Duke of Montpensier's Palace of San Telmo. This palace was an ancient nautical college founded by the son of Christopher Columbus. Ruined and plundered, it was given to the Duke in 1849, and thus (as is the case with so many other establishments in Europe), what formerly was a public good, now ministers but to private luxury. Robbery of the public for private gain is at once the cause and effect of so many of the so-called "liberal" measures, which the true English-speaking Liberals blush to see ticketed with so mendacious an appellation. Only the state rooms of the palace are shown to ordinary visitors. They are handsomely furnished with some good and

many interesting pictures, a large number of which naturally bear reference to events in France,—the accession and reign of Louis Philippe, etc. On the walls of a sort of cloister (inclosing a central court) is a complete representation of the Corpus Christi procession, as it used to take place in Seville in the old days. All the various orders of monks are represented following in due order; but heading the procession is a huge dragon, followed by half a dozen giants, made up like those which now figure in our pantomimes, or like the Gog and Magog of the Guildhall in London. The chapel of the palace could not, to our regret, be seen. Beneath it repose the remains of the deceased members of the duke's family, and it was to this chapel instead of to the Cathedral that the king went on this day to hear Mass, doubtless led by his affection for his late queen, Mercedes, whose by no means pleasing portrait is conspicuous amongst those of the other members of the family in the reception-rooms of the palace.

For one thing the inhabitants of Seville are really indebted to the duke,—the formation of a garden greatly superior to anything we had yet seen. Especially remarkable are the numerous fine palm trees, which have been planted about twenty years. Although a great number of laborers are employed to keep this very large garden in good order, yet to English eyes it seems a very untidy place, and the total absence of greensward is a great drawback to its charm. Of course greensward is an impossibility in the climate of Seville, but the attempt to produce a somewhat similar effect by the aid of a kind of houseleek is a great failure. Seen at a distance, one is led by it to imagine a pleasant stroll over soft grass, while a nearer approach shows but a rough, uneven surface, on which walking, if permissible, would certainly not be agreeable.

From the very modern palace of San Telmo we went the next day to that very ancient one, the Alcazar. Having secured an order and taken the precaution to ascertain beforehand that the order would admit us on Sunday morning, we were naturally somewhat taken aback on presenting it to be refused entrance by the surly porter—the only surly man we met with in Spain. We insisted, and finally sent in by a subordinate our passports to the superintendent, stating that admission then was our only chance of seeing the palace at all, as in a few hours we had to leave Seville for Grenada. The appeal was effectual. The dignified but courteous superintendent, who met us as we passed inwards, told us that we were admitted by special favor and exception. It would indeed have been a loss to have left Seville without seeing the Alcazar. It would, however, be better to see it after seeing the Alhambra, instead of, as we did, before visiting the latter, since the

latter's charm is somewhat destroyed by seeing the old Sevillian palace first.

Though built in the fourteenth century by that *Christian* king, Don Pedro the Cruel, the Alcazar is a perfectly Moorish building. In fact he employed Moorish workmen and intentionally imitated the Alhambra, which had been just before completed by his Mohammedan friend, the King of Grenada, Yusuf I.

The name Alcazar means "the House of Cæsar," and it occupies the site of the ancient Roman prætor's house. It bears the Gothic inscription: "El muy alto, y muy noble, y muy ponderoso, y conquistador Don Pedro, por la gracia de Dios, Rey de Castilla y de Leon, mandó facer estos Alcazares y estas façadas que fue hecho en la ero mil quatro cientos y dos," *i. e.*, "The most high, noble, and powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, by God's grace King of Castile and Leon, ordered these buildings to be made in the era one thousand four hundred and two." By the "era" is meant the date from the fourth year of the Emperor Augustus, as before 1582 the Spaniards did not date from the birth of Christ.

The noble halls of the Alcazar, opening one into the other, with their beautifully decorated walls and slender columns, are full of charm of a certain kind. Graceful in the extreme, the impression conveyed by it is remarkably contrasted with that produced by the beauty of any Gothic analogous edifice. Perhaps this impression is simply due to subjective association and to the known coexistence of Moorish decoration and Mohammedan morals. But however this may be the impression conveyed is eminently soft and sensuous; nor could a residence seem less well fitted for carrying on anything like the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. It was nevertheless hallowed by the passing away of a saint within its walls; for here is shown the spot where died St. Ferdinand, who conquered Seville from the Moors. The Alcazar, unlike the Alhambra, is no ruin; it is actually inhabited. Here the king stayed on his recent visit, and here Queen Isabella makes her home. Its walls are brilliant with color, having been restored in 1857.

The climate of Seville is trying to many constitutions, and dysentery is very frequent. The excessive moisture of the season was hurtful to my travelling companion, who looked eagerly for relief to the mountains of Grenada, our next resting-place, so that reluctantly Seville had at once to be left. There is now a train which takes the traveller pretty directly from Seville to Grenada, with only two changes of carriages: one at La Roda (where he meets the direct train going from Cordova to Malaga), and one at Boabdilla (whence starts the special line for Grenada). Though it was Sunday many laborers were to be seen from the train at work in their fields, and at Seville (as before at Madrid and Avila), the shops

seemed almost if not quite as open as on week days. A request for a carriage "resevado para los non fumadores" again had its happy effect, and after an agreeable journey of about six hours we reached the station of Boabdilla, where there is an excellent *fonda*. Both at this station and at La Roda handy young lads, with pleasant faces and pleasant manner, come to take care of your hand packages for you and place them in your next train, a help not to be despised by passengers hurrying for food. On this route Osana and Marchanda should be carefully noted by the passer by, for their picturesqueness. Especially charming are the old Moorish walls and towers of Marchanda. The train for Grenada started from Boabdilla at a little after half past six, reaching its destination at 10.39. There being no moon, this picturesque part of the journey was for the present lost to us, but between Seville and La Roda the remarkable mountains of Ronda form a conspicuous object on the traveller's right.

With the arrival at the capital of the old Moorish kingdom the second step of our journey was happily accomplished. After the purely Christian and mediæval Burgos and Avila, after Valladolid and Madrid, cities of the Renaissance period; after the altogether peculiar Escurial, we had first met with the monumental expression of the coexistence, side by side, of Moor, Jew, and Goth, in the metropolitan city of Toledo. But in Toledo the triumphant Goth had evidently reduced the others to insignificance. There, beside a magnificent and triumphant minster, are confiscated synagogues and but insignificant though highly interesting mosques. In Seville the Moorish element asserts itself much more. It does so in the court of the Cathedral, in the Giralda, and, above all, in the fascinating Alcazar; while at Cordova the Cathedral itself is Moorish, and the Saracenic elements it contains seem to be amongst the most cherished of its sacred relics, while the whole city is redolent of Mahomet and of the East. We had thus, as we gradually approached the land of the Saracens, and receded from the purely Christian lands of the North, noted abundant external signs of these diverse influences and of the fluctuations in their relative predominance. Still the last of the Moorish kingdoms was as yet unvisited, and the charm of its romantic attraction was keenly felt. The day had been hot and dry, and the arid mountains, which succeeded the plains of Seville, had a parched and thirsty look. Dryness is the curse of so much of Spain, and we had traversed so many leagues of burnt-up land unmoistened by any visible rivulet, that the fact of its being such a curse was thoroughly impressed upon us. Arriving then in Grenada at night, as we sought our rest in the Fonda de los Siete Suelos (adjacent to the Alhambra), and slowly ascended the lofty hill to reach it, the mass of foliage, and

the lofty grove of close-set trees, through which we drove, had much charm, but yet more charming was the rushing sound of abundant gushing streamlets on either hand; nor did the sound itself cease, for beneath the window of my bedroom a tiny fountain kept up the welcome music, and was the last sound of which I was conscious as I fell asleep for the first time of my life in what was the garden of Boabdil's palace in the city of Grenada.

THE CONFLICT OF CHRISTIANITY WITH HEATHENISM.

A VALUABLE work, with the above title, has recently been given to the world by Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, one of the leading Lutheran divines of Germany. The English translation has been well executed by Rev. E. C. Smyth and Rev. C. J. H. Ropes, and the book is brought out in excellent style by Charles Scribner's Sons. The work is confined almost exclusively to the contest between Christianity and Pagan Rome; but it carries a moral and a lesson, applying to a conflict which has never ceased. This the author indicates by the secondary title of the German edition, *Pictures from the Past as Illustrations for the Present.*

We may retain his title, therefore, even while looking beyond the immediate limits of his theme. The combatants are ever the same. Christianity changes not; and even when her adversaries have worn a Christian garb, the internal moving force has still been heathenism.

Dr. Uhlhorn's task was of such a nature that it would be unreasonable to expect in its execution an entire absence of sectarian bias. His Protestant instincts have, for instance, caused him to ignore the presence and labors of St. Peter in Rome, though the omission leaves an obscurity in regard to the introduction and spread of Christianity there, which he acknowledges but does not attempt to remove; and, to be consistent with his prejudice, he sends St. Peter to Babylon of the East, though the bulk of historical and critical evidence is here against him. Naturally enough, he seeks to recognize in the early development of the Christian ministry a form of organization suited to his Lutheran views. Nor are we to wonder that sectarian bias should make him fail to appreciate the immense difference between the Church's attitude towards persecuting heathenism, and her course in regard to re-

ligious errors in Christian ages. But these evidences of prejudice are very few, and can well be overlooked. The author has throughout been animated by a love of Christianity, which superseded his sectarianism, and in this respect his work presents an honorable contrast to most of the products of Protestant pens.

One who wrote to criticise might object that the scope of the work is too narrow for its title. While purporting to narrate the conflict between Christianity and heathenism, it leaves almost untouched the struggles which planted the Cross among the nations of the great Orient, which Father Thébaud has described in his admirable work, *The Church and the Gentile World*. But in the mighty conflict fought out in the centre of the Roman Empire were comprised nearly all the various elements which distinguished the struggle in other lands, and its history may well be considered to stand for all.

Some, too, may find that he gives too much weight to the many facilities which smoothed the way for the introduction and spread of Christianity, thereby detracting from the argument in favor of the divinity of Christianity drawn from obstacles opposing it, obstacles which only the special intervention of the Almighty could have overcome. But while dwelling very fully on the causes which prepared the way before the fall of Our Lord, he has not ignored or diminished the difficulties which obstructed and tried to hinder His advance. And the former set of facts are not less eloquent than the latter in demonstrating the divine intervention. The preparation of the world for Christianity is not less evidently the work of God's hand than its miraculous victory over all the powers of evil. The work presents the great fact of Christianity's introduction and triumph in such light that no impartial mind can fail to see that it can be nothing short of a divine victory, the triumph of the God of truth, and love, and salvation over all the powers that have ever conspired for man's degradation and destruction. The book does not deal in arguments. It presents facts with the calmness characteristic of the German mind, and lets them speak for themselves. Only a word from the author here and there to call the reader's attention to their obvious meaning. But with this quiet simplicity it works out an admirable development and illustration of St. Augustine's argument. The Christian religion was established throughout the world either by miracles or without miracles; if by miracles, then it is divine; if without miracles, then that was the greatest of possible miracles, and, therefore, in either case it is divine.

Such a book, coming from a scholar of unquestioned repute, cannot but prove of incalculable benefit to the multitudes who are in danger of being led astray by rationalism in Germany and in

our own country. No candid and intelligent mind can go through this panoramic presentation of the events which introduce modern history without recognizing, whether he acknowledge it or not, that Christianity is no mythical outgrowth of human devices, but a divine creation, that no parallel can honestly be instituted between it and religions of human origin, and that no power can now hope to refute or overthrow a divine system which at its very birth vanquished their combined forces under more disadvantageous circumstances than can ever be expected to exist again. Most cordially do we welcome such a work, and we rejoice to welcome it from a Protestant hand. This for two reasons. The book will probably be read by many who need its lesson, and whom prejudice would prevent from ever opening it, if it were the work of a Catholic; and we are glad to see German Protestantism trying to make atonement for the harm it has done Christianity. Our readers do not need to hear from us what Protestant and infidel writers have so often declared of late, that German Protestantism is the parent of German rationalism; that Luther was the lineal progenitor of Kant and Feuerbach. Now that Protestantism has so well worked out its own refutation, in the unbelief which its principles have logically generated and spread abroad, not only in Germany, but in every other country where it has prevailed, and where thinking men have drawn its premises to their conclusions, we are glad to see it trying to stem the torrent which itself has started. Its efforts to refute rationalism can never prove Protestantism. Once it has persuaded erring minds to accept the great historical facts which are the basis of Christianity, they cannot well fail to glance down the stream of time, and recognize the only Church that can claim to be the Church of history, the sole inheritor and possessor of all Christian genealogy, of all the facts as well as all the doctrines of Christianity. May this work then be prospered in its career, and may similar works follow it in abundance. They will help both to save our generation from infidelity and to lead back wandering minds into the one sanctuary of Christian truth.

History presents no parallel to the series of events here presented before our eyes, by which the Christian Church was established throughout the Gentile world. From the very nature of the case it can have no parallel. In Christ Our Lord alone, without partner and without parallel, centre all the destinies of mankind; and the history of His Church is the history of her divine Spouse. He sent her into the world, as His Father had sent Him into the world, to carry the treasures of redemption to every creature. Around her pathway down the ages must, therefore, naturally cluster the wonders of God's mercy towards man, and the efforts

of poor man to profit by the offered blessing, or to assist and reject it.

When first the Bride of Christ, with timid tread, stepped into the midst of the darkness and corruption of the pagan world, she beheld everywhere the mingled evidences of how sadly the nations needed her healing, and how lovingly Divine Providence had prepared them to receive it. During the centuries which led up to the fulness of time, human nature had had time enough and opportunities enough to test what it could accomplish for man's welfare without the Redeemer; and it had been found terribly wanting. The state of the world was one of intellectual and moral despair. Every soul not altogether immersed in the mire of sensuality was reaching out in the dark towards a deliverance which it knew not how to attain. The noblest efforts of the human mind resulted only in the sighs of Plato, Cicero, and Seneca for a light from heaven that would lead to the truth. The sneering skepticism of Lucretius and Petronius finds its logical utterance in the sad wail of Pliny: "There is nothing certain save that nothing is certain, and there is no more wretched and yet arrogant being than man." Moral principles had shared in the universal destruction of truth, and so utterly hollow had become the profession of them that the great moralist Seneca had the same reputation for avarice, luxury, and immorality as the rotten court that praised his moralizing, and is charged with being the corrupter of Nero and the author of the letter in which the monster justified his murder of his own mother. Souls that groaned under the intellectual and moral chaos, and knew not how it could be remedied, could only exclaim with Cato and with Pliny: "The best thing which has been given to man amid the many torments of this life is that he can take his own life." Religion had become a mockery to the soul. The doctrines of polytheism were despised by the thinking classes, who yet observed its external rites in common with the unthinking herd, partly through mere custom, partly through superstition,—a weakness evident in even the noblest among them,—and mainly, as Seneca said, "as commanded by the laws."

Such a loss of all principle necessarily led to an absence of all morality. Seneca sums up the condition of his time by saying: "All things are full of iniquity and vice. So public has iniquity become, so mightily does it flame up in all hearts, that innocence is no longer rare; it has ceased to exist." The marriage tie was the sport of lust; children were mere annoyances, over which parents had the power of life and death. The great bulk of populations were slaves, who had no rights of human beings. Labor was a disgrace to a freeman; the free plebeians were content to live on the largesses of the state, and the patricians, revelling in

the wealth poured into their coffers by the labor of the slaves and the revenues of the provinces, passed their slothful existence in a refinement of sensuality, and an extravagance of luxury and magnificence, the sober recital of which sounds like romance. Man had rights and value only as a citizen, not as man. Human life was a mere toy, and the shedding of human blood the favorite popular sport. The amphitheatre and the circus rang with the applause of hundreds of thousands of spectators when writhing men and women poured out their heart's blood beneath the gladiator's dagger or the wild beast's fangs, and no young maiden was found so delicate as to turn in horror from the spectacle; nor can we find in their literature any condemnation of these horrid butcheries of human beings for the amusement of their fellows. Need we wonder that Pliny and Galen picture their generation as an effeminate, flabby, and rotten race, physically and intellectually ruined, not worthy the name of men?

Christianity came with all that was needed for the cure of a dying world. She brought the treasures of divine truth for those darkened minds, divine charity for those palled and feelingless hearts, divine life for those dead souls. She came to teach the priceless value of every human soul, be it in the body of a child or a slave, and to prove it by the ransom paid for them by the Son of God. She came to teach men the dignity of labor, and women the beauty of chastity. She came to give sacredness to the marriage tie, and, through a right appreciation of parental responsibilities, to bestow upon the world the happiness and holiness of the Christian home. She came to soften the asperities of social distinctions by the sweet charity of universal brotherhood in Christ. She came to rescue society from an enslavement which had made the emperor the ruling deity, and to rebuild it on the basis of law finding its force in the sacredness of human rights, and in the sanction of a God to whom rulers are as responsible as the ruled. She came to change and to bless all human relationships, by bringing all into accord with the will of our Father in heaven, and filling the earth with the freedom of the children of God.

The Expected of the nations had not only fitted His spouse for their healing; He had also prepared the paths which were to give her access to them, bringing low the hills and filling up the valleys, making the crooked ways straight and the rough ways smooth, that all flesh might see the salvation of God. Hitherto nations and tribes were walled in with barriers of exclusiveness and hostility against every neighbor; now all separations were broken down by common subjection to an almost universal empire, and thus ingress was offered to the heralds of the truth. Hitherto religions were as national and exclusive as languages and customs; now commu-

nity of laws had led to interchange of religions. Each nation had welcomed the gods of its neighbors, while Rome had received them all, and thus all were prepared to listen when told of the Christian God. The general tendency of cultured minds which still believed in any divinity was toward monotheism. Their belief was indeed mostly pantheistic, but it had cleared away the tangle of polytheism as an intellectual obstacle, and thus far prepared for faith in one God, the Creator of all things. The national religions having failed to supply the needs or guard the morals or fill the hearts of men, longing eyes were yearningly turned back toward the primitive home of the human family, toward the Orient, which had beheld the Saturnian reign of the golden age. Suetonius and Tacitus tell us how all then looked toward the East, and how the opinion had spread that from the race of the despised Jews was to come the ruler of the world. And now she came, His own Bride, in His name and with His power and His ever-abiding presence, to extend His kingdom unto the ends of the earth.

Wonderful truly are these two sets of providential facts,—the mortal necessities of the human race which Christianity alone could supply, and the entirely exceptional state of things which thus prepared all nations and all minds to receive and welcome her. God had well prepared for her; but from man she had little but hostility to expect. The very corruption and spiritual misery which made the need of her so great, could not but rise in bitter opposition against a religion of self-denial and holiness. Elect souls there were, indeed, in every clime, disgusted with the rottenness around them, craving for better things, and ready, when the divine fire should touch them, to be at once enkindled by it. But the bulk of mankind clung to the evil of their deeds, and therefore hated the light. Heathenism had deified sensuality, had turned self-indulgence into religiousness; no wonder that a corrupt generation turned from a religion based on chastity. Heathenism had deified self-reliance, had made pride a virtue, and the ambition of dominion a national duty; no wonder that pampered pride spurned with contempt a religion of humility, meekness, and lowliness of heart, of repentance and salvation through a Saviour's blood. Every instinct of the human heart which heathenism had fostered could not but rebel against Christianity.

But most formidable of all was the opposition that was inevitable for political reasons. Heathenism was essentially national. No foreign God could be worshipped, no foreign religion admitted save by sanction of the government, and on condition of subjection to its sway and dictation; a violation of this law was treason. Every official position was hedged around with heathenish observances; the ordinary relations of business and social life were at-

tended with, and sanctioned by, heathenish rites; and this entire pervading of the whole social fabric with heathen religiousness had for its climax the deification of the emperor, who was not only the *Pontifex Maximus*, but the *Divus Imperator*, to whose statues divine honors had to be offered on every public occasion as a condition of social standing. Here were difficulties hedging the way of Christianity on every side, and so calculated to absolutely impede her progress, nay, so threatening her very life, that only the God who had given her mission could enable her to fulfil it.

The Christian converts were in conscience forced to withdraw from associations which at every step would have demanded a denial of their faith. Naturally enough, then, they became objects of popular suspicion. They were atheists, because they did not worship the Gods. They hated mankind, because they sought to lead lives of seclusion. They were useless drones, because they shunned public employments. They were enemies of the state and emissaries of foreign powers, because they did not offer sacrifice to the emperor. Their religious service being carried on only in secret, to avoid profane intrusion, soon popular prejudice had distorted the Eucharist into a horrid cannibalism, and their love-feasts into orgies of lust. The fate of the Bride of Christ was sealed from the beginning of her career. Persecution was to be her portion. Like her Divine Spouse, she could give life to the poor dead world only at the cost of her own crucifixion.

At first the Christians were considered too contemptible a faction to be noticed by the state. Outbursts of popular hatred and mob violence were the chief danger. Even the persecution of Nero may be considered a culmination of the blind detestation and superstitious dread with which the slanders currently believed had animated the masses against the disciples of the crucified. The monster, in order to shield himself against the popular fury which his crimes had deserved, adroitly turned it against the Christians as the enemies of mankind and the objects of the hatred of the Gods. Tacitus tells us that an immense multitude (*ingens multitudo*) of Christians were slain in this persecution, and he enumerates the fiendish devices of torture by which they were put to death. But he has no word of condemnation for the atrocities. They were innocent, he says, of the crimes laid to their charge, but they deserved their treatment because of their hatred of mankind. Strange blindness of prejudice! They who brought to the world the new commandment of universal charity were accused of hating the whole human race!

Still onward Christianity struggled amid the malignity of the heathen multitude; nor until about forty years after Nero's death did the state deem the despised sect worth legal notice. And well

had the Church profited by the obscurity in which she was left to spread abroad the good leaven of life and salvation. She availed herself of the countenance given to burial societies, and such was for a long time the ostensible guise she wore, just as later the burial-places were to be her refuge and her sanctuaries. The toleration given to the Jews was, for awhile, a shield to her, as the Christians were popularly regarded as a sect of the Jews, only the meanest and worst sect among them. But soon the hatred of the Jews for Christianity robbed her of this poor protection, and the destruction of the Jewish nation under Vespasian stripped the cloak from her entirely; and, finally, it was argued that while Judaism had the merit of being a national religion, Christianity, having no national character, was worse than Judaism, and by its very nature an enemy of the state. At length, under Trajan, the question of how to deal with Christianity forced itself upon the empire as a state question, and Pliny applied to the emperor for instructions. Trajan's decree, while making a show of leniency toward a superstition which was still reckoned an object rather for contempt than for dread, yet declared it a crime against the law to be a Christian, and decreed the penalty of treason against all who should be convicted. This was the law regulating action towards Christianity for about one hundred and fifty years, at times used as a sanction for leniency, and at others pouring out Christian blood in torrents, in the vain endeavor to force obedience to the laws which forbade foreign worships and commanded homage to the country's gods and sacrifice to the divine emperor.

Meantime Christianity had spread throughout the empire, had invaded the army, the forum, the senate, the palace of the emperor, had won the allegiance and love of rhetoricians and philosophers, as well as of the simple-hearted multitude. It could no longer be sneered at; violence seemed to have no effect upon it; philosophy, therefore, came to the attack with all its forces of argument and sophistry. Celsus led the way as the advocate of pure paganism. All that consummate ability could do with misrepresentation and sophistry this heathen philosopher did. As Dr. Uhlhorn clearly shows, he has anticipated every objection of modern rationalists and unbelievers. Then came Porphyry with the Neoplatonic school. They tried to combine in their system the philosophy of Plato, the dogmas of Christianity, the dreams of pantheism, and the worship of heathenism; and this they vauntingly offered as far superior to Christianity. Next, Philostratus, and others after him, tried another sort of tactics. He took the life of a wandering magician named Apollonius of Tyona, and dressed it up into a copy of the life of our Divine Lord, as if to prove that heathenism could produce and had produced miracles, virtues, and wisdom

equal to those of the Christian's God. But all was in vain. Christian apologists and philosophers were ready to refute their sophistry, and to prove that in the arena of argument, as well as in that of the amphitheatre, Christianity was invincible. Justin Martyr, Tatian, Athenagoras, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Tertullian, Minucius Felix, Arnobius, and others worsted the sophists, proclaimed to the emperor, the senate, and the Roman people the injustice of their persecution and the truth of Christianity, and have left to the Church a literature and a philosophy to be lastingly proud of.

The influence of Christianity was felt everywhere. It was gradually forcing heathenism to an amelioration of morals, evidenced by the laws and the literature of the close of the second and the beginning of the third century. It had grown into proportions which forced public recognition and extorted public admiration. Jesus Christ was offered a niche in the heathen pantheon, and Christian worship a place in the religion of Rome, on condition of fraternity with heathenism and subjection to the state; an offer whose refusal could but lead to deeper hate and bitterer persecution. The fact grew slowly evident that Christianity was a power which threatened to dethrone heathenism, and supplant it as the life of the state. This recognition roused the heathen heart to fury. The extermination of the sect was no longer to be left to mob violence or to the slow process of law. A consciousness spread abroad that the life of the empire was in danger. The result was a fanatical revival of devotedness to heathenism in its lowest and most superstitious forms, and a corresponding intensity of determination to crush out its adversary. A series of soldier emperors came to the throne, who led the way in fanaticism and fury, and decreed the general persecutions which knew no law but that of extermination. From Decius to Diocletian and Galerius, the Church was scarcely allowed a breathing-time. The empire was deluged in blood, and everywhere the Christians were found to be what Tertullian called them, "a people always ready to die." So fearful was the devastation that a medal was struck in Diocletian's time with the inscription: *Delcto Christianorum Nomine*—the name of the Christians wiped out. Vain boast! Even in the fiercest of the storm, "the blood of the martyrs was ever the seed of the Church," and when Diocletian, Galerius, and Constantius Chlorus met with the fate which their sacrilegious crimes deserved, at the very first word of peace uttered by Constantine the Christian Church was ready to emerge from the caverns and hiding-places and cover the face of the earth. God had given heathenism time enough in these almost three hundred years to do the best and the worst of which it was capable, and it lay prostrate and vanquished at the feet of the

Bride of Christ. The miracle of the *Labarum* and the conversion of Constantine were but the crown upon three centuries of miracles. The history of the old and the new eras in the history of mankind was summed up in the picture which Constantine suspended over the entrance of his palace in Byzantium, the emperor himself holding in his hand the standard of the cross, with his foot resting on the prostrate and dying dragon of heathenism. The little stone, cut without hands from the mountain-side, had broken the brazen colossus in pieces, and had become a great mountain, which filled the earth.

While gaining her victory over heathenism by the heroism of martyrdom and the power of the Spirit, Christianity had, during the three centuries of her existence, undergone internal trials which forced the development of her doctrine, her discipline, and her organization. Gnosticism, which was Neoplatonism trying to invade the Church, had sought to corrupt the truth concerning the unity of God and concerning the Trinity, Creation, the Incarnation, and the Redemption. But the spirit of truth was ever ready to turn these attacks of error to the Church's good by drawing out the true doctrine in greater explicitness and clearer light. Then laxity towards the *lapsed* on the one hand, and Montanistic rigorism and harshness on the other, sought to render her discipline incompatible either with the holiness of the faith or with the weakness of humanity. But again the spirit of counsel guided her action and her decrees, so that no principle of holiness should be sacrificed and yet no repentant sinner debarred from the Church's blessings. And while the Divine Master permitted these questions and difficulties to arise which demanded the exercise of the Church's teaching and ruling authority, He, by the very fact, pushed on the development and organization of the hierarchial authority which was then and at all times to meet and repel the attacks of error, to regulate discipline, and to guard the Church's unity against the danger of schism. The Church had grown amid trial and strife to the maturity of her stature and her strength, and was ready for all the vicissitudes of her checkered career. She had grown fit to be the Church, not only of the desert and catacombs, but of society, of mankind in all its conditions. She had proved that she could bear the worst that tyranny could inflict upon her; now she was to show that she could safely endure the still more dangerous trial of teaching rulers how to govern, of becoming the life of the social system, and the author of a new civilization.

But it was the will of God that one more tempest should come. Julian, the Apostate, labored for the restoration of heathenism with an earnestness, an energy, and an ability which none of his predecessors had equalled, and finally with a cruelty which few of

them had surpassed. He sought to destroy the foundations of Christianity by hindering the Christian worship, by subjecting every class to heathen jests and conditions, and finally laid the axe to the very root by prohibiting Christian education and allowing none but heathen teachers. Again blood flowed in abundance, and again the Christians showed themselves everywhere ready to die. The Church's heart quailed not. Said St. Athanasius: "*Nebecula est; transibit*,"—"It is only a little cloud; it will pass." And when the rhetorician Libanius tauntingly asked a Christian priest: "What is your Carpenter's Son doing now?" quickly came the reply: "He is making a coffin for your emperor." The coffin was soon needed. When Julian, soured and maddened by the signal failure of his efforts, fell at last beneath the blow of a Persian spear, his death-cry was the death-cry of heathenism: "Nazarene, thou hast conquered!"

One need not be a theorizer in order to read a philosophy of history in three centuries of events such as have here been sketched. The Christian sees in them the seal of his Church's divinity, the guarantee of her perpetuity. They prove it with a concrete force beyond the power of all words and arguments. He who studies well their meaning finds doubt to be a moral impossibility. Were his faith for a moment to be staggered by the sophistry of the age, he has only to turn from the puzzle of words to the mighty fabric of God-made facts, and from their every nook and corner echoes out the Saviour's rebuke: "How can ye doubt; O ye of little faith?" Dr. Brownson has well said that the strongest proof of the divinity of the Church is the Church herself as an historical fact. No amount of sophistry can melt away her majestic proportions, and whoso examines them intelligently and impartially must see that they could have no architect but God, and that no power but His could have kept them intact amid the tempest of the centuries. And should courage fail at the prospect of her future, threatened by the attacks of so many hostile forces, she points, like David, to the lion and the bear that she strangled in her youth,—the lion of heathenism and the bear of barbarism,—as guarantee enough that she has nothing to fear from any Goliath who may now threaten her life.

Heathenism still rages against her in the civil power. We seem to view the portrait of more than one state of the Europe of to-day in this description of the heathen state given by Dr. Uhlhorn: "Human life was on all sides absorbed in civil life; the state embraced and regulated all its departments. A pagan could not conceive the possibility of there being any sphere of human life which was not reached by the power of the state. It was to him wholly incomprehensible that a man could believe himself con-

strained from regard to his conscience, for the sake of God and in order to obey God, to refuse obedience to any law or ordinance of the state whatsoever." Sentiments identical with these have lately been enunciated in more than one European legislature. Decius and Julian have furnished models for the policy of more than one statesman and ruler of our day. But their might can never surpass that of the Roman Empire, which, when it threw itself against the little stone from the mountain-side, was dashed to pieces.

Heathenism still assails her in philosophy. Lucretius, and Pliny, and Celsus, and Porphyry, and Lucian, and the rest have their disciples to-day, who give forth the old sophisms in new words and with modern cleverness. There will be some to applaud now, as there were in the olden time, but they can harm the Church just as little now as then. They may be so enamoured with their own conceits as to fancy they have slain the Church. Some of them tell us now that she is dead and they are looking around for her successor, for the Church of the Future. Diocletian proclaimed as confidently as they, and with just as much truth, that the Christian name was wiped out. The Church passes on in her pathway of light and leaves these poor obscurantists to darkle in the gloom they love, muttering like Pliny that there is nothing certain except that nothing is certain. The strangest folly in the comedy of human errors is the complacent blindness of our modern Agnostics to the leading and most palpable facts in past and present history.

Heathenism attacks Christianity in modern science; or rather no, but in the gratuitous theories tacked on to science. Of science the Church has no fear, though she has often had to give it a mother's warning not to be foolish in its conceits, to be satisfied with being science, and not aspire to be theology. Science is the busy delver in the labyrinths of nature, bringing to light the hidden forces whose combinations aid the work and smooth the way of human life. And all her discoveries the Church blesses, and in all of them finds new reason for glory and thanks to the Author of nature. Conflict between the two is impossible. When scientists try to be theologians, and to correct revelation, the result must be that of the frog in the fable; and plenty of theories that have exploded within the last fifty years show this to be true. Infidel philosophy may try to transform science into a brazen colossus to withstand the Church; but the monster is sure to have feet of clay,—it has no principles to stand on,—and its fortune can only be to be overthrown.

In one form or other it is still heathenism arrayed against Christianity in perpetual conflict, and it is still also doomed to perpetual defeat. The past is guarantee enough for the future.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, an English writer of some reputation, may

be taken as a fair average exponent of the Agnostic evolutionism, which claims to be the most advanced phase of modern thought. In two articles, lately published in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *North American Review*, he presents views having a direct bearing on the subject now under consideration, and which admirably illustrate the self-contradictoriness and the blindness to facts which ordinarily characterize this type of thought. In the first-mentioned of these articles, "An Attempted Philosophy of History," he criticises Buckle's *History of Civilization*, and very conclusively shows the utter worthlessness and unreliableness of that once famous work. It is, he says, a signal failure, because its author not only paints everything in the colors of his own strong prejudices, but also has no principle of a philosophy in his mind or in his work; because he recognizes no evolution in history, but as a disciple of an effete school sees in each state of things only the result of a fortuitous set of circumstances, just as the same school sees even in the mind itself no entity beyond the result at any moment of its actual contents. Hence Buckle's great work is, says Mr. Stephen, a set of "unsystematic and haphazard generalizations," and it now lies "stranded on a shore from which the tide of speculation has ebbed." In this condemnation, as of the same school, are comprised Hume, Hartley, Bentham, and Mill. He might have added Gibbon as an historian of the same class. He would scarcely notice Dr. Draper as worthy of being classed with the school, or sharing in their sentence.

In the second-named article, "The Religion of all Sensible Men," Mr. Stephen makes his own attempt at a philosophy of history, and in direct reference to the subject of our reflections, the origin of Christianity and its future prospects. We might expect him to profit by the failure which he has signalized in Buckle; but he seems to have forgotten what himself had written, to ignore what evolution means, and to be as blind to facts and their bearings as the would-be historian of civilization. After stating that in the great struggle with heathenism "Christianity triumphed because best suited to the nature of the average men of the time," and that it has lived all these ages since because it is "a creed capable of clothing the vague emotions of many generations," he then philosophizes to the effect that Christianity grew from the circumstances of the times, as did the genius of a Shakespeare or a Dante. Besides seeing here an instance of the system of philosophizing which he so emphatically condemned in Buckle, no one can help recognizing an astounding forgetfulness of the circumstances of the case. Had he not lost sight of the facts under the pressure of his theory, he could not have forgotten that Christianity was not an outgrowth of Greek or Roman civilization, but came into its midst from outside as a foreign and an-

tagonistic force, was combated by it for three hundred years, and triumphed by supplanting it. The theory which blinded him is that religion is only the philosophy of an epoch put in the form and coloring that will bring it within the reach of ordinary understandings. He forgot that in every instance in history, and especially in the case of Christianity, religion preceded philosophy, and philosophy grew out of religion in the attempt to fathom and illustrate its truths, or to recover and rebuild them when lost. To imagine Christianity developing from Roman heathenism would indeed be to "gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles." Evolution is growth, and its law is that "the evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

He goes on to say: "Christianity was doubtless the result of a spirit of social discontent. But in its origin it proposed a remedy no longer appropriate to modern wants. It has had its development, but not in the required direction." If we ask where the deficiency lies, he answers because Christianity "considers poverty sacred and inevitable, instead of an evil to be extirpated, and because it points to hope of heaven instead of gradual development." Now if modern science, which is the great central fact around which he rallies the hopes of the future, has ever devised a plan in which poverty would not be inevitable, we have never heard of it, certainly are far from seeing any of its results. And if poverty is inevitable, then surely it is a strange crime to teach men to sanctify it. And how the hope of heaven can dampen ardor in any laudable enterprise, or how men can be nerved to nobler exertions by believing that there is no immortality, is what Mr. Stephen does not attempt to show, and what we have no power to imagine. To an Agnostic, however, facts and arguments have naturally but little weight when they conflict with his subjective theory; so he takes it for granted that Christianity no longer suits the needs of the world, and immediately goes on to take it for granted that Christianity is already virtually dead, and that the Agnostic mode of thought, although not explicit in all minds, "has been thoroughly worked into the emotions and beliefs of mankind." If we mistake not, the bulk of mankind would question the correctness of Mr. Stephen's diagnosis of their intellectual and spiritual condition; and without pretending, like him, to scrutinize the inner heart of mankind, we may venture to call attention to two facts. Mr. Stephen acknowledges in the article now considered that the average mind of the present day is by no means more advanced or more independent than was the average mind of the Augustan era, and he nowhere indicates the conviction that himself and his fellow Agnostics are greater philosophers or mightier leaders of thought than were the philosophers of that classic period. Where

then he finds the necessity for a new departure in religion, or how he concludes that Christianity must now collapse before an antagonism over which it then so divinely triumphed, is far from easy to discover. Yet he and a few others who think themselves the vanguard of advancing humanity take it all for granted, and are busy trying to find a coffin and a grave for the undying Bride of Christ. And it seems they find some to believe them among those who take strong assertion for proof. The *Nineteenth Century* recently had an article from that saddest and strangest of all abnormal beings, an Agnostic woman. Replying to Mrs. Lathbury's Christian appeal to the minds and hearts of her countrywomen, Miss Clapperton argues to this effect: Men are giving up Christianity and becoming Agnostics; if women cling to Christianity, there will be an intellectual chasm between them and men which will be disastrous; therefore, it is the duty of women to become Agnostics. Stripped of its verbiage this is what the article amounts to. This poor woman, and those who are deluding her, will some day discover that the asserted failure of Christianity which now misleads them is only an echo of Diocletian's empty boast.

The radical fault in Mr. Stephen and his fellows is that they utterly fail to see the application of their own theory of evolution. The theory has much in it that is true; it is in the use of it that they blunder. Were there not an evolution in history there would be no philosophy of history, there would be no providence in history. God's plans, in the social as in the physical world, develops in a harmonious order, which the perversity of man's free will cannot thwart. The declaration of the Agnostics, that while recognizing in society "the development of an organic structure by slow secular processes," they will no longer admit the guidance of a supernatural hand, can in no way alter or annul the conclusion forced upon unbiassed minds by facts and reason. To such minds, as the existence of infinite beings is evidence of the creative act of God, so the course of history is evidence of His providence towards His intelligent creatures, and the history of religion is the history of revelation. That history runs down all the course of time, and is the grandest specimen and evidence of evolution that the annals of the human race present. A glance at it will close these reflections.

The existence of good and evil in the world is inseparably bound up with the first teaching of revelation, namely, the fall of man and the promise of a Redeemer. From that double primeval fact starts the evolution of religion. In the olden times, while the bulk of mankind, acting out the results of the fall, drift farther and farther in the erring of the mind and the corruption of the heart, one people remains unchanged, the people of the patriarchs and

the prophets, the custodian of the promise, the progenitor of the Messiah according to the flesh. The history of these thousands of years is the history of religion preparing for the Messiah. When the fulness of time has arrived, he comes, fulfilling all the promises and prophecies, the centre and summing up of all the centuries that have preceded Him. Having accomplished the redemption for which the world has so long been sighing, He establishes Christianity, not destroying the law and the prophets but fulfilling them, and the old religious dispensation passes into the new without a break in the continuity of the evolution. The instrumentalities change, but not the plan or its development. The Christian religion goes forth, embodying the providence of God for the salvation of a world which, by following nature, had wrought out intellectual, social, and moral ruin. The Christian Church is the messenger of the dispensation and the agent of its blessings; therefore, the Church is the representative on earth of God's providence and man's religion, and hence she becomes the central figure in the philosophy of history. We have seen the conflict she had to stand and the triumph she achieved. As a mountain stream, when withstood by some accumulated tangle, only mounts higher and grows wider and deeper, till at last with irresistible force it breaks through the barrier and carries its fragments in the flood, so was it with Christianity and heathenism. The centuries of opposition only deepened and perfected her life and strength. It was no emperor's favor that gave her power and victory. Her triumph over every obstacle was already complete; and when Constantine flung to the breeze the white banner of peace, she was ready to step forth the radiant spouse of the King of kings.

Then God brought the barbarian hordes over the face of Europe, not only to wipe out the iniquities of the heathen Babylon, but also to become the disciples of Christianity. While yielding to her divine power, their rude and arrogant nature could not but develop new difficulties and new combats. This time they were not to be attacks from outside, assaults upon her life, but attacks from inside, assaults upon her spirit, difficulties raised by her own children. The former could give only unmingled glory in the triumph; the latter, though sure to end in victory and to teach the world a needed lesson, could not fail to leave the Church much to mourn over, in the unworthiness of those who were to be the instruments of the trial and the occasion of the victory. This is the summing up of the Middle Ages, during which the Church had to turn barbarians into Christians, and to struggle with the dispositions of her barbarian or semi-barbarian disciples. Lust of power and plunder had brought them from their homes to invade the Roman provinces; the same too often animated them in their

dealings with the Church. Lust of power sought to use for earthly ambition the sacred power that had both Christianized and civilized them. Lust of plunder was ever ready to grasp the patrimony of the poor, and make questions of revenue and tribute tests of allegiance to truth and Christian duty. Here were Christianity and heathenism still in conflict. The temporary sway of the heathen force produced the iron age of the tenth and eleventh centuries; the triumph of the Christian spirit gave the golden age of the twelfth and thirteenth. Men with neither fairness nor philosophy in their composition, like Buckle and the rest whom Mr. Stephen so well exposes, have so misrepresented or blundered as to picture the iron age as the Church's work. The very contrary is the truth. It was the temporary sway of barbarian heathenism, which the Church finally burst through and drove before her, as she did the heathenism of Diocletian and Julian.

Then came a new age with new difficulties. The Church of Christ had brought the nations from barbarism to civilization and culture. Their pride of intellect came to ally itself with previous antagonists, and to lead them on to fresh assaults. Private judgment was proclaimed as a substitute for the teaching which Christ had commanded His spouse to impart to the world forever. It was clearly the revolt of human pride as it was in the Gnostics of the first and second centuries. Logically acting out the pagan spirit which, though not avowedly, really animated the attack, it decried chastity, it desecrated the marriage tie, it proclaimed nationalism in religion, it declared the prince supreme in spiritual as in temporal matters, it revived the heathen motto: *Cujus regio, illus religio;* as nearly as Christian times could permit it renewed the reign of the *Divus Imperator.* No wonder that the intellectual result is again heathenism,—rationalism, skepticism, agnosticism, pantheism.

The conflict has never ceased, and the combatants have ever been the same,—the fall and the redemption,—heathenism and Christ. He is blind to historical facts who does not see the unbroken continuity, the unceasing evolution, from Eden to the Vatican. The offspring of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century have no foundation in history, and they have no capability of evolution. Their principle is individualism; their evolution can be only disintegration of doctrine and of sect. The Church from which they tore themselves retains ever the divine vital force which has been the unfailing life of Christianity. She alone, as Mr. Froude has lately avowed, is a living organism; and therefore she alone, according to Mr. Stephen's definition, is capable of evolution. Protestantism is proved by science, as well as by Scripture and history, not to be the Bride of Christ, the everlasting Church.

While the process of disintegration, of crumbling and decay, goes on outside, the Catholic Church loses nothing, gives up nothing, but like an ever vigorous tree, puts forth her leaves and her fruit for the shelter, the healing, and the nourishing of the nations. Each fresh attack of error and of evil only leads to new safeguards for faith and virtue. In a word, she alone is the complete body of truth, possessing in entireness what the sects hold in scattered fragments, and she alone has the vital organic force which is to render her life and her evolution commensurate with the ages that will need the Redemption.

The Catholic Church challenges criticism and examination as the central fact of history, the great, undying, divine fact of all ages. They need to study it well who are in danger of slipping through rationalism into unbelief, because standing in the quicksand of a system which, though retaining love of Christ and some Christian truth, is not Christianity. And sadly do they need to study it who, because they have drifted out into the darkness, fancy that Christianity is dead, and grope around for what is to take its place, although they acknowledge through Mr. Stephen that they know not where they are to find it or what it is to be. We have no hope that any amount of study or of evidence will ever end the conflict between Christianity and heathenism. But it may save some souls that are perishing in the strife.

A PIONEER OF THE WEST—REV. CHARLES NERINCKX.

The Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx. With a Chapter on the Early Catholic Mission of Kentucky: Copious Notes on the Progress of Catholicity in the United States of America, from 1800 to 1825; An account of the Establishment of the Society of Jesus in Missouri; and an Historical Sketch of the Sisterhood of Loretto in Kentucky, Missouri, New Mexico, etc. By Rev. Comillus P. Maes, Priest of the Diocese of Detroit. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., 1880. 8vo., 635 pages.

THE history of the Catholic Church in the United States is steadily receiving contributions of a valuable character in the form of local annals or biographies, which will not only give edifying and encouraging reading to the faithful and inspire a taste for such books, but will also make the preparation of a general account of the kingdom of God in this land more feasible and creditable.

The Rev. Mr. Maes, in a work of conscientious research, lays before us the life of one who at the commencement of this century did his full share of zealous mission work. Of his compeers we have now the lives of several, more or less fully given, Cardinal Cheverus, unfortunately not in detail, Prince Galitzin, Bishop Bruté, Father Anthony Kohlman, very briefly, Bishop Flaget, and, we may say, Rev. Mr. Baden, in Archbishop Spalding's *Sketches of Kentucky.*

The state of Catholicity in this country at the close of the last century was peculiar. Maryland and Pennsylvania had their little Catholic congregations, formed for years by the care of the Jesuit Fathers; Kentucky had emigrants from Maryland, who, growing up without missionaries, had lost some of the practice of faith and acquired no little of border characteristics; in other parts Catholics chiefly from abroad, more or less Protestantized by contact with those around them, often strangers for years to the sacraments, and with those who were more successful in life, anxious to conform to the prevailing spirit and show great liberality.

The suppression of the Society of Jesus had cut off the source which had for a century and a half supplied the British colonies with clergy, and the ex-Jesuits, disheartened and despondent, seem, like many of the clergy in England and Ireland, to have inclined to take more timid and less compromising views, and to have looked to a certain yielding to Protestant forms and ideas as the only way of keeping Catholicity alive.

The newly formed seminary and college could not for years

give the priests required. Europe offered clergymen, at first, indeed, in many cases not of the highest stamp, either in ecclesiastical learning and influence or in priestly bearing; but when infidelity at last bore its terrible fruit there, the priests who came to this country included many remarkable men, who have left the impress of their zeal on the Church. They were not men of the same school, or trained in the same national or even ecclesiastical ideas. They represented different phases of thought in regard to discipline and government, and yet there is something wonderful in the result, as we see priests so dissimilar in education and training, each with national and personal peculiarities, working among flocks so strange to them, and to whom in turn they must have been so uncongenial, bringing about uniformity and moulding all into one homogeneous body, receiving, assimilating, and adopting new elements as in time they came pouring rapidly in. It is a spectacle impossible out of the Catholic Church, and rare even in its history.

There is perhaps no more striking contrast than the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx in Kentucky, stern, rigid, uncompromising and severe, and Cheverus in New England, courteous, winning, encouraging the least sign of good will, seeking to call men to the fold and keep them within it by the smoothest and gentlest ways. Yet we should expect to see a Nerinckx placed in the criminal dock with thieves and drunkards and brawlers rather than the gentler Cheverus, and would look for such treatment of a priest in the backwoods of Kentucky rather than under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts; but the reverse was the case. Cheverus, whose name is still mentioned with honor by men of all classes in New England, was subjected to this gross indignity, when the sterner Nerinckx by the force of his character controlled the wilder and untutored frontiersmen.

Of the remarkable clergymen of his time Prince Galitzin perhaps bore more resemblance to Rev. Mr. Nerinckx. Both had the same strict ideas of discipline, both established rules as to the dress and amusements of their parishioners, and maintained them rigidly; but while both were severe to themselves, Galitzin was ever disposed to excuse fellow-priests when others censured them, while Rev. Mr. Nerinckx was a severe critic on all whose regulations were not up to his standard. Yet there was an impress of personal sanctity around the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx that does not associate itself in our minds with Prince Galitzin, remarkable and devoted priest though he was.

Galitzin's life has been written in German by one who knew him personally, and had access to his papers; it has been drawn up with

greater research in English by a daughter of our great Catholic reviewer.

The life of the Rev. Charles Nerinckx now placed in the hands of the faithful is a conscientious work, prepared after years spent in collecting material in the West, where he labored so long and so zealously; in Baltimore, where his frequent letters to Archbishop Carroll gave a mine of information as to his work, his trials and difficulties; in Belgium, where he had previous to his arrival in America been for years a priest honored and esteemed. The sketches of Archbishop Spalding, the annals of the sisterhood founded by the good priest complete the material for his life, leaving little that any future gleaner can add. The hasty act of a clergyman who succeeded Rev. Mr. Nerinckx as director of the sisters, deprived future historians of material that would have been invaluable, but no human power can recall from the ashes the instructions, the thoughts, the exhortations which were committed to the flames.

The author of the life now before us has not only been laborious and judicious in collecting the material for his work, but in treating his subject evinces the highest impartiality and the coolest judgment; it is no enthusiastic panegyric, like the obituary notices we see too frequently, where some clergyman is pictured as little less than a saint, when charity would have suggested silence as the wisest course in regard to one whose life had been overshadowed by serious failings.

The Rev. Mr. Maes perhaps carries his historic severity too far, and gives a volume of careful history rather than a life of a great priest, which we would like to read to strengthen our own faith, hope, and charity, to inspire us with lessons of wisdom, prudence, and fortitude.

It may be, and we trust it is, the author's intention to give in less extended form a devotional life that will be read by thousands and do its good work; while the present stands in our libraries as a most important and valuable contribution to our Church history, rich in its lessons, full of suggestion and warning, a book of serious thought, and as honest and straightforward as the man whom it depicts.

We would not be considered as implying that the life of the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx does not portray his interior, the spiritual man; but as in art, events in the life of our Blessed Lord and his Saints are treated by some painters historically, by others as mysteries, so it is in the lives of the servants of God.

There was little in the early days or surroundings of Charles Nerinckx to raise a suspicion in his own mind, or among those who knew him, that his best days were to be spent in the back-

woods of America, among a flock whose very language was as unknown to him as the geography of the vast continent.

Of a patriarchal family of the middle class, Charles Nerinckx was born on the 2d of October, 1761, at Heiffelinger, in the Province of Brabant. He was the oldest of the fourteen children with whom providence blessed Sebastian Nerinckx, a pious physician, and his wife, Petronilla Langendries.

The family were trained by these good parents to virtue, and they had among them kindred examples of self-devotion, numbering several priests and nuns among those to whom they looked with childish reverence and affection. In his own generation Charles Nerinckx was not the only one of the family to renounce the world. His brother John became a priest, and closed a life of apostolic labors in London. Three sisters became Cistercian nuns. Another entering the marriage state sent her son F. X. de Coen to America, where he died a priest of the Society of Jesus. From the sound and healthy training of a truly Christian home he went to the College of Enghien, and thence in 1774 to the town of the Irish virgin martyr, Dympna, the town of Gheel, long famous for its peculiar and successful treatment of insanity. After completing his Latin course in a college near the shrine of St. Dympna, he went through a course of philosophy in the University of Louvain in a manner at once creditable to himself and satisfactory to his professors. The grace of vocation accorded to so many of this family was given to this young student also. To it he corresponded heartily, faithfully, with no undue self-esteem or self-seeking.

The times were not such as to make the ecclesiastical state one of ease. The Low Countries had passed from Spain to Germany, and the Emperor Joseph II., deeply imbued with the infidel teachings of the last century, aimed in every way to destroy the Church in his realm and make her a mere Protestant institution, "the creature and the slave of the state." His attempt, indeed, to interfere with the course of instruction in theological seminaries of the Low Countries led to a revolt which lost Belgium forever to the House of Hapsburg. But before they could lay the broad foundation of a national existence, the Belgians saw their country swept over by the tide of French republican infidelity, full fledged, more terrible than the callow infidelity of Joseph.

Before those sad days came young Nerinckx had entered the seminary of the Archbishopric of Mechlin, his native diocese. His piety, his zeal to oppose error and diffuse truth, the stern rectitude of his character, all made him conspicuous, and won for him the affectionate interest of his professors, especially of the presi-

dent of the seminary, who subsequently as a bishop continued his friendship with the young priest.

After a long preparation he was ordained priest in 1785, the very year when, so far as we can learn, a priest entered that State, Kentucky, where he was to accomplish so much. The next year he was appointed *vicarus secundarius*, second assistant vicar, in the metropolitan parish of Mechlin, which is dedicated to an illustrious Irish bishop and martyr, Saint Rumold.

The care of the young and the ignorant was the special field of the newly ordained priest, and the influence of his instructions was seen in the devotion with which souls, long neglected, were now imbued, as their minds opened to the real meaning of their faith. Adapting himself to the condition of his hearers he cultivated a plain, simple, even homely style, which carried conviction to their minds, while his earnest eloquence touched their hearts. The austerity of his life was in itself the best of sermons; all the time not given to the exercise of the ministry was devoted to study and prayer. In the annual meetings of the clergy his learning, modesty, and piety were displayed so strikingly that all recognized his merit. When the parish of Everberg-Meerbeke fell vacant in 1794, the Rev. Charles Nerinckx received the appointment, all recognizing it as a fitting and deserving selection.

Under the fatal influence of government interference religion had begun to decline. In some parts priests were introduced by official influence who were, in the sight of God, most unworthy of the holy ministry; in others good but aged priests were left to struggle on unaided when infirmities made it impossible to discharge their duties as they desired. The latter had been the case in the parish to which the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx was appointed. Having satisfied himself as to the condition of his flock, he began his labors by regular instructions to the young, employing every art and skill to make them attractive, so as to enlist attendance, and stimulating zeal by rewards and encouragements. The parents were soon interested, and their old spirit of piety revived. Every division of his parish had its Sunday-school and teachers, and encouraged by the indulgences attached to them, nearly all sought entrance into associations established for the purpose. Dances were abolished; pious processions and confraternities were revived.

With new fervor enkindled in his flock Nerinckx soon led them to undertake the reparation and restorations which the parish church sadly needed.

The reforms effected in this parish attracted the attention of Catholics in all parts of the country; yet it was the result of only three years of the unremitting labor of this self-sacrificing priest. In 1797 the armies of republican France swept over Belgium, and

every priest was required to take an oath declaring his invincible hatred to royalty. Good priests refusing to take this oath were everywhere seized and hurried off, to be sent in penal servitude to Cayenne. The pastor of Everberg-Meerbeke saw his brother John, not yet in orders, thus torn from his home and friends. For his own part he shrunk from no danger, but desiring to render service to his flock to the last he eluded arrest, but having publicly said Mass and performed the funeral service for one of his deceased parishioners he became subject to instant arrest. Disguised in the garb of a peasant he escaped by night, and taking unfrequented paths was guided by friendly hands, and on the 6th of August reached Dendermonde, where he sought refuge in the Hospital of St. Blaise, directed by twelve nuns, of whom his aunt was Superior. They hailed with joy the arrival of a priest, as their chaplain had just been hurried off to the Isle of Ré, his advanced age preventing severer penalties. The Bishop of Ghent learning of his asylum gave him all faculties, and committed to his care the zealous community and the crowds of sick and wounded to whom their holy rule called them to minister. Accepting the work which Providence assigned him, the good priest for four years acted as chaplain to the nuns, and gave the consolation of religion to the sick and dying, always in peril, but fearless and undaunted. Places of concealment were ingeniously provided, to which, as to the priests' holes in old Catholic houses of England, the hunted priest could fly when the minions of persecution approached. Once, when his danger was greatest, he came forth with apostolic zeal to reprove a servant of the hospital who in a quarrel took the name of God in vain. He dismissed him, and though the man might have denounced him, the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx thought less of his own danger than of the offence given to God. His labors were not confined to the precincts of the hospital; he was still parish priest of Everberg-Meerbeke, and from time to time he stole back in disguise to minister to his forsaken flock, sometimes in one part of his parish and sometimes in another, administering the sacraments, offering the holy sacrifice, carrying a charmed life amid every peril, and though suspected and pursued, never falling into the hands of men who denied liberty in the name of liberty.

The seclusion in which he lived enabled him to give long hours to meditation and study. He wrote much and well, and the treatises he composed would form several volumes, but all have been destroyed except a few, which come down to us prepared for the press by another hand.

At last the Consulate gave religion a respite. Bonaparte took the great step of restoring religion to its official position in France. He wrung many concessions from the Pope, and, as these did not

go far enough, made regulations of his own that neutralized the great good. Belgium, as part of France, was cut up into new dioceses, and a new bishop appeared at Mechlin. No one thought of appointing to Everberg-Meerbeke any priest but the zealous Rev. Charles Nerinckx; but that holy priest, though full of joy at the prospect of being able to labor once more openly among his flock, studied calmly before God the conditions that would be imposed upon him by the new order of things. This involved much from which the tender conscience of the good priest shrank. He decided that he could not in conscience take the oaths required, and communicated this to the new Archbishop of Mechlin, declining the charge of the parish so dear to his heart.

He was therefore free. The papal nuncio offered him a mission at the Cape of Good Hope; his brother associated in London with the Abbé Carron seemed to call him to that field; but he, without taking any positive step, obtained from the imprisoned vicar-general of the diocese letters attesting his blameless priestly life, in September, 1801.

A letter of the Rev. Stanislaus Cerfoumont, written to his brother in Belgium from Conewago, Pennsylvania, decided him to give himself to our American missions. Penetrating to the prison where the Vicar-General Delandtsheere was confined, he obtained his hearty sanction, and the promise of a letter to Bishop Carroll, but this the vicar-general's removal to Paris under guard prevented. Mr. Nerinckx was himself in danger, but reached his father's house at Ninove, whence he wrote to Bishop Carroll in November, 1803. He could send no testimonials, his archbishop, Cardinal de Frankenberg, and the Bishop of Ruremonde were both in prison, but the Princess Galitzin wrote in terms of warm commendation.

On receiving a favorable answer from Bishop Carroll, the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx set out at once from his voluntary seclusion at the Hospital of Dendermonde, July 2d, 1804, without bidding adieu to friend or kinsman, on foot, and with no luggage, to avoid all suspicion, leaving that to be forwarded. At Amsterdam he met the Rev. Charles Guny, O.S.B., and Rev. Francis Malevé, also seeking to devote their lives to the American mission. The Princess Galitzin came also to see the devoted priests, who were so soon to be associated with her son in the United States.

The Rev. Messrs. Nerinckx and Guny embarked from Amsterdam, on the 14th of August, 1804, on an old rickety ship, which did not reach Baltimore till November 14th. Bishop Carroll received him with great kindness, and retained him at Baltimore and Georgetown for four months. During this period he applied himself to the study of English, no easy task for a man of forty-three, and he almost lost courage under the difficulties he encountered.

Bishop Carroll read him thoroughly. "Of austere virtue tempered with the sweetest charity, shining out of his rugged countenance, of an iron constitution and herculean strength, of the most profound humility, which thorough theological learning made all the more conspicuous, Rev. Mr. Nerinckx was the very man whom the Bishop of Baltimore wanted for the abandoned mission of Kentucky, where Rev. Mr. Badin was roaming about in the most forlorn condition, and which no one else wished or was indeed willing to accept."

He set out in the spring of 1805, and at Conewago, where he was cheered by a library of Flemish and Dutch books left by a Franciscan in the pastoral residence, he joined a party of Trappists then on their way to Kentucky. They travelled so slowly, however, that at Bedford he bought a horse and saddle and pushed on ahead. Catholics on the way wept for joy to see a priest, and entreated him to stay; but his destination was fixed, and on the 18th of July he presented himself to the Rev. Stephen T. Badin, then the only priest in Kentucky, "land of the long" river.

In that new commonwealth, previously the western part of Virginia, Catholicity had taken root early, but had undergone vicissitudes. As early as 1785, Bishop Carroll, when still prefect and fettered by the rules of the Propaganda, authorizing him to impart faculties only to priests approved by that congregation, wrote to a priest at Louisville who was about to take up his residence with the Lancasters, ancestors of our Bishop of Peoria. That family may preserve the name of this pioneer priest; he was apparently a regular, and not one to whom English was familiar from the cradle. The eccentric Capuchin, Charles Whelan, ex-chaplain of the French navy, first priest at St. Peter's, New York, early laborer in Maryland and on the Mohawk, and the Rev. William de Rohan, with occasional priests on their way westward, preceded Badin, who arrived in 1793 with the Rev. Mr. Barrieres. But as we have seen, the Rev. Mr. Badin was alone when Rev. Mr. Nerinckx arrived, although the Trappists and Dominicans were both preparing to raise the arms of their orders in Kentucky. Two good priests who had for a time shared his labors, the Rev. Mr. Fournier and Rev. Anthony Salmon, had been accidentally killed, and lay under the shadow of the first Kentucky church, that of the Holy Cross.

The Rev. Mr. Nerinckx entered Kentucky full of zeal, undismayed by difficulty and danger, resolved to make that the permanent field of his labors. He saw its wants, and the wants of the wide West, of the old French settlements, and the Spanish territory of Louisiana stretching limitless beyond the Mississippi. He at once began to appeal to Belgian priests to come and labor in a field where the harvest was so great and the laborers were so few. It was no

small trial that the very first who responded to his call died soon after reaching America, and before he could enter on his career.

Mr. Nerinckx saw far into the future. While he shared a log hut with Rev. Mr. Badin, he wrote to Bishop Carroll to show how necessary it was for Kentucky to have a bishop. Meanwhile he went to work, preaching the first jubilee proclaimed in those parts, and extended his apostolic journey as far as Vincennes. Then he resumed regular duties in Kentucky, a wide-scattered and laborious mission. Always forming a low estimate of his own merit, he for a time thought of joining the Trappists and seeking only his own perfection. But from this step Bishop Carroll strongly dissuaded him. He soon saw, indeed, that the fickleness of their superior was likely to sacrifice many of the Trappists, if it did not ultimately drive them from the West. When they finally removed from the State he could only deplore the result, and regret to see Kentucky deprived of monks who observed their strict rule with such holy rigor.

After a year at St. Stephen's in Marion County with the pioneer Badin, the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx removed to Holy Mary's, the mission of the late Mr. Fournier. There was a house on the farm, but that was all. "On the 15th of November, 1805," he writes, "just one year having elapsed since my arrival in America, I had the happiness of laying the corner-stone of Holy Mary's Church. Eternal thanks to our Blessed Mother for that event, which more than repays the long-forgotten difficulty that I went through during my tiresome journey. The Church will cost about $400, which I intend to pay in kind." Here he set up a statue of the Blessed Virgin which he had brought from Belgium, and the very sight of that representation of Our Lady so impressed a good girl that she gave up the material of a new dress which she had just purchased to be made into an alb. Then a chapel was projected at Bardstown, and a residence for the expected bishop. He next visited Louisville, and in 1806 tells us that "there are just now great hopes of building a church, without delay, if they can have a priest to visit them from time to time."

That same year he built St. Charles Borromeo's Church on Hardin's Creek, dedicating it to his patron saint, whose life was his constant reading and meditation. Church-building in those days was peculiar. Rev. Mr. Nerinckx, we are told, made the members of his flock subscribe one or two hewn logs of prescribed dimensions, gauging doubtless their zeal and means. Then all assembled with him to have the house-raising, the powerful Belgian priest being more than a match for any Western man in the heavy work of fitting the prepared logs to their places. One or two days sufficed to rear such a log chapel, yet many a one did good service

for a quarter of a century, a hundred of them costing less than in our days of ostentatious display is expended on an unsightly and incongruous sepulchral mass in some of our cemeteries.

Mr. Nerinckx's log Church of St. Charles has long since passed away, but the old log house where he resided "is standing yet, a relic of the hard but glorious past."

He was constantly appealing to his friends in Belgium, and not without some result; but his missions were very poor. Only one of his churches had an altar; he succeeded in getting four chalices and a few albs, as well as catechisms and books for his flock. His labors went beyond his own district, and he aided Rev. Mr. Badin materially in erecting St. Patrick's, a brick church, at Danville, the first Catholic edifice of the kind in the State.

With three churches and outlying missions, and sick calls from all parts, he found that the field was too great even for his zeal and endurance. He appealed to Bishop Carroll, offering to take any other position to which he might be assigned. The Bishop tried his zeal and humility, indeed, by appointing him to a district extending from Washington to Union County, and embracing nearly half the State. Here his labor was incredible; his food was scanty, coarse, and irregular, as he often rode twenty-five miles before saying Mass. In fact, he was constantly in the saddle, making his way from house to house, and from settlement to settlement. His health gave way; he was a constant sufferer from disease and its results.

Mr. Nerinckx had a great love for children, and a wonderful tact in winning them. He wrote hymns for them, taught them not only the Christian doctrine, but how to pray. The practices he inculcated made a lasting impression, and he often took his little people to the adjoining graveyard to accustom them to offer up prayers for their deceased relatives. He saw and felt that to carry on the work these children must be under Catholic instructors. But where was a community to be found that could face the hardships of Kentucky life? The good priest in his flock of little ones believed that God had given him the means of accomplishing the good work with which He had inspired him. Girls trained to piety and virtue in his backwoods congregations already aspired to a more perfect life, and wished to devote themselves to God. As early as 1805 several had agreed to begin a community of Lovers of Mary in a house secured by Rev. Mr. Nerinckx at Holy Mary's, on Rolling Fork; but there was no response from the Catholics. Rev. Mr. Nerinckx did not despond, and while his associate, Rev. Mr. Badin, aroused interest in the matter, Nerinckx drew up rules. At last the convent building was begun in 1808 between St. Stephen's and Holy Mary, a pious man named Dent giving his farm

for the good work. By Whitsunday it was roofed, and was a striking object. Six or seven young ladies had already applied to be admitted, and all watched the completion with the utmost anxiety. A Catholic institution for the education of the young was ready to begin its great work, when, just as the last nail had been driven, an unaccountable fire laid the whole in ashes.

All the projects of the pious missionary were laid in the dust. He bowed his head in resignation, deeming it the result of his own unworthiness, and he resumed his mission labors with renewed zeal. There was much to be done to establish Catholic life and discipline. Promiscuous dances were a constant snare to the young, but he soon, by his strict rules, made Catholics strangers to them. He regulated the wedding festivities to prevent excess, made family devotions a rule throughout his people, and even had morning prayers in public. Strict as his direction was, the Protestants around looked to him with respect, and many came to be instructed.

Full of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, his lively faith led him to desire to give the altar all possible beauty, and his letters to Europe brought at last what he prized, vestments, statues, sacred vessels for the altar. The pious were filled with consolation, but the lax and indifferent began to give the missionary trouble. Rev. Mr. Nerinckx was of the austere school, strict to severity, positive and rigorous in his rules and judgments, and many felt his rule a hard one. When the Dominican Fathers settled in Kentucky they adopted more lenient systems. As some of Rev. Mr. Nerinckx's missions were given to the Fathers, the malcontents seized the opportunity, and forwarded to Bishop Carroll a list of charges against their former pastor, all bearing on his strictness and severity. The good priest, stung by this ingratitude, wrote at once, justifying the course he had followed, and tendering his resignation. Bishop Carroll was not willing to lose so good a priest; he urged him to remain and bear his trials patiently, reminding him that different opinions on many points of management might be held without harm to religion or loss of souls. The good priest submitted, and continued his mission work, now made heavier still and thwarted by new opposition.

But while he went bravely on, as though almost under censure, he was thunderstruck by a letter which showed how highly the venerable Bishop Carroll appreciated his virtues and his labors. This letter, announcing the dismemberment of the vast diocese of Baltimore, the erection of sees at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Bardstown, informed the despondent Belgian priest that he had been selected to administer the diocese of Louisiana, where the episcopate had been vacant for several years, and great disorders prevailed. It must have given him new courage to find

Bishop Carroll thus appreciating his work, but if he was conscious of any such feeling he did not show it. "Reading among the elect my name, which should rather be condemned to eternal oblivion," he at once wrote to Dr. Carroll, "I could not but emit deep groans and bitter sighs of grief, convinced as I am that in the judgment of an angry and justly irritated God I should be buried away from view. . . . . After much and serious reflection I am forced to the conclusion that it is simply and in every way impossible for me to accept the episcopal honor and burden; hence I refuse the proffered elevation as being totally unfit for it." But Archbishop Carroll insisted on his acceptance; and this gave him a new consolation. His old friend, Rev. Mr. Badin, and the Dominican Fathers united in representing to the Archbishop that to deprive Kentucky of his zealous and pious ministry would be an incalculable injury, while it was a matter of grave doubt whether he was fitted for the new and difficult duties which he declined to assume. But the Archbishop clung to his original decision. The Rev. Mr. Nerinckx appealed to Bishop Neale, offering to go as a missionary to Louisiana, and indeed prepared to begin his priestly labors on the Missouri. His old friend, Very Rev. Mr. Badin, opposed and maligned, called upon him for aid, and he succeeded in restoring peace and harmony.

Archbishop Carroll at last though reluctantly yielded, and made another selection for Louisiana in the person of the Rev. William du Bourg. He approved Mr. Nerinckx's plan of removing to what is now Missouri, and directed him to apply for faculties to Very Rev. Mr. Badin, who had a general jurisdiction in the West as vicar-general. All hopes of the mission beyond the Mississippi vanished. "I know Father Badin well," wrote poor Mr. Nerinckx, "and to commit this matter to him is to refuse my request peremptorily." And so it proved. The Rev. Mr. Badin was not the man to deprive Kentucky of such a priest before the arrival of the long-appointed Bishop Flaget. He insisted that Rev. Mr. Nerinckx should remain.

He had believed Kentucky weary of him; he had thought that his venerated bishop had lost confidence in him; and as he who humbleth himself shall be exalted, he found a mitre pressed on his head by Archbishop Carroll, and Kentucky refusing to part with him. But there was no elation, no self-satisfaction. He went to his work with renewed zeal; he visited remote districts, organized congregations, began erecting churches, giving freely himself, for he gave all but the merest pittance for his sustenance, to the Church, with all that his appeals to Europe brought. The district assigned to him was a hundred and twenty miles long by seventy wide. He faced every danger, and undeterred by storm or tornado,

by wild beast or lawless men, was day after day in the saddle from early dawn, when he did not spend the night itself, as he used to express it, "with Captain Dogwood," that is, in the woods.

"He seldom laughed or even smiled; but there was withal an air of contentment and cheerfulness about him which greatly qualified the natural austerity of his countenance and manner. He could, like the great apostle, make himself 'all to all to gain all to Christ.' He appeared even more at home in the cabin of the humblest citizen, or in the hut of the poor negro, than in the more pretending mansions of the wealthy."

"He was averse to giving trouble to others, especially to the poor. Often when he arrived at a house in the night, he attended to his own horse, and took a brief repose in the stable, or in some out-house; and when the inmates of the house arose next morning, they frequently perceived him already up, and saying his office or making his meditation. He made it an invariable rule never to miss an appointment whenever it was at all possible to keep it. He often arrived at a distant station early in the morning, after having ridden during all the previous night. On these occasions he heard confessions, taught catechism, gave instructions, and said Mass for the people, generally after noon, and he seldom broke his fast until three or four o'clock in the evening.

"In swimming rivers he was often exposed to great danger. Once in going to visit a sick person, he came to a stream which his companion knew to be impassable. Mr. Nerinckx took the saddle of his friend,—who refused to venture,—placed it on his own, and then remounting the horse, placed himself on his knees, on the top of the two saddles, and thus crossed the flood, which flowed over his horse's back. On another occasion he made a still more narrow escape. He was swept from his horse, which lost its footing, and was carried away by the current; and the rider barely saved himself and reached the other shore by clinging firmly to the horse's tail.

"On one of his missionary tours he narrowly escaped being devoured by the wolves, which then greatly infested those portions of Kentucky which were not densely settled. While travelling to visit a distant station, in what is now Grayson County, but what was then almost an unreclaimed wilderness, he lost his way in the night. It was the dead of winter, and the darkness was so great that he could not hope to extricate himself from his painful situation. Meantime, whilst he was seeking a sheltered place where he could take some repose, the famished wolves scented him, and came in hundreds, fiercely howling around him. With great presence of mind he immediately remounted his horse, knowing that they would scarcely attack him while on horseback. He hallooed

at the top of his voice and temporarily frightened them off, but soon they returned to the charge, and kept him at bay during the whole night. Once or twice they seemed on the point of seizing his horse, and Mr. Nerinckx made the sign of the cross and prepared himself for death; but a mysterious Providence watched over him, and he escaped after sitting his horse the whole night. With the dawn the wolves disappeared."

Such was his laborious life when Kentucky at last hailed the arrival of the first Bishop of Bardstown, the venerable Benedict Joseph Flaget. That remarkable man recognized the merit of Mr. Nerinckx, and at once put an end to his project of proceeding to Missouri. He would not consent to deprive his diocese of such a man.

The Rev. Mr. Nerinckx once more looked upon Kentucky as his field, and renewed his labors. Suddenly his old project of a religious community began to take form almost before his eyes, as though Providence wished to show him how it carried out its work in its own good time.

Mr. Dent, on a visit to Maryland, brought to Kentucky his cousin, Miss Mary Rhodes, a pious girl, trained in a convent school, who, touched by the neglected condition of her brother's children, became their teacher. Her success in her self-imposed task induced her to propose to Rev. Mr. Nerinckx to open a school. He hailed the proposal with delight, and the young lady was soon installed in an old deserted log cabin between her cousin's house and St. Charles's Church. Though the floor was of clay, and the roof gaped wide with chinks, it did not damp the zeal of teacher or pupils. Under the fostering care of Mr. Nerinckx the school succeeded. Miss Christina Stuart became the associate of the new teacher, led by a kindred spirit of piety and devotedness. Before long they resolved to make their home in another old cabin near the schoolhouse. People ridiculed their idea, but they persevered, and when another young lady wished to join them the idea of a community began to enter their minds. They begged their pastor to give them a rule of life. He wrote down on a slip of paper a few directions to be observed by way of trial. The project of a community seemed to advance, but he was not sanguine. He referred the matter to the bishop, who left it entirely to his prudent direction. This approval of their attempt gave great consolation to the aspirants, who had lived up to their temporary rule with great zeal and courage amid the poverty that surrounded them. Miss Morgan and Miss Nancy Rhodes, a sister of the foundress of the school, were the next accessions, and when Rev. Mr. Nerinckx authorized them to choose a superior of the little community, all concurred in selecting Miss Nancy Rhodes.

A little piece of ground was bought; a slave which Miss Nancy had owned was disposed of, and a little means obtained. Then the cabin underwent some repairs. The teachers repaired their roof and made an attic for a dormitory, a rude table and seats. They fenced in their garden and put up a rough meathouse and a henhouse. Rude as all these beginnings were, and to our ideas comfortless, the school was no sooner known among the Catholic congregations than parents came to apply for the admission of their daughters as boarders. They were almost forced to receive them, though their only accommodations were beds spread on the floor by night and laid up on a high shelf by day.

In his first project Mr. Nerinckx had drawn up a rule; now he proposed to the teachers to send to some community in Europe for nuns to form them to a convent life. All objected, preferring to be instructed and guided by him. To this he yielded after consulting Bishop Flaget, who insisted on his framing the new foundation according to his own thoughts of what the institute should be.

He then established "The Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross," the grand object of the institute being "the glory of God, the sanctification of their own souls, and the salvation of their neighbors by educating and instructing females." No religious habit was at first adopted, each, on account of their poverty, to wear the dresses she possessed. The teachers were received as postulants and became sisters. The reverend founder still resided with the bishop at St. Stephen's and continued his missionary labor, erecting St. Anthony's, on the Long Lick, in 1812, and beginning St. Bernard's, on Casey Creek; but finding that to do justice to the little community thus committed to his care he must necessarily bestow more time on them, he took up his residence in the vestry of St. Charles's Church, and lived in almost utter solitude. The schoolhouse being more convenient to most of the neighboring Catholics, he fitted up a little chapel in the convent, erecting the altar himself, and placing on it a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which he had brought from Belgium.

On the 25th of April, 1812, he gave the white veil to Mary Rhodes, Christina Stuart, and Nancy Havern, the first ceremony of the kind in the Western country. Two others were admitted as postulants, and the community began to assume a regular form. But their dresses troubled the poor Sisters. If they could only make them all black it would be something. They tried to dye them with oak bark, and finally with that and copperas obtained a black that suited them, though it required a frequent renewal.

On the 29th of June the two postulants received the white veil, and Miss Morgan became a postulant. The reverend director,

representing the bishop, presided at the first election of a superior, at which Ann Rhodes was unanimously chosen.

The Catholics around were now conversant with the new institute and its object, and began to feel an interest in it. That same day the first log was cut for a new and more suitable convent. The trees around the little cabins were felled. Mr. Nerinckx drew the plan of two rows of buildings, and did his share in handling the heavy logs. On the right of the square court was the schoolhouse, and next to it the convent, two detached cabins, the space between being boarded and made into a chapel. A similar structure formed the kitchen and refectory. Beyond Mr. Nerinckx's house on the left were buildings for work-rooms, infirmary, and guest-room.

Gradually the whole was fenced in, and the Sisters chipped away the stumps, and the court, nearly levelled, was seeded down with the famous blue grass of Kentucky. Such was the Loretto at its origin.

The institute in the design of the founder was not only to teach but also to offer "an asylum or shelter for old age, decrepit and useless slaves, and whatever kind of sick or distressed fellow-creatures may call for their assistance." The little community soon lost its Superior Mother, Ann Rhodes, pious, devoted to the last, guiding, encouraging all her Sisters from her loose straw bed on the floor. In the spirit of poverty that characterized these Sisters her remains were committed uncoffined to the earth, and this became the rule at all their interments, till the Sovereign Pontiff, at the solicitation of a priest, ordered a coffin to be used.

After giving the black veil to the first Sisters on the Feast of the Assumption, 1813, Mr. Nerinckx saw postulants apply from near and afar. The community seemed destined to do great good, but then poverty stood in the way; the people around, though their good will was aroused by the eloquent appeals of their pastor, could contribute but little, and that mainly in kind. Rev. Mr. Nerinckx resolved to go to Europe to solicit aid. Bishop Flaget readily consented, but at Baltimore Archbishop Carroll advised the good priest to wait till the close of the war with England. He accordingly returned to his labors, to meet the usual opposition to his work and his plans.

At last peace came in Europe, and Rev. Mr. Nerinckx hastened to reach Belgium and then proceed to Rome. There he was consoled by the assurance that the Propaganda was well pleased with his new institute, "The Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross," and had taken it under its special protection.

He had desired to join the Trappists in America; in Rome he sought admission into the Society of Jesus, but venerating the holy

missionary highly, they deemed it for the glory of God that he should remain where and as he was. In an interview with the Pope, Pope Pius VII. told him of the joy and consolation which he felt on perusing the rules of the new sisterhood, but he deemed some of the regulations too rigid for women to be permanently adopted, and directed mitigation.

The great work of his life had received the sanction of the successor of St. Peter. Cheered and encouraged by this mark of divine favor, he returned to Belgium and appealed for priests to join him in laboring on the American mission; then he spent the winter in collecting money, vestments, paintings, and other necessary articles for the missions. He appealed to the clergy, hoping to find some zealous enough to accompany him to America and share his labors, but none joined him. This disappointment was all the greater, as, counting on the missionary zeal of his countrymen, he had even conceived the idea of establishing a missionary college in Belgium, where candidates for the American mission might be trained. He then published a moving appeal, in response to which two priests and eight young men, four of whom had completed their theological course, joined him. They embarked at the Texel, May 16th, 1817, on the brig Mars, and after a stormy voyage reached Baltimore at the close of July.

Eight of his companions, including Rev. J. O. Vanderelde, future Bishop of Chicago, P. Devos, H. Verheyen, and P. J. Timmermans, joined the Jesuits in Maryland. The Rev. H. Hendricks sailed for New Orleans with much of what they had brought for the use of the churches in Kentucky, but he died of yellow fever in that city.

Rev. Mr. Nerinckx proceeded to Kentucky, and free from all self-seeking, looking only to the glory of God, gave the richest set of vestments he had brought to Bishop Flaget, with a bell and an organ, the first seen in Kentucky. The seminary, the Dominicans, the Rev. Messrs. Badin and Chabrat all benefited by the missionary's European trip, and many a church and chapel was delighted by gifts of chalice, ciborium, or monstrance. The Daughters of Charity at Nazareth obtained a set of chasubles and a monstrance. Two of his ciboriums, it is worth noting, were purchased with the contributions of a servant girl, who would not give her name.

The sisterhood which he had founded received, of course, many articles needed to give dignity to the services in their chapel.

In these days of veneration for all that is old, when museums of art gather by purchase or loan the work of artistic gold and silversmiths of former days, as well as the specimens of ecclesiastical embroidery and lace, it is not out of place to remember that many of the purchases of Rev. Mr. Nerinckx were obtained from old

abbeys, convents, and churches. These articles, valued for their association with the name of the great missionary, have even to the worldly a high value. The chapel of Gethsemani Convent, for instance, has a tabernacle that was once an object of admiration in the Cathedral of Mechlin, dedicated to St. Rumold.

The paintings brought by him were also of a high order.

Rev. Mr. Nerinckx reached his home at Loretto, Kentucky, in September, 1817, having been badly injured on the way by a fall. He was received with great joy by the Sisters, who had so prospered that they had the preceding year founded at Holy Mary's their first filiation, Calvary. The good priest resumed his old career, giving his various missions the effects of his renewed zeal. The next year the Sisters founded another house on Pottinger's Creek, and called Gethsemani, now occupied by the Trappists. A Belgian priest in Missouri desired a colony also, and before long the Sisters of Loretto had a convent at the Barrens.

We then find him beginning a brick church at Lebanon and making a tour of all his churches and stations with the Rev. Mr. Abel, a Kentucky priest trained by himself, to whom, however, he acted on this journey as altar boy, to use his own expression.

Leaving the charge of the churches in the new tract to his associate, Rev. Mr. Nerinckx returned to Loretto to carry out a project which Bishop Flaget desired him to undertake. That holy prelate seeing the success with which God had blessed the community of Sisters, urged the aged missionary to undertake the establishment of a society of Brothers, confiding evidently in his spiritual wisdom. Candidates were soon found, a site secured at Mount Mary's, and buildings erected, but they all fell a prey to the flames in 1819. This disaster, and the necessity of means to repair the loss, led him to propose to the venerable bishop that he should pay another visit to Belgium. As his superior approved the design, and assigned several clergymen to continue his labors, Mr. Nerinckx made a kind of testamentary arrangement, regulating affairs at his various churches, stations, and institutions. This paper concludes with this touching address to the Sisters:

"He wishes the friends of Mary the best success in holiness and all holy happiness, that the suffering Jesus and the sorrowful Mary may have armies of consoling friends, faithful on Calvary and glorious in the heavenly Sion."

In order to this he begs by all the drops of blood and by all the sweat and tears of the Loving Jesus, and through the sweetness of Mary, that the members of the Loretto Society, and particularly of the House of Loretto, should ever study their rules—never make any, the least, infraction in them. Poverty and humility of Jesus and Mary; obedience and chastity of Jesus and Mary; union,

peace and concord of Jesus and Mary; zeal for souls—your own and that of the many desolate orphans and scholars—burning zeal of Jesus and Mary! Gain souls, hunt souls, catch souls, court souls, draw souls, pull souls, carry souls, deliver souls, shelter souls, buy souls! Souls! souls! and nothing but souls, for the love of Jesus, the owner of all souls!

"O, Loretto Sisters! let Loretto be Loretto forever! Loretto houses, Loretto dresses, Loretto labors, Loretto hardships, Loretto food, Loretto furniture, Loretto sisters, Loretto scholars. Every house on the place Loretto house! Stick to the tree that Mary planted there! Stick to the cross that Mary raised there! Stick to the walls that Mary built there! Stick to the dress that Mary gave there! Make use of the graces that Mary obtained there! Love what she said! Like what she fixed! Do what she loved! O, friends of Mary! O, sweet, O glorious title! Be not unworthy of it! Do not degenerate from it!

"The writer's wish is here set down on paper; may he hear it accomplished on earth, and may he see it rewarded in the company of the Friends of Mary in heaven! Amen! Amen!"

Accompanied by the first priest ordained in Kentucky, Rev. Guy J. Chabrat, he set out on horseback from Bardstown in March, 1820, and passing through Somerset, Ohio, Wheeling, Emmettsburg, Frederick, and Georgetown, and White Marsh, reached Baltimore just in time to take passage in a vessel to Rotterdam. They landed, however, at Dover, proceeded to London, where Mr. Nerinckx had the consolation of meeting his brother. After purchasing many Catholic works here, and committing the Rules of the Society and School of Loretto to press, he set out for Belgium. In his previous visit he had violated the laws by inducing young men to emigrate who were liable to military duty, and, doubtless afraid that in case of investigation the fact of his having been in olden time a refractory priest in the eyes of the civil authorities would weigh heavily against him, he was extremely circumspect in all his movements, using great secrecy. "Without attracting too much attention to his movements he gathered all the presents or purchases he could conveniently carry along, but he had to refuse a valuable library offered to him by an aged pastor, lest the gift might put the officials of the government on his track." But in a most providential way a little corps of recruits gathered around him. He took a letter from Rev. Mr. Vandevelde to a young seminarian, Mr. Judocus F. Van Assche, urging him to join the American mission. This Mr. Nerinckx delivered to the family in Belgium during the young man's absence. When he received the letter he resolved to go; and with a fellow-student named Elet sat out to find the lurking missionary. They found

him at last, and by this time Elet too had determined to go. Mr. Nerinckx gave them little encouragement. Suspected by government he had to avoid arrest. He could make no plan beyond stating his intention to sail for America in May, 1821. The seminarians returned to their studies, not in the least disheartened, and began to plan how to obtain means. A friend directed them to the pious and generous De Neff. In the spring the two, with John B. Smedts, a recruit gained to the cause, set out with aid and letters from De Neff, to get the necessary means. Meanwhile, P. J. Verhaegen, F. X. Verreydt, Mr. de Maillet, Mr. Van Horsigh, and a Rev. Mr. Veulman, with Peter J. De Smet, joined the party, all resolved to devote themselves to the missions in the United States. Of this whole party only two had seen Rev. Mr. Nerinckx, and none knew where he was or when or whence he was to sail. They, however, found that a merchant named Ketelaer was transacting the missionary's business, and he promised to notify them. About the middle of July tidings came that the vessel would sail in August. True to their purpose they all set out in several parties and reached Amsterdam, where De Smet's brother overtook him and urged him to return, but finding him firm, supplied him with means for his voyage. They then proceeded to the Texel, where the Columbus was to touch. Here they met Rev. Mr. Nerinckx, with two postulants for his intended brotherhood, but the cautious old missionary was alarmed at the indiscretion of the little corps of recruits. All finally reached the vessel without interference from officials, and on the voyage the missionary exacted regularity in their spiritual exercises, but did not converse much with them, and only on religious topics.

He arrived at Philadelphia September 23d, 1821, and the young candidates proceeded to Baltimore, most of them to enter the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, and to become in time the founders of the vice-province of Missouri. Strict and severe as the missionary had been, he impressed them all with his sanctity, and they retained through life the highest veneration for him. On his way to Kentucky he visited them at White Marsh, where they received him with a joy like that which filled his own heart to see them in the religious habit.

In Baltimore seven young ladies waited on the missionary to offer themselves as postulants for the Sisterhood at Loretto; Rev. Mr. Nerinckx examined their vocation carefully and received them all. With these and a young lady who had come with him from London he set out by stage in November, 1821. "The moment the stage started Rev. Mr. Nerinckx made the sign of the cross, and said: 'All say the beads first, then read and pray, but you are not allowed to talk on the road.'" He was strictly obeyed, and the

young girls lived under convent rules during the long and severe journey, for they did not reach Loretto until the 10th of December.

The next day the founder arrived with Bishop Flaget, and they were received with joyful procession by Sisters, pupils, and servants.

The Rev. Mr. Nerinckx resumed his projected brotherhood, but changes had taken place. The Rev. Mr. Byrne, stationed at Mount Mary's, had established a college, which was prospering, and he was not inclined to give the place up for the new Brotherhood. Such obstacles arose that the old missionary laid his project aside and devoted himself mainly to perfecting the regulations for the Sisters of Loretto.

In 1823 he replaced the old log chapel of Holy Cross by a new brick church; he also installed a priest at Vincennes, which asked for a colony of his Sisters, as did also St. Louis. Applications came indeed from many quarters. He established the houses of Bethania and Mount Carmel, and finally Bethlehem Convent, in Missouri.

An institute for negro Sisters and another one for the education of Indian girls were also projected by this active mind.

But his career of usefulness was to be suddenly arrested. He was driven out like a pariah from the stage of his long labors to die in a neighboring State, while his books and writings were seized and destroyed as though full of a moral pestilence.

We have seen that in governing the missions confided to him, the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx, by nature and by training severe, had established rigid rules that it would seem no man could enforce in the backwoods. Naturally some rebelled, and the Dominican Fathers, accustomed to less stringent modes, complained at a very early period to Bishop Carroll of Rev. Mr. Nerinckx. Whether he modified his rule to some extent, the opposition gradually ceased, the young looked up to him with reverence, and young women, conscious of his strict rule and of the poverty and hardships of the Loretto Sisterhood, entered and persevered. Bishop Flaget, a man not unskilled in the ways of God, had Mr. Nerinckx and his system under his immediate supervision for years, but nowhere censured him. The rule of the Sisterhood was modified at Rome at the time of his visit and subsequently. He always yielded prompt obedience to his bishop and to the Holy See. The opposition now came from his recent fellow-traveller, Rev. Mr. Chabrat. This gentleman had been appointed confessor to Bethania Convent, and at once began to write to Bishop Flaget complaining of what he considered the uncalled for severity of Mr. Nerinckx's direction. He endeavored to alter the rule for the branch house; he censured Nerinckx's piety as visionary and overdone, and urged his removal from his position as Ecclesiastical

Superior of the Loretto Society. Bishop Flaget informed Rev. Mr. Nerinckx of the complaints made, leaving his course to his prudence. The missionary might have submitted his writings and his management of parochial affairs and communities to a judicial investigation; but the opposition to him had been so active that he felt completely isolated, and a letter reached him which declared that no priest in Kentucky would hear his confession. He bowed his head to the storm, and resolved to leave Kentucky and all that he had labored to create there. He solicited permission to join the Missouri mission, and when the bishop consented he bade farewell to the Sisters at Bethania: "I wish you all to join in prayers with me, that Almighty God may forgive all blunders, ignorances, and excesses I have committed during the thirty-eight years which I have passed very unworthily and unprofitably in the ministry, and that He may grant pardon for all the harm I have done these twelve years on the society."

On the 29th of May he addressed a farewell letter to the Dear Mother and Sisters of the Loretto House and Society, a touching retrospect of what he had done, and a sad farewell to them all. A week or two later he was on his way to his new diocese, and on the 2d of July reached Bethlehem Convent, in Perry County, Missouri. He told the Sisters that he had come to finish his days with them, and have his bones laid in their graveyard. Although he announced the time and district within which he was to die he obtained faculties from Bishop Rosati, and took active steps with the Indian agent to form a school for Indian girls at Bethlehem. On his way to that place to complete the arrangements, he said Mass for some neglected Catholics and started a movement for the erection of a church. The next day he was prostrated by fever, but reached St. Genevieve, where his illness became alarming, and on the 12th of August, at five o'clock in the afternoon, he expired, fortified by the sacraments of the Church.

"Such was the life, such the death, and such the establishments of the Rev. Charles Nerinckx, one of the very best priests who ever labored on the arduous missions of America," says Archbishop Spalding.

The veneration of the people has never died away in the West. He is revered as a saint, and supernatural gifts are ascribed to him, in some cases so well attested as to challenge belief.

Yet as the close of his life is depicted by the Rev. Mr. Maes, in his calm and well-considered pages, it leaves the mind perplexed.

The venerable Bishop Flaget was not one to be unjust to any of his clergy. On hearing the death of Mr. Nerinckx, he delivered in his Cathedral a glowing eulogy of the good missionary's life, and held him up as a model of every virtue. Yet he evidently

shared in part at least the Rev. Mr. Chabrat's opinion that Mr. Nerinckx was too severe, as he made that gentleman at once the ecclesiastical superior of the Sisters of Loretto. The great and holy Bishop of Bardstown himself came to instal the Rev. Mr. Chabrat at Loretto. Being thus in full possession of the house previously occupied by Rev. Mr. Nerinckx, he assumed complete ownership of all there, and at once proceeded to destroy all the missionary's writings, and a considerable number of ascetical works, which the founder of Loretto had brought over from Europe at his two visits.

The act is unparalleled. It was unjust to the deceased, whose writings would give the best evidence of his doctrine and discipline, and whose habitual reading would best show the source of his opinions. He carried his hostility so far as to compel the Sisters to give up Mr. Nerinckx's letter of farewell, which he flung upon the fire of books and papers that he had kindled in the yard.

The very place seemed distasteful to him, as he soon removed the community from Loretto, the Sisters setting fire before they departed to the convent and chapel, but sparing Rev. Mr. Nerinckx's log chapel, which stands to this day.

No priest ever came to the missions of the United States who left his impress so clear and distinct upon the people as did the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx. "His influence," says Rev. Mr. Maes, "is plainly traceable in the Catholics of Kentucky, and his spirit is still living in the order which he founded, the Lorettines."

In the work he presents to the Catholics of the United States, the Rev. Mr. Maes has rendered a signal service. Misled by no enthusiasm he has sought information at the best sources, and gives the result without passion or prejudice, and, while admiring the holy and laborious life of the great missionary of Kentucky, ascribes the severity laid to his charge to what is undoubtedly the real cause,—the prevalence of the Jansenist and Gallican elements in the time and country where he received his ecclesiastical impressions.

The order he founded is his best monument, and his mortal remains, obtained by the Sisters with difficulty from Missouri, now rest in their midst at New Loretto.

AUBREY DE VERE'S POEMS.

The Infant Bridal, and other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. London, Macmillan & Co., 1864.

The Sisters; and Inisfail, a Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland. By Aubrey de Vere. London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer. Dublin: McGlasham & Gill, Sackville Street, 1867.

May Carols, and Hymns and Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. New York: Lawrence Kehoe, 1866.

Irish Odes and other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. The Catholic Publication Society, 1869.

Autar and Zara: an Eastern Romance. Inisfail, and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. By Aubrey de Vere. London: Henry S. King & Co., 1877.

The Fall of Rora; The Search after Proserpine, and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. By Aubrey de Vere. London: Henry S. King & Co., 1877.

AS a critic Matthew Arnold is incomparably superior to Matthew Arnold as a poet. As a poet he is a source of considerable danger; as a critic he is a very safe guide in purely literary matters.

His idea of truth, except in mere words, is, apparently, that of an embodied contradiction; perhaps it should be called rather a heterogeneous mass of fractions which are vainly struggling to gravitate into an integer, and whose efforts may, in some incomprehensibly remote period, prove successful when positivism shall have succeeded in transmuting the heterogeneous into homogeneity.

Mr. Arnold is kindness itself. He is so full of what Wordsworth calls

"The still sad music of humanity,"

that he cannot bear seriously to differ from what he respects as the sincere opinion of any large class of his fellow-men, and, various as their opinions are, he has generously contrived to agree more or less with all of them. His tolerance exceeds all bounds. If he is a positivist in philosophy, he is a universalist in poetry and politics. He wants no creed for himself; with gentle malice he despises all Christian "superstition." But he will not thrust his light on others; rather shall he entreat others to love their darkness and happy be therein. This is one of his characteristic liberalities:

"'Man is blind because of sin;
Revelation makes him sure;
Without that, who looks within,
Looks in vain, for all's obscure.'

"'Nay, look closer into man!
Tell me, can you find indeed
Nothing sure, no moral plan
Clear prescribed, without your creed?'

"'No, I nothing can perceive;
Without that, all's dark for men.
That or nothing I believe.'—
'For God's sake, believe it then!'"

It is perplexingly illogical for one who does not believe in God to adjure others in His name to believe what he rejects as absurd error; but Mr. Arnold, who has had much to say about "sweetness and light," and who has much sweetness if little light, is a remarkably candid man, and distinctly disclaims the imputation of being logical. "The truth is," he says, "I have never been able to hit it off happily with the logicians."[1] . . . . So he can write in vivacious and steady prose a plea for a Catholic University in Ireland, not because he has the slightest belief in the doctrines to be taught there; so can he agree that in the English universities the doctrines of the Reformation shall be taught—the Reformation which he characterizes as "the inferior piece given under that name by Henry VIII. and a second-rate company in this island."[2] That he would discern benignance in a Platonic or Aurelian school is surely probable, and the presence of a Latter Day Saint as a professor in a college of pure material rationalism would scarcely irritate his sense of the ridiculous, while he would certainly consider a moral Buddhist a most fit person to teach, by precept and example, the fundamental truths of Christianity. It is this mental enterprisingness of Mr. Arnold, this courteous cordiality of his towards all systems of belief, this suave and amiable confusion of creeds and no-creeds, which, expressed in seductive and mystifying phrase and gentle jingle, renders his poetry dangerous to the young and unwary. There are certain poisons which, if taken in sufficient quantity, act as their own antidotes. Mr. Arnold's poetry comes in this classification. Read enough of it and it can do no harm. His just-quoted verses are entitled *Pis-Aller*. He is willing revelation should be believed in as a last and very bad resort, and perhaps his sneer might injuriously affect a melancholy maid or callow youth if, in another page of the same volume, she or he did

[1] Essays on Criticism, Preface, p. vi.
[2] Essays on Criticism, Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment, p. 192.

not find "Immortality," and on another "Saint Brandan," and on another "The Good Shepherd with the Kid," and on another "Monica's Last Prayer;" all these intermingled with poems flatly denying the essence of them. Indeed that volume is well characterized in a single line of one of the poems:

"Germany, France, Christ, Moses, Athens, Rome!"

We might have hoped that the morbid muse would disdain to hide herself in such latitudinarianism; the company, if not actually loose, is indeed not select. But she is here. She wipes her eyes with her moist tresses. She wants to die. Like Dido, unhappy queen, she prepares to die, preferring the anticipations of dissolution to the cheerful activities of life. She arranges her sombre drapery, smooths her hair down her cheeks, folds her hands upon her breast, half opens her languid eyes, and, too morbid to decide to be altogether a rationalist or just a little a Pythagorean or a spiritualist, thus lachrymously makes her last testament:

A Wish.

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering crowded room,
The friends who come and gape and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom,—
All that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor, full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things,
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings,
Must needs read clearer sure than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
  While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
  Once more before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
  The wide aerial landscape spread,—
The world which was ere I was born,
  The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of *one*,
  Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
  And lived itself and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
  In soul with what I gaze on, wed
To feel the universe my home;
  To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,
  The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
  Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
  Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
  To work or wait elsewhere or here!

And the author of this apotheosis of self-loving misery is professor of poetry at Oxford!

There is nothing precise or clear about Mr. Arnold's views on philosophical and religious questions, except that he does not appear to know what his views are. If he had any exact convictions his sense of duty to his fellow-men would drive him into shyness about expressing them. "There is no surer proof," he says, "of a narrow and contracted mind than to think and uphold that what man takes to be the truth in religious matters is always to be proclaimed. Our truth on these matters, and likewise the error of others, is something so relative that the good or harm likely to be done by speaking ought always to be taken into account. . . . The man who believes that his truth on religious matters is so absolutely the truth that, say it when, and where, and to whom he will, he cannot but do good with it, is in our day almost always a man whose truth is half blunder and wholly useless."[1] This has the high merit of being honest. There are dozens of men whose religious tendencies are as vague and shifting as Mr. Arnold's, who are so much less honest than he that each new bend in these ten-

[1] Literature and Dogma, preface, v., vi.

dencies they take to be the highroad to Heaven and insist upon all men following their lead. In religion alone will logic admit that dogma is necessary and rational; but Mr. Arnold, avowing his inability to be logical, imperiously denies the reasonableness of dogma in religion, and transfers the dogmatic prerogative to that which is his substitute for religion—culture.

Culture, to many minds, means much; to many others it means little. To Mr. Arnold it means everything that is good, that is enlightening, that is sweetening, that is progressive. In culture, as he advocates it, there are certain principles:

α. There must be no dogmas in religion.

β. We do not know whether we were made by God, or are the aggregate product of individual protoplasm.

γ. We do not know whether we are immortal or not. Perhaps we are.

δ. If we are immortal it is impossible to say in what immortality consists.

ε. But the true way to achieve a noble immortality is by doubting everything in religion and believing everything in culture.

What, then, is culture? Mr. Arnold says, "culture is indispensably necessary, and culture is reading." "Mr. Disraeli," he writes, "treating Hellenic things with the scornful negligence natural to a Hebrew, said the other day, in a well-known book, that an aristocratic class, the polite flower of the nation, were truly Hellenic in this respect, among others, that they cared nothing for letters and never read. Now there seems to be here some inaccuracy, if we take our standard of what is Hellenic from Hellas at its highest pitch of development; for the latest historian of Greece, Dr. Curtius, tells us that in the Athens of Pericles, 'reading was universally diffused;' and again, that 'what more than anything distinguishes the Greeks from the barbarians of ancient and modern times is the idea of a culture comprehending body *and soul* in an equal measure.'" Culture—culture comprehending body *and soul*—is Mr. Arnold's substitute for dogmatic religion, and culture is simply reading.

Do we now touch the secret of the organic disease in contemporaneous poetry? Have we found the haunts and home of the Morbid Muse? The Christian religion says as positively as if it were an axiomatic truth that the soul is immortal. That is a dogma; it gives joy to poetry. Abolish the dogma; eliminate it and all other religious dogmas from reason and from the imagination; substitute for them the "I do not know but perhaps it is" of culture, and instantly joy expires. Sorrow enters as joy passes out. The imagination of the true poet cannot quite darken itself. The

vanishing radiance is not wholly obscured. Some faint reflection of

> . . . . "The gleam,
> The lustre known to neither sea nor land"

remains. Hope makes her presence secretly felt, but sorrow claims possession. In the mental struggle which ensues, neither is victor; both retire and yield to the unknown spirit in whom something of the sentiment of both is concentrated—the new muse, the modern one, the muse of culture, the Morbid Muse.

At her presence well might a Wordsworth cry:

> "Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed unborn;
> To-night I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

And the muses of paganism were indeed preferable to the Morbid Muse of modern culture. We can see the regal train,—epic Calliope and Clio with her half-opened roll; the veiled Melpomene, whose solemn masque and stately tread reminds us that even with histrionic tragedy the Greeks associated delight and gayety; for was not Melpomene mother of the Sirens?—and here trippingly came Euterpe with her music, and Terpsichore, laurel-crowned, impatient for the dance; here Erato, languishing, but happy under her roses and myrtle, and comic Thalia, laughing in her face; now grave Urania, with her globe, followed by majestic Polymnia, whose nymphs "sing happy strains in rich harmonious tune."

> "A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
> A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

Not a morbid heart in the queenly company! Assuredly we may complain that modern culture has done less for us than did the sombre mythology of the Greek who knew not God. Better rove with the deities of pagan invention in the glens and forests of Olympus, climbing its steeps with intolerable fatigue, only to find upon its palace summit an ideal world of gods and mortals, in whose society we shall not long care to tarry, than take to our love this culture maid, whose very breath is fetid with anti-Christian despair, who incessantly wrings her hands in the agony of a woe, self-evolved from her own soul, and whose melancholy and mystic songs carry to mankind only wanton misery, irreverent and blasphemous imprecation, and whining doubt. The poetic ideal of Hellenic thought was at least tranquil; it was not subject to convulsions, nor addicted to hysteria. If it knew not Christian joy, it

was free from the melancholy of irreligious culture. Wordsworth did not live long enough to see more than the *début* of the new muse; he did not foresee in his

> "Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
> Truth breathed by cheerfulness,"

that a school of poetry would follow his own, in which health should be supplanted by disease and cheerfulness by hypochondria. His was

> . . . . "that blessed mood
> In which the brother of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood
> In which the affections gently lead us on
> Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul;
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things."

"The deep power of joy" has been almost destroyed in contemporaneous verse. The poet of all living poets who has preserved it is Mr. Aubrey de Vere. With that self-contradiction which is always to be expected from him, Mr. Arnold repeats in the preface to his selection of the poems of Wordsworth[1] what he had previously said of Homer, that the profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. Could prejudice lay aside her masque, Aubrey de Vere would be held a greater poet than Wordsworth, even by Wordsworthians. To characterize him as the poet of joy should not mislead. He is essentially, too, the poet of sorrow, but in the noble, manly, healthful, elevating sense; and since life is all the time joy or sorrow, assuredly he is the great poet who, with the pen of beauty and the spirit of truth, faithfully depicts both, accomplishing therein the "profound application of ideas to life," ennobling its burdens, sanctifying its pleasures, lightening its care, making tranquil its passions, refreshing its rest.[2] It is a long journey from Plato to Shelley, and upon no

[1] Poems of Wordsworth, chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co.

[2] It is to be hoped that in the next edition of Allibone's *Critical Dictionary of English Literature* the painstaking compiler will not only show that he has read some of Aubrey de Vere's poems, but also that he has discovered that Sir Aubrey de Vere and Aubrey de Vere are not one and the same person,—a discovery which Dr. Allibone has not yet made. There is no mention of the father's death in the dictionary, and the father's poetical publications and the son's are catalogued together without any

subject are they farther removed from each other than poetry; yet the poetry of De Vere, more than that *of any other living poet*, satisfies the demands of both. In the tenth book of the *Republic* Socrates would exclude the poet from the ideal state, "because he excites, and feeds, and strengthens" the "worthless part of the soul." Then he would not exclude De Vere, since this offence no line of his commits. Shelley, on the other hand, in his *Defence of Poetry* pronounces it the "record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." "It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination, and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions, and whilst they last self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences, as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can color all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world. A word, a trait, in the representation of a scene or a passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate in those who have ever experienced these emotions the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and, veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." This is not a description of Shelley's poetry; how inapt the elegant prose for the lurid verse! But it is perfectly expressive of De Vere's. Shelley, however, is not the only poet-critic whose idealism is much loftier than his poetry. We shall find Wordsworth giving to De Vere canons which he himself spontaneously ignored.

The influence of Wordsworth had much to do with the development of a hereditary gift in Mr. De Vere. His father, Sir Aubrey

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hint as to their separate authorship. The list is incomplete, mentioning nothing later than 1850. In W. Davenport Adams's *Dictionary of English Literature*, "Autæ and Zara" is printed "Autæ and Rora." Parke Godwin's *Cyclopædia of Biography* does not mention father or son. Lippincott's *Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary* attributes the "Waldenses" ("The Fall of Rora") to Sir Aubrey de Vere, and does not mention the living poet.

de Vere, himself a poet of marked power, dignity, warmth, and refinement, was the contemporary and friend of the bard of Rydal; and the son relates in his *Recollections of Wordsworth*[1] that he himself made Wordsworth's acquaintance eight years before his death, and for four years saw a good deal of him, chiefly among his own mountains. "Besides many delightful walks with him, I had the great honor of passing some days under his roof." Sir Aubrey de Vere knew Wordsworth well, admired and loved him, apparently with fervor, and inscribing to him a volume of poems printed in 1842 (*A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises, and Sonnets*), closes his dedication with, "I may at least hope to be named hereafter among the friends of Wordsworth." Thus did he describe a day with the poet at Rydal in 1833:

> "What we beheld scarce can I now recall
> In one connected picture, images
> Hurrying so briskly their fresh witcheries
> O'er the mind's mirror, that the several
> Seems lost, or blended in the mighty all.
> Lone lakes; rills gushing through rock-rooted trees;
> Peaked mountains shadowing vales of peacefulness;
> Glens echoing to the flashing waterfall.
> Then that sweet twilight isle! with friends delayed
> Beside a ferry bank 'neath oaks and yews;
> The moon between two mountain peaks embayed;
> Heaven and the waters dyed with sunset hues:
> And he, the poet of the age and land,
> Discoursing as we wandered hand in hand."

Sir Aubrey de Vere,[2] in the ardor of his personal attachment, doubtless overestimated Wordsworth's power and art. "He taught me when a boy of eighteen years old to admire the great bard. I had been very enthusiastically praising Lord Byron's poetry. My father calmly replied: 'Wordsworth is the great poet of modern times.' Much surprised I asked: 'And what may his special merits be?' The answer was, 'They are very various; as, for instance, depth, largeness, elevation, and, what is rare in modern poetry, an entire purity. In his noble *Laodamia* they are chiefly majesty and pathos.'" When the youth took up *Laodamia* afterwards, "some strong, calm hand seemed to have been laid on my head," he says. "As I read, a new world, hitherto unimagined, opened itself out, stretching far away into serene infinitudes. The region was one to me unknown, but the harmony of the picture attested its reality. . . . I had been translated into another planet

[1] Catholic World, vol. xvii.

[2] The poetical works of the baronet include (1.) Mary Tudor: an Historical Drama; (2.) Julian the Apostate, and the Duke of Mercia; (3.) A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises, and Sonnets.

of song, one with larger movements and a longer year. A wider conception of poetry had become mine, and the Byronian enthusiasm fell from me like a bond that is broken, in being outgrown." The influence of Wordsworth upon Mr. De Vere, thus begun, manifestly grew by study and association. The four years covering his personal intercourse with the venerable poet afforded him many opportunities for appreciating his personal character, comprehending his philosophic views, and studying the science of his strongly individualized verse. "There was in his nature," he writes, "a veracity which, had it not been combined with an idealizing imagination not less remarkable, would to many have appeared prosaic; yet, had he not possessed that characteristic, the products of his imagination would have lacked reality. They might still have enunciated a deep and sound philosophy; but they would have been divested of that human interest which belongs to them in a yet higher degree." He insisted on severity of truthfulness in all descriptions of nature; an untrue description was to him a heavenly message sophisticated and falsely delivered. He complained to Mr. De Vere that a certain poet went out with his pencil and notebook and jotted down whatever struck him most—a river rippling over the sands, a ruined tower on a rock above it, a promontory and a mountain ash waving its red berries; "he went home and wove the whole together into a poetical description." This aroused Wordsworth's indignation. "Nature," he exclaimed, "does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms! He should have left his pencil and notebook at home; fixed his eye, as he walked, with a reverent attention on all that surrounded him, and taken all into a heart that could understand and enjoy. Then after several days had passed by, he should have interrogated his memory as to the scene. He would have discovered that while much of what he had admired was preserved to him, much was also most wisely obliterated. That which remained—the picture surviving in his mind—would have presented the ideal and essential truth of the scene, and done so, in a large part, by discarding much which, though in itself striking, was not characteristic. In every scene many of the most brilliant details are but accidental. A true eye for nature does not note them, or at least does not dwell on them." Mr. De Vere is too loyal to the memory of his father's friend and his own to point out that no poet has erred oftener than Wordsworth against this principle, so correctly by him laid down. He almost habitually failed to discriminate between the essential and accidental in nature. His confusion of the broadly ideal with mere prosaic detail has rendered much of his loveliest composition incapable of just popular admiration. His reader's entranced fancy is lifted into an empy-

rean of delight and, suddenly, with no note of warning, dashed down upon some hard grotesque littleness on the flat earth. It was his failure to separate the ideal from the insignificant actual which made him for so many years the butt of a circle of blind and clever wits, whose vision could not get into his superb and gorgeous words because of the trivial and incongruous obstacles with which he ornamented his doors and windows. It was this radical fault, not in his science of imagination applied to literature, but in the Wordsworthian art, which handed over *Peter Bell* to unmerciful parody. It is this which Lowell characterizes so happily when he says that Wordsworth did not know the difference between truth, which is the breath of the muse's nostril, and fact, which suffocates her; and it is this which compels so devoted an admirer as Matthew Arnold to admit that new *Laodamia* is "not wholly free from something artificial;" and, in his eager endeavor to make Wordsworth better known, compels him, as a judicious critic, to omit in a special edition many of the poems most highly praised by the Wordsworth school. What Mr. Arnold calls an "ample body of powerful work" remains; it is enough to secure, in the slow but inevitable verdict of mankind, the immortality of its author.

Mr. De Vere certainly has striven to apply to his own verse the sound caution which he heard from Wordsworth's lips. I do not venture to say that, even in his best work, he has succeeded so well as Wordsworth in his better (not in his best). The future, which will read De Vere's poetry unaffected by the shadows which come between it and the general public now,—shadows of which something remains to be said,—may rank him very near and only a little below Wordsworth in what Matthew Arnold calls the successful balance in poetry,—"profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution." Judged by the moral test, he has everything to expect of the future,—not the moral in the didactic, much less the exhorting sense, but in the sense of the "profound application of ideas to life,"—in the sense of living, eternal, actual, and lovely truth, expressed in a noble, chaste, stately, living manner. It goes without saying that there is no sensationism in his verse. But it is imbued with that which is infinitely superior to sensationism; with that which abides where sensationism withers and decays; with that which is to poetry what the spirit of man is to his body; with that which endures after the artificial and tricky and fantastic has been contemptuously forgot; with that which survives in tranquil majesty and unimpaired strength when all that is perishable in thought has perished,—with moral and artistic life.

It is not remarkable that no complete edition of Mr. De Vere's poems has been published in this country. It is mechanical, not

poetic, invention which interests Americans now. The singers must linger in their groves while the machinists fill the cities with their clangor. Poetry, according to a living critic, is merely "metaphor and music;" but the period in music is one of blare. The nightingale warbles unheard on the distant bough; the brass band bellows in the streets. The courageous Catholic Publication Society printed a collection of Mr. De Vere's poems more than a decade ago; it contains a number of the poet's odes, many of his finest sonnets,—"The Fall of Rora," "The Sisters,"—his most powerful and pathetic Irish poems, and a thoughtful collection of his miscellaneous poems. Mr. Kehoe had previously favored American readers with the devout and delicate "May Carols." Nor is there a complete edition in England, if I am rightly informed. Indeed, strange as it may appear, it is probable that Mr. De Vere has been read more in the United States than in the British Islands, since most of the poetic efforts of his later years have adorned the pages of the *Catholic World*. The sympathy between him and his Western friends he is himself conscious of, and in the preface to *Irish Odes* he gracefully and finely acknowledges it. "No one who has written in the English language," he says, "whether with the lower or the higher aims of literature, can fail to desire that his works shall have a circulation in America. That country must ere long contain far the larger number of those who speak English." "For me," he adds, "the question is not merely one of literature. There now exists in America more of my Irish fellow-countrymen than remain in their native country, and I cannot but wish that my poetry, much of which illustrates their history and religion, should reach those Irish 'of the dispersion' in that land which has extended to them its hospitality." It is not easy to classify Mr. De Vere's poems within rigid lines; but that the reader may become acquainted with his predominant characteristics, in their typical forms, the body of his poetry (not including the dramatic works, which call for consideration by themselves) may be divided into descriptive, religious, national, classic, and those relating to home and affection. In all of these, however, will be discovered "the profound application of ideas to life." He never mounts the pulpit; he never writes homily; he never moralizes nor ambuscades his reader into an essay; of course he never harangues. He is always just a poet; but a poet who always has his soul with him when abroad with his muse, and whose muse kneels with him when he worships and when he prays. Never jocose, but ever jocund; never frivolous, ever cheerful; descending into the depths of sorrow, never sinking into the abyss of despair; rising to the glorious mountain-tops of happiness, but never passing upward into transcendental insanity; in all his words reverent; in all his pas-

sionateness noble; seeing God (not sermons) in stones and running brooks; never mistaking Nature, the creature, for God, the creator, but ever conscious of the power, the majesty, the love, and the gentleness of God, while enjoying with pure ecstasy the beauty of His material world,—such a poet is Aubrey de Vere.

To show how just is such a characterization, and to give the reader a glimpse at once of the poet's elegance, feeling, grace, and power, I shall quote immediately, before proceeding to a fuller examination of his work, one sonnet and two short poems, essentially different in subject. The first is entitled

SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's Marmoreal calmness. Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

The second is

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES.

I saw the Poet standing by himself
At old Colonos (now, alas, no more
With dewy laurels fenced, or lit by streams
That gush o'er beds of crocus; lulled no longer
By that dark choir of quick-winged nightingales
That soothed the Eumenides:) he stood in trance,
Resting his forehead 'gainst an olive stem
Round which one arm hung idly—
At last he moved; his head sank slowly back;
On his Olympian brow the invisible air
Rested serene; his eyelids slowly drooped,
Till their dark lashes met with softest touch:
At last a rapture swelled his breast, and rising
Increased upon his face.
As one that inland stands on high-arched downs
Pierced by sea-caves, and wondering hears the sea
Working beneath—half hears it and half feels,
So looked he for a moment; then arose
Bright as a God—around his temples wreathed
A light of sun-fed locks! Silent he stood:
It was his hour of immortality!
Even at the moment of that trance he saw
A glorious vision from his own deep spirit
Emerged—a perfect form! o'er earth's dark ball
Hanging he saw it, as the Thunderer sees
That great creative Thought, mankind's one law—
He said; and cried aloud—Antigone!

And the third, no eyes that have read a page of Irish history of the seventeenth century will read without suffusion, or willingly dismiss from the memory forever after. It is a dirge in uniquely appropriate symbolism, for the brave Irish leader O'More. The expression "Silk of the Kine," was one of the bard's mystical names for Ireland:

Up the sea-saddened valley at evening's decline
A heifer walks lowing; the "silk of the kine;"
From the deep to the mountain she roams, and again
From the mountain's green urn to the purple-rimmed main.

Whom seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not thine!
He dropped from the headland, he sank in the brine!
'Twas a dream; but in dream at thy feet did he follow
Through the meadow-sweet, on by the marish and mallow!

Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou seek'st him not knowing
Thyself too art theirs, thy sweet breath and sad lowing!
Thy gold horn is theirs; thy dark eye and thy silk!
And that which torments thee, thy milk is their milk!

'Twas no dream, Mother Land! 'Twas no dream, Inisfail!
Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the Gael!
From Leix and Ikerren to Donegal's shore
Rolls the dirge of the last and thy bravest—O'More!

It has seemed to me that the influence of Wordsworth is perfectly apparent in Mr. De Vere's descriptive verse. It is reasonable to look for the truth of this in his sonnets:

A wild swan and an eagle side by side
I marked, careering o'er the ocean plain,
Emulous a loftier zenith each to gain,
Circling in orbits wider and more wide.
Highest, methought, through tempest scarce descried,
One time the bird of battle soared; in vain;
So soon, exhausted 'mid their joy and pride,
Dropped the bright rivals, vanquished, to the main.
Then, o'er the mighty waves around them swelling,
That snowy nursling of low lakes her song
Lifted to God, floating serene along;
While she that in the peaks had made her dwelling
Struggled in vain her wings to beat and quiver,
And the sea closed o'er that bright crest forever.

Here is a night on the Genoese Riviera:

Fanned by sweet airs the road along the cliff
Wound in the moonlight, glistening now, now dim;
So winds a silver snake in pale relief
Around a sacrificial beaker's brim:
Black rocks loomed forth in giant hieroglyph
O'er silken seas amid their shadows grim.
From lonely down dim lit, or dancing skiff
At times the song was borne, at times the hymn.

Star after star adown the blue vault sliding
Their bright hair washed successive in the wave,
Till morning, from her far purpureal cave
Issuing, and o'er the foamless billows gliding,
Leaped, as the bells rang out from tower and shrine,
Up from her sea-bath to the hills of pine.

"A Morning at Salerno" makes this exquisite picture:

Our hearts heaved slowly as that deep blue flood
Along whose marge we paced. More darkly blue,
Through lines of poplars gleaming on our view,
The violet crescent of the mountains stood.
Unblemished morning, shy as Maidenhood,
Rose blushing from the waves, and round us threw
A gradual halo, reddening through its dew
The silvery greenness of the willow wood.
Small clouds unnumbered, swollen with golden glories,
Swam in succession long of lucent fleeces
O'er all the ocean-isles and promontories,—
That old-world Faith, which sees whate'er it pleases,
Had deemed Saint Agnes up the heavenly Eden
Her mild immaculate flock was gently leading!

Mr. De Vere is fond of going to Latin roots for liquid syllables. The fault,—and it is warm criticism that will chide its severity,—is that of the artists who, after trying their throats on our rough compounds, insist that our ears will enjoy their Italian better. Music has a daintier sense than common speech.

One more sonnet, one that Wordsworth would have smiled with deep complacency in writing. It is XXXVIII. of those "Written in Travel:"

THE BLUE GENTIAN.

With heart not yet half rested from Mount Blanc,
O'er thee, small flower, my wearied eyes I bent,
And rested on that humble vision long:
Is there less beauty in thy purple tent
Outspread, perchance a boundless firmament,
O'er viewless myriads which beneath thee throng,
Than in that Mount whose sides, with ruin hung,
Frown o'er black glen and gorges thunder-rent?
Is there less mystery? Wisely if we ponder,
Thine is the mightier! Life, dread Power, in thee
Is strong as in cherubic wings that wander,
Searching the limits of Infinity;—
Life, life to be transmitted, not to expire
Till yonder snowy vault shall melt in the last fire!

It is almost unnecessary to quote any of Mr. De Vere's religious poems, as a religious spirit breathes so audibly in his every line. But to show how inevitably fidelity of description blends with his devotional mood, it is impossible to avoid this blending of the natural with the supernatural. It is "May Carol XXVI.":

The moon, ascending o'er a mass
  Of tangled yew and sable pine,
What sees she in yon watery glass?
  A tearful countenance divine.

Far down, the winding hills between,
  A sea of vapor bends for miles,
Unmoving. Here and there, dim seen,
  The knolls above it rise like isles.

The tall rock glimmers, spectre-white;
  The cedar in its sleep is stirred;
At times the bat divides the night;
  At times the far-off flood is heard.

Above, that shining blue!—below,
  That shining mist! Oh, not more pure
Midwinter's landscape, robed in snow,
  And fixed with frothy garniture.

The fragrance of the advancing year—
  That, that assures us it is May.
Oh, tell me, in the heavenlier sphere
  Must all of earth have passed away?

The national poems by Mr. De Vere cover the heartbreaking history of Ireland in her most stormy and most poetic period,—*Inisfail* commencing with the Norman conquests. The first part closes with "The Ballad of Turgesius the Dane." The second part includes the dreadful story of the religious wars; among its numbers is the dirge of O'More, already quoted. The third part relates to the penal laws and the victory of emancipation. *Inisfail*, therefore, begins with Strongbow and ends with Grattan. The whole comprises a lyrical chronicle of one hundred and twenty or more poems, singularly well sustained in lyric quality, in the unity of their purpose, and in the unity and comprehensiveness of their artistic plan. They are not national woes strung on a rhyming thread. Notable alike for their spontaneousness and their finish, they are animated by a fervent but not riotous patriotism, and the fire of true liberty burns in their thrilling numbers. I am afraid to say that some of Mr. De Vere's contemplative religious powers are afflicted with a philosophic shiver,—honestly doubting my judgment or having an incorrect mean temperature for religious poetry,—the standard of heat which sacrifices no ardor of imagination to spiritual meekness. Surely nothing is more difficult to effect than the perfect mating of good poetry and good religion in the bonds of rhythm and rhyme. But the charge of frigid elegance which may lie against a portion of that part of the poet's work cannot be sustained against *Inisfail*. A few extracts—all for which room can be claimed—will amply serve. Before making

these citations, the lofty spirit which animates,—the philosophic and Christian spirit,—should not go by without a word. "As such poems," says Mr. De Vere, "make us acquainted with the deeper springs of action, and with those imaginative instincts the might of which, like that of the imponderable agents in the material world, is at once secret and incalculable, history forgets party politics in human interests. It is thus that poetry exercises her high moral function in connection with history. She deepens our sympathies with those who contended for the right; yet she reminds us also of the allowance to be made for those who were unhappily ranged on the opposite side, whether by necessity, by custom, or by that vain and aggressive patriotism to which must be assigned a place among the illicit affections. Her spirit is comprehensive. She takes large views of things, discerning and confessing upon which side, *on the whole*, has been the right, and on which the wrong; for as regards mere detail, it is obvious that, so long as retaliation remains an attribute of our fallen nature, there must, in every prolonged struggle, be much of incidental wrong at both sides. But her spirit is also penetrating. She recognizes the force of hostile traditions and distinguishes between the individual and the cause." Passing over the prologue and the dozen fine poems which follow it,—"The House Norman," "The Legends," "The Bard Ethell,"—one in which the poetic insight is brightly displayed, passing by King Malachi and Saint Patrick, and O'Donnell's answer, and the battle of Athunree, fought in the fourteenth century, in which the Normans gained so decisive a victory over the Earls and became thereafter Irish chiefs, we find the dirge of Edward Bruce:

I.

He is dead, dead, dead!
  The man to Erin dear!
The king who gave our Isle a head—
  His kingdom is his bier.
He rode into our war;
  And we crowned him chief and prince,
For his race to Alba's shore
  Sailed from Erin, ages since.
Woe, woe, woe!
  Edward Bruce is cold to-day;
He that slew him lies as low,
  Sword to sword and clay to clay.

II.

King Robert came too late!—
  Long, long may Erin mourn!
Famine's rage and dreadful Fate
  Forbade her Bannockburn!
As the galley touched the strand
  Came the messenger of woe;

The king put back the herald's hand—
"Peace," he said, "thy tale I know!
His face was in the cloud;
And his wrath was on the surge"—
Maids of Alba, weave his shroud!
Maids of Erin, sing his dirge!

"The Irish Norman" and "The Statute of Kilkenny" are fittingly treated, and then we have "The Days of Outlawry," when Edward I. refused to grant the protection of English law to the Irish, and refused to recognize the Brehon law which did protect them.

I.

A cry comes up from wood and wold,
A wail from fen and marish,
"Grant us your laws, and take our gold;
Like beasts dog-chased we perish"—
The hunters of their kind reply,
"Our sport we scorn to barter!
We rule! the Irish enemy
Partakes not England's charter."

II.

A cry comes up forever new,
A wail of hopeless anguish,
"Your laws, your laws!—our laws ye slew;
In living death we languish"—
"Not so! we keep our hunting-ground;
We chase the flying quarry.
Hark, hark, that sound! the horn and hound!
Away! we may not tarry!"

III.

For Scotland England's King with glee
Forsakes his court and palace.
O Erin, if that hour in thee
A Bruce had risen—a Wallace!
For conquests new King Edward burns
In Scotland's farthest highland;
The forest lord the offal spurns
Of one subjected island!

IV.

Sad isle, thy laws are Norman lords,
That, dowered by Henry's bounty,
On cities sup 'mid famished hordes,
And dine on half a county!
A laughing Titan, Outlawry,
Strides drunk o'er hill and heather;
Justice to him is as a fly
'Twixt mailed hands clasped together.

V.

O memory, memory, leaves the graves
Knee-deep in grass and darnel!
Wash from a Kingdom, winds and waves,
The odor of the charnel!

Be dumb, red graves in valleys deep,
Black towers on plains blood-sloken :—
Dark fields, your thrilling secrets keep,
Nor speak till God hath spoken!

"The War Song of Niconnell's Bard at the Battle of Blackwater" is a faithful expression of bardic art and national ardor. That and "The Suppression of the Faith in Ulster" are the most elaborate poems in the second part of *Inisfail*. "In the Battle of Benburb" the poet seems to me deficient in presenting the *ensemble* of war; but as he aims at writing such an ode as the bards of the time wrote, it is easy to judge him by an improper criterion. Nowhere, however, has he the martial splendor of Thomas Davis, nor as an inspirer of high feeling and impetuous action is he comparable with such a popular poet as T. D. Sullivan; but De Vere is not a poet of the people in the sense that Davis and Sullivan are. He never loses sight of the *moral* purpose in his verse, whatever the theme of the lines, and the nature and scope of that moral purpose have already been more than suggested in his own words. "Under the tumults with which poetry deals there is ever an inner voice of peace," he quotes from Keble. In the third part of *Inisfail* the notable numbers are "The Curse of Cromwell," the "Ballad of the Lady Turned Beggar," the widow of Lord Roche, who fought for Charles I., and was left to starve in the streets by Charles II., "The Irish Slave in Barbadoes," which seems to me inadequate in passion, but it is meltingly plaintive. And this is the story of Sarsfield's capture of the Dutch cannon:

A Ballad of Sarsfield, or the Bursting of the Guns, A.D. 1690.

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
And to take and break their cannon;
To Mass went he at half-past three,
And at four he crossed the Shannon.

Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts
Old fields of victory ran on;
And the chieftains of Thormond in Limerick's towers
Slept well by the banks of Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he crossed the ford,
And couched in the wood and waited;
Till, left and right, on marched in sight
That host which the true men hated.

"Charge!" Sarsfield cried; and the green hillside
As they charged replied in thunder;
They rode o'er the plain and they rode o'er the slain,
And the rebel rout lay under!

He burned the gear the knaves held dear,—
For his King he fought, not plunder;
With powder he crammed the guns and rammed
Their mouths the red soil under.

The spark flashed out—like a nation's shout
The sound into heaven ascended;
The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,
And the thunders twain were blended!

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
And to take and break their cannon;
A century after, Sarsfield's laughter,
Was echoed from Dungannon.[1]

This is the "Ballad of Athlone, or How They Broke Down the Bridge."

Does any man dream that a Gael can fear?
Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one!
The Shannon swept onward, broad and clear,
Between the leaguers and worn Athlone.

"Break down the bridge!"—Six warriors rushed
Through the storm of shot and the storm of shell;
With late, but certain, victory flushed,
The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrenched at the planks 'mid a hail of fire,
They fell in death, their work half done;
The bridge stood fast; and nigh and nigher
The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

"O who for Erin will strike a stroke?
Who hurl yon planks where the waters roar?"
Six warriors forth from their comrades broke,
And flung them upon the bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed,
And four dropped dead, and two remained;
The huge beams groaned and the arch dome crashed,
Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up and cried:
"I have seen no deed like that in France!"
With a toss of his head Sarsfield replied:
"They had luck, the dogs! 'Twas a merry chance!"

O many a year upon Shannon's side
They sang upon moor and they sang upon heath
Of the twain that breasted the raging tide,
And the ten that shook bloody hands with Death!

The third part of *Inisfail* contains a large number of strong ballads and melodious songs; the key is that of the beautiful "Parvuli Ejus."

In the night, in the night, O my country, the stream calls out from afar:
So swells thy voice through the ages, sonorous and vast;
In the night, in the night, O my country, clear flashes the star:
So flashes on me thy face through the gloom of the past.

[1] It was in the parish church of Dungannon that the volunteers of 1782 proclaimed the constitutional independence of the Irish Parliament.

I sleep not; I watch; in blows the wind, ice-winged and ice-fingered;
My forehead it cools and slakes the fire in my breast;
Though it sighs o'er the plains where oft thine exiles look'd back and long linger'd,
And the graves where thy famished lie dumb and thine outcasts find rest.

For up from those vales wherein thy brave and thy beautiful moulder,
And on through the homesteads waste and the temples defiled,
A voice goes forth on that wind, as old as the islands and older,
"God reigns; at His feet earth's Destiny sleeps 'like a child.'"

Besides *Inisfail* Mr. De Vere has written many tender and touching poems on Irish woe, which, were the English heart susceptible to the most agonizing appeal that ever arose on earth, would have reached its core. It is true that he has not been formally identified with any division of the national parties in Ireland, a fact which may account for his being loved much less than he should be at home. It is true, too, that some of his patriotic verse is not written in the revolutionary key, and that a "God Save the Queen" will be found in his miscellaneous poems. But Tom Moore degraded the air of "St. Patrick's Day" into a toadying song to the Prince of Wales and trolled, in loyal glow,

"A curse on the minion who calls you disloyal;"

for he was quite sure—while drinking the Prince's health in the Prince's presence—that on the Prince's birthday, all Irishmen and women loved the Prince and his crown:

"Oh, my life on your faith! were you summoned this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe on her Prince's birthday!"

And some Irishmen were celebrating Tom Moore the other day, although the Persians, the Greeks, and the English ignored his festival, notwithstanding his claims upon them. Those of his countrymen who found the occasion gracious to their feelings celebrated it with propriety—in that same giddy cup in which Tom was wont so lightly to drown the sorrows of his country—the Bacchic cup whose rim has never touched the lip of Aubrey de Vere's muse. When the thoughtful patriot reads to the end De Vere's "God Save the Queen" he will find that, after all, he has nothing to forgive, for this is the closing stanza, and did Her Majesty heed it we should have heard less of the famine cry in '47 and '80:

"God save the Queen! From chiefs of yore,
Who left for Alba's mountains,
Dalbrida, Ireland's northern shore,
Her life-blood tracks its fountains:

Ring out, strong voices, and be glad!
Make answer, tower and steeple!
God save the Queen! But let her add
Her prayer—'God save my people!'"

It is true, too, that Mr. De Vere has dedicated one volume of his poems "To the Memory of the Faithful and True; of those among the Sons of Ireland who, during the ages of her affliction, sustained a just cause in the Spirit of Loyalty and Liberty, and sullies that cause by no crime," which may be construed as an implied reflection on the rash but heroic souls who spilled others' blood and caused their own to be spilled in vain for poor Ireland; but Tom Moore dedicated his complete works to the Prince of Wales. De Vere preferred his Irish countrymen. Besides, if he need apology, he may ask Daniel O'Connell to repeat for him two famous phrases which need not be mentioned here. There is another of De Vere's poems which calls for special allusion. With some conspicuous exceptions, the "nobility" of Ireland have been the most embarrassing obstacles in the way of her liberty. The few who had been able to retain their titles and estates with their faith were so conservative in their political principles and so aristocratic in their social ideas as to lack true sympathy with the masses of the people. Those whose ancestors had thrown their consciences up to the crown in order to preserve the land at their feet from confiscation became, generally, malignant or, at least, stupid bigots. The Irish Parliament of 1782, in which no Catholic sat, was patriotic enough to recover the right of originating legislation in Ireland, lost by Poyning's Law; it was so bigoted that it would not grant Catholic emancipation, although the passage of that measure then might have saved the Parliament forever, because it would have had new and powerful incentives against listening to the Act of Union. The Parliament which sold out the country for gold and promises in 1800 had no Catholic in it. But when the eloquence and energy of the patriot Protestants and the patriot but still unemancipated Catholics began to make England fear that emancipation could not be forever postponed, the infamous device of the "veto" was conceived, and the Catholic nobles of Ireland were its most efficient promoters. Is it necessary to recall what that proposition was? Those who are not familiar with it will find it almost incredible. English politicians professed to be willing to give four-fifths of the people of Ireland a voice in the management of their own affairs provided that the management of the religion of four-fifths of the Irish people was handed over to Protestant English politicians. Did such a proposition receive support among Irish Catholics? Aye, for years and years, and for years and years it postponed Catholic emancipation.

In form the proposition was comparatively mild and unoffending. Rome was to fill vacant Irish bishoprics as usual; but the English Crown was to exercise a veto upon the nominations. In other words, no ecclesiastic should become a bishop in Ireland who was not or would not speedily be a servile political tool for maintaining English oppression in Ireland. The Irish and English nobility, Protestant and Catholic, supported this almost to a man. Castlereagh and his adroit agents shrewdly pressed it at Rome. For a time it was kindly heard there. But O'Connell and Bishop Doyle, and the then young but even then valorous John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, succeeded in winning or shaming away from it its most persuasive advocates. Bishop Doyle declared that, were the veto to become a law, he would lay down his mitre and crozier never again to place the one upon his head nor take the other in his hand. The sinister attempt to strangle Irish religious liberty at the very moment of its birth had finally to be abandoned, chiefly because the Irish hierarchy had become practically unanimous against it, and because the Pope, as soon as he was restored to his political independence after his imprisonment by Napoleon, refused to entertain it at all. There are Catholic "nobles" and commoners in Ireland who, in their blind folly, may be willing to adopt that compact to-day for the sake of aggrandizing themselves and silencing the anxious beating of the national heart; and many of these "nobles" have only Irish blood in their veins. How some of them obtained their titles it would be too painful, too humiliating to inquire. He who can bear the pain with equanimity may satisfy his curious desire by examining Burke's *Peerage*, Lodge's *Peerage*, and the "black list" and "red list" of the members of the Irish Parliament, who voted upon the Act of Union in 1800. It may be found in the appendix to Mitchell's *History of Ireland*. Aubrey de Vere, although the son of an Irish baronet, is of clear English extraction, and might surely be pardoned for glorying in England's glory, and for wishing sincerely that Ireland, forgetting the past and recking not of the future, should accept the destiny so persistently and cruelly thrust upon her for six hundred years, and lose her identity in English absorption. But no such thought has found a welcome in his sturdy Irish heart. Writing of the refusal of the Irish Parliament of 1782 to grant Catholic emancipation, he exclaims:

> "Nobles of Ireland, that would fain be free,
> Set free your Irish helots! From that hour
> Nation and people equalled shall ye stand
> With England, side to side, or hand to hand!
> Boast not till then a freedom void of power:
> A laughing devil mocks such liberty!"

Nor does he hesitate to pour out an honest soul's loathing on the base betrayers of their country's independence.

> "Amid a people's curses deep,
> Or silent execration,
> The men that readiest proved to creep
> Were pitchforked into station."

There are Irish patriots, boastful of their lineage, who can learn duty and honor and patriotism from this son of a Cromwellian planter!

The founder of the Irish De Veres was Vere Hunt, who went to Ireland as an officer in the Cromwellian army, and settled in the year 1657 at Currah, Limerick, and Glangoole, Tipperary. He was a grandson of Henry Hunt, who had been high sheriff of Essex County, and Jane de Vere, of the house of Oxford. His heirs intermarried with the families of Sir William Piers, Bart., and Lord Kerry. Vere Hunt was created a baronet of Ireland, December 4th, 1774. He married Elinor, daughter of Lord Glentworth, and sister of the Earl of Limerick. Their son Aubrey was the second baronet, who was returned to the Irish Parliament in 1797. He died in 1818, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Aubrey, who assumed, by letters patent dated March 15th, 1832, the surname and arms of De Vere only. His wife was the daughter of Stephen-Edward Rice, Esq., of Kerry. The poet is their third son, and was born in 1814. Sir Aubrey died in 1846.

It is impossible, for want of space, to take a line from the classic or affectional poems of Mr. De Vere; and it is hard to resist the temptation of the very beautiful and intensely human and realistic "Search for Proserpine." I can only hope that an American publisher will feel encouraged to give us a complete edition of the poet's works, in order that his singular merits and genuine beauty may become a part of the enjoyment of our cultivated and sincere people. Earlier in this article I alluded to the shadows which have hid Aubrey de Vere from the general knowledge and just appreciation. They will disappear in time. Wordsworth had to wait more than forty years. Aubrey de Vere may have to wait longer, but his day will come. One of those shadows I have endeavored to make as palpable as possible, for to me it is all luminous,—he is Irish. The other—need it be named? He embraced the Catholic faith in the profound earnestness of his manhood. Wordsworth declared Frederick William Faber a better poet of nature than himself, and he acknowledged no other superior; yet when the amiable Faber became a Catholic, Wordsworth, not always so great a soul as the De Veres deemed him, cast the convert out from the pale of his friendship. Had Aubrey de Vere remained in Heber's

and Keble's company, his name would resound to-day in many a stolen fane. He can wait. And whenever one with poetry and purity in his own breast takes up these poems and reads, no matter what the theme of the many-worded muse, no matter what the humor of the reader or what his lot in life, he will say, when he lays the volume down, anxious soon to take it up again, this is "a true poet soul, for it needs but to be struck and the sound that it yields will be music."

THE RECENT MINISTERIAL CHANGE IN ENGLAND.

THE sudden change in the political character of the British ministry and the House of Commons is one of the surprises of the year. The Tories were not defeated in any great measure deliberately brought before Parliament, but the ministry seemed to think their majority not in good working order, and Lord Beaconsfield in all gayety of heart determined on a dissolution and an appeal to the country, his own self-satisfaction whispering that the new House would be fresh and strong, and better suited to his purpose.

He had been a blind prophet; he had miscalculated the increase of strength in the Irish Home Rulers; he had ignored the discontent of English voters with members who had neglected them and their interests; he had made light of Mr. Gladstone's great popularity in Scotland. All these influences operated in the three kingdoms; the anti-Tory party gained strength in Ireland and Scotland, and the Tories were lukewarm in England.

The Liberal party is an aggregation of dissentients rather than an organized body. As Mr. Gladstone admitted, with the exception of a small minority, "they could not reckon on the aristocracy; they could not reckon on what was called the landed interest; they could not reckon on the clergy of the established Church, either in England or Scotland, subject again in this case to a few honorable exceptions; they could not reckon on the wealth of the country, nor on the rank of the country, nor on the influence which rank and wealth usually brought."

Yet with all these disadvantages to contend with, the Liberals, to the surprise of friend and foe, apparently as much to Mr. Gladstone's surprise as to Lord Beaconsfield's, carried seat after seat, till it was evident that the Tories would sustain a crushing defeat, and be decisively in the minority in the new Parliament. The

ministry might have waited, and opened the new Parliament, and proceeded till its votes distinctly showed its opposition; but the precedent had been established in 1868, followed in 1874, that when a ministry appeals to the country by a dissolution of Parliament, and the nation speaking through the elections declares that a new House unfavorable to the ministry shall legislate for the land, that ministry must resign, just as though the nation had spoken by its representatives in the hall of the Commons of England. The precedent set by Disraeli made the resignation of his ministry inevitable. Only one course was left. The Beaconsfield ministry resigned and a new ministry was formed, after one ineffectual attempt, under Mr. Gladstone.

The acknowledged leader of the Liberals was Mr. Gladstone, who perhaps more than any other had changed the tide of opinion, and made the public censure some of the weightier acts of the Beaconsfield administration, especially its management of the Turkish question and the affairs in South Africa and Afghanistan. He was not personally popular with the Queen, who summoned Lord Hartington to form a ministry. A man of recognized ability, he could not undertake the delicate task, and pointed to Mr. Gladstone as the one whom the voice of England really called to the high and responsible position.

Mr. Gladstone thus came into power during a recess, and found it necesary to select a cabinet. The men who had retired from office with him six years before were still all alive and in their mental vigor. He could therefore find men versed in the management of public affairs, and in whom the country could feel confidence from their known ability and experience, and others who, trained in the same school, had evinced a recognized capacity. Earl Granville became Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Hugh Childers, Secretary of War; the Marquis of Hartington, Secretary for India; William E. Forster, Secretary for Ireland; the Earl of Kimberley, once Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Colonial Secretary; Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Secretary of State for the Home Department; Lord Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty; John Bright, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; James Stanfield, President of the Local Government Board; Earl Spencer, President of the Council; and the Duke of Argyll, Lord of the Privy Seal.

The Marquis of Ripon, well versed in India matters and of great diplomatic and administrative force, was sent to solve the difficult knot in Asia, and Mr. Goschen dispatched to Constantinople.

There was in the cabinet ability to guide the country well. There had been what to Englishmen generally must have seemed a sudden revolution, but it was one which brought no revolutionary

characters to the helm. The men placed in power had before controlled the destinies of the kingdoms, and not wrecked them.

But evidence was almost instantly forthcoming that some electors at least repented their course. An election in Scotland where the Liberals seemed certain of success resulted in their defeat. With the extension of the suffrage in England they are learning the lesson that we have learned in America and that is, that where, as the normal condition, there are two parties pretty equally balanced, the destinies of the country are after all decided, not by the active party men, but by the sudden decision just before election of a large class, who take little interest in public affairs and politics, who often remain away from the polls, and when they vote do so from no sound reason, but on an impulse created by some momentary influenee of pulpit or press.

At the moment of the Liberal accession to power, three great questions called for the ablest and soundest statesmanship,—the condition of Turkey, the state of affairs in Afghanistan, and the relief of Ireland.

The late government had buoyed up Turkey with false hopes of English support as against other European powers, and the false security thus given had enabled the reactionary party at Constantinople to nullify virtually much that had been promised at Berlin in the way of reform. It became evident that Turkey was steadily drifting to her utter ruin. Lord Beaconsfield's government failed to obtain any influence for good over the Turks. Mr. Gladstone pledged himself to put an end to this trifling course, and to bring the Porte under the authority of Europe, and to carry out the parts of the Berlin treaty which were most obnoxious to the Sultan and the Pachas. To carry out his plans he dispatched Mr. Goschen to Constantinople to replace Sir Henry Layard. The Sultan, foreseeing danger, hesitated to receive Mr. Goschen, conscious that every point to be pressed by that envoy touched him vitally, and if he yielded he would be monarch only in name.

Afghanistan was in a state of anarchy; an English army had overthrown the Ameer; no recognized government was yet established. Candahar had, without any authority from England, been set up as an independent state, and the English were in such a position that they dared neither to hold the country by arms nor to retire. The course to be taken by Lord Ripon is, of course, not yet known, but Gladstone entertains no extravagant fears of Russian aggression in Central Asia, and will not continue the military occupation of Afghanistan beyond the moment when he can with honor and with no loss of prestige withdraw the troops, and leave the natives to settle their affairs to their own liking.

During a recess, with no real business going on, no debates in

Parliament to act as a safety-valve for the public opinion which is concentrated at Westminster, there was nothing to be done by the party secretly in power, but to criticise the formation of the ministry, and the acts of the Premier. The apologetic correspondence of Gladstone in the Karolyi matter excited strong disapproval, as no Englishman likes anything that resembles a backdown. Then the appointment of a Catholic, Lord Ripon, to be Viceroy of India, and another Catholic, Lord Kenmare, to be Lord Chamberlain, though perfectly consistent in a party professing to be in fact as well as in name liberal, roused the fanatical spirit of Englishmen. As no Catholic has ever been returned to the House of Commons by any English constituency for the last two centuries, nor will be probably for a century to come, their inherent bigotry received a shock in these appointments. The average British mind could view with serenity the election of Bradlaugh, an atheist, to Parliament, but the conferring of any high dignity on a Catholic was intolerable. Lord Oranmore and Browne, and the British Reformation Society, at once presented to the Prime Minister a protest against these appointments. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland was not slow to follow the example, and officially censured the Premier. Neither English nor Scotch bigot adduced any charge that either nobleman was unfitted for the position assigned to him, or hinted that the interest of England or its crown would suffer in the least. Silly and groundless, this protest, nevertheless, weakened Mr. Gladstone's government and lost him some supporters.

Ireland, desolated with famine, with its people fleeing by thousands from its shores, demands an extended franchise, a limitation of landlord power, means to enable the agriculturist to become owner of the soil he tills, and, in fine, Home rule. The wife of the last Viceroy of Ireland had won a respect beyond example by her zealous and noble efforts to relieve the distress of the people, but no change could be made in the growing strength of the Home Rulers, who came into Parliament stronger than ever, and who contributed to the overthrow of the late administration. Mr. Gladstone proposes to extend the franchise, but as to the land question seems, as yet, to have decided definitely on no line of policy. To conciliate the island, however, he proposes to let the Irish Peace Preservation Act lapse.

Parliament met, but many of the ministry had not yet been returned; the speech from the throne was vague; the new ministry seemed groping blindly and almost ineffectually to collect and grasp the reins, and gave signs of weakness and irresolution. Denouncing the Irish members as obstructionists, the Liberals seemed themselves to have been these last few years really obstructionists, opposing, checking, thwarting the projects of the late administra-

tion, but evidently without any clearly conceived idea of the proper course to pursue, or ability to initiate and conduct the proper line of policy.

A series of petty defeats and humiliations almost at the outset lowered them in the general esteem. Austria took offence at some of Mr. Gladstone's utterances, and a letter of explanation followed: Mr. O'Donnell asked information in the House of Commons as to the antecedents of Challemel Lacour, the newly appointed minister from France, and Mr. Gladstone, reviving an antiquated power, prevented a member of Parliament from doing what had been done thousands of times; then among the Liberals returned to Parliament was Bradlaugh the atheist, and that worthy, reluctant to acknowledge by taking an oath the existence of the Deity whom he had so often denied, asked to affirm instead of swearing, but when he found that he had excited a storm, faltered. Then Mr. Gladstone, unwilling to risk the cause of his ministry on such an issue, declared the case to be a constitutional and not a party question. The vote of the House then declared that Mr. Bradlaugh should not be allowed either to swear or affirm; and when he persisted in his demand for admission he was arrested and imprisoned.

The symptoms of weakness and of weakening support make the existence and work of this administration precarious. It has, however, an opportunity to render England excellent service, and if there is among the members real political wisdom the opportunity will not be lost. An able statesmanlike project is required for the amelioration of Ireland. Suffrage must be placed on a uniform basis in all parts of the United Kingdom; great modifications must be introduced in all the laws regarding land, and the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland; and the fact must be recognized that titles based on confiscations by government should not be maintained when they become a menace to the very existence of government. The claims of Ireland must be recognized that higher education should receive the same fostering care as in England or Scotland, and no bigotry in those countries should be allowed to thwart it in the sister island.

The Irish Home Rulers helped to defeat the Tories, but are not Liberals. Their representatives in Westminster Hall will annoy the present administration as they did the last, and will show that if they cannot secure for Ireland the legislation which she deems vitally important, they can at least interfere with England's quiet. They may even go further, and, seeking out local grievances in England, foster them and become their mouthpieces, rallying around them the more powerful discontents of that island, and increasing still more the difficulties of every administration.

The recent change of trade by which America pours not only

breadstuffs but butcher's meat into England, strikes directly at agriculture and grazing in Great Britain and Ireland, and, reducing the profits to the lowest point, makes a failure of crops in any part the precursor of famine. Provision must be made for this new order of things, and the public mind be prepared for sacrifices, with a view to reaching a safe and healthy course.

In regard to Turkey the Gladstone administration can do little but insist on the carrying out of the treaty of Berlin. A European conference has assembled; but there are already indications that some powers will hold that the treaties of San Stefano and Berlin were designed to reform not to annihilate the Moslem rule in Turkey. Already the Sultan shows an inclination to rouse the fanaticism of the Mohammedans rather than yield all but the nominal sovereignty. Greece must obtain the Greek provinces; Montenegro be contented, and the Albanian revolt accepted or crushed.

At best little can be done to give such a solution of the Turkish difficulties as a master mind might in the first instance have dictated. Turkey has been and is frittering away into weak petty states. While the tendency elsewhere is to do away with such autonomies, and make larger and more powerful bodies politic, the clashing of interests has led to the opposite course in Turkey. Greece was made a petty kingdom under foreign rule that never takes root. With a smaller population than some European cities, it ranks as a kingdom; other parts of the Turkish empire are made into half-independent principalities, some under native, some under foreign princes, thus creating diverse interests, rivalries, and jealousies among parts of what were once, and what should be still, a single empire.

While Disraeli sought only to prop up the Sultan, Gladstone will endeavor to advance the interests of the Christian states, and Christian inhabitants of the portion where Turkish rule is still intact. There is now no question of any further attempt on the part of Russia to extend her power over Turkey. That danger seems for the present removed, and the only thing to be done is to foster the wellbeing of the new states, and secure their progress in national prosperity.

In spite of strong opposition Mr. Gladstone announced that Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, would be retained as one necessary to carry out the plan of confederation originated by him. The ministry all concur in regarding his recall as an injury to the colony, and in this light they treat it as a national and not as a political question.

Their views in regard to India have not been explicitly stated, but the Gladstone ministry are evidently influenced by no exaggerated fears of Russian encroachments in Central Asia. So far

as they can effect it, a stable government is to be obtained in Afghanistan, which is to be left independent, and there seems to be no disposition to add to the territory and dangers of British India.

Some minor questions come up, such as our Fortune Bay fishery, but as the new ministry are free from the responsibility of their predecessors, the way is easy to an honorable and final settlement of a question more productive of bad blood and bitter feeling than of any substantial advantage to either party.

There are indications of healthy, honorable action on the part of the new administration, but it must do something promptly to rivet public confidence. The party is made up of incoherent elements, and a tendency to dissolution is already manifest.

Mr. Gladstone may retire and leave control to hands not committed so fully by past acts and deeds, and more free to shape a course; but if he holds his place, the ministry will go down with him.

SUICIDE, CONSIDERED IN ITS MORAL BEARINGS.

SUICIDES are of daily occurrence, as the columns of our newspapers plainly show. The *British Encyclopædia* contains the following statistics, whose data are furnished by Quetelet. In Russia the proportion of suicides is one to every 49,182 inhabitants; in Austria it is one to every 20,900; in France it is one to every 18,000; in the State of Pennsylvania it is one to every 15,875; in Prussia it is one to every 14,404; in the city of Baltimore the proportion is as one to every 13,656; in Boston there is one case for every 25,000 inhabitants, and in New York one for every 7797. These figures show that, in spite of the repugnance which man naturally has for death, a large number accept this unreasonable alternative, hoping thus to find "surcease from sorrow."

The frequent occurrence of this crime, so singular in its nature, has induced some persons to conclude—rather hastily it is true—that all such disorderly action springs from insanity, thereby eschewing moral accountability. Now, in this matter, as in all other moral affairs, it is hazardous to logic to deal in universal propositions; for instance, to affirm that every suicide is fully and entirely an insane act is manifestly untenable; on the other hand, to assert that all suicides proceed from a mind that is perfectly

aware of the moral character of such action, and from a will that is then and there free either to act or not to act, or, in other words, to maintain with sweeping universality that suicide, or self-murder, is never the result of disease, but is always the effect of a will that is morally perverse, is equally as untenable as the previous position. Our conclusion, then, is that the truth lies between these positions. We admit, on the one hand, that there are cases of self-destruction which spring from insanity; but we affirm, on the other, that self-killing is not unfrequently an action which is criminally responsible; and this is suicide properly so called.

The proportion of cases occurring in each of these classifications it is not our purpose here to determine. The scope of this paper includes those cases only which have a moral bearing; and it is in this sense, as coupled with responsibility, that we will use the term suicide.

Suicide we define thus: The unauthorized taking away of one's own life. The reason and explanation of this definition will shortly be given.

Before proceeding to consider the moral turpitude of the act, it is well to premise a remark, the truth of which—although enunciated in the language of Revelation—is, nevertheless, a proximate conclusion from natural law; it is this: "It has been appointed unto all men once to die." This proposition does not need the sanction of a special revelation to render it certain; it is immediately manifest to every one's natural reason, and it is expressed in trite sayings among the people in various ways; *v. g.*, a man wishing to present something very true to his dubious neighbor, tells him that two things are supremely certain: "death and taxes." It is also a platitude among the poets. Horace says:

> "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede, pauperum tabernas
> Regumque turres."[1]

Death, then, is a sentence which in the general providence of God has been pronounced upon every man. This being true we can now examine the nature and guilt of suicide. Is it something which is of itself evil, or is it evil because it is forbidden? To answer these questions comprehensively, we will place our views in the form of a proposition, viz.: Suicide, as before defined, is a grave violation of natural law. The same truth may be stated in a different manner when viewing the subject under another aspect; thus, self-killing, apart from circumstances or in the abstract, is

[1] "With equal pace impartial fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate."—*Francis.*

not, of itself, evil, and it really becomes evil only when it is duly forbidden.[1]

The definition we have given of suicide is, we think, so worded as to present the manner in which an intelligent mind naturally and truly conceives this action; for when attention is directed to the act of self-killing, the question at once occurs: Why is such action wrong? to which the true answer is, because it is a violation of a law imposed by one vested with authority, *i. e.*, because it is unauthorized. Hence, it is the unauthorization which determines its guilt.[2]

It remains now to be shown that suicide, as thus explained, is a grave violation of natural law, and that on no occasion is it justifiable.

To consider the subject more thoroughly we will view man under three aspects: first, as related to himself; second, as related to society; and third, as related to God. And first, of man as related to himself.

Is it true that man can owe to himself a duty properly so called? Can he be the person both by whom and to whom a debt is owed? To this the answer would seem to be that man's duties towards himself are, like his duties towards his fellow-men, founded on a primary duty to God. But if—*per impossibile*—man owed no

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[1] Observe that we distinguish between self-killing and self-murder or suicide; we regard the former (self-killing) as an action that is indifferent in its species or in the abstract, and hence requires the addition of circumstances to determine its moral nature; but self-murder or suicide is something already determined morally, and is used by the best English writers to convey the idea of a grave moral evil.

[2] This definition is, we think, the one to which the teaching of the best metaphysicians reduces. Layman (lib. iii., De Just., trac. iii., par. iii., cap. i.) says that it is never lawful to take one's own life, "nisi Deus ita jubeat," which is tantamount to saying that it is unlawful except when duly authorized. Sporer (tom. ii., trac. v., in V. Præcep. Decal., § ii.) says that it is wrong to take one's own life even indirectly, "nisi justa causa ita agendi excuset." And Lacroix (Theol. Mor., tom. i., lib. iii., trac. iv., par. i.) states that taking one's own life is unlawful, "absque divina auctoritate."

The words of St. Thomas on this subject are given farther on in this article.

Although Blackstone afterwards pronounces a *felo de se* one "that deliberately puts an end to his own existence," yet his reasoning shows, and in reality he admits, the point in question; for he says (vol. ii., book iv., p. 189), "that no man hath a power to destroy life but by commission from God." To place the quality of premeditation or deliberation as an essential constituent of the definition of suicide would not seem to meet the issue so exactly as to make the specific note consist in unauthorization, since we might suppose as intrinsically possible a case of self-killing which would be deliberate or premeditated, and yet guiltless. The same reasoning [illegible] is true of murder, since the guilt consequent upon the taking of another's life depends in the last analysis and absolutely upon the answer which we give to the following question: Was the taking of life duly authorized or not?

The killing we may even suppose to be premeditated or deliberate, and still the action will not necessarily be evil.

duty to God, then he would absolutely owe no duty to himself, at least none properly so called; for that is no duty strictly which can be disregarded with impunity. However, as things are actually constituted, man can owe a real duty to himself, though, as we saw, its fundamental reason is extrinsic to himself, and rests in God. The essential difference between a right and a wrong would not, *cæteris paribus*, be destroyed even in the absurd case supposed above, because it is from the very nature of things; and in no just sense is it dependent on a will,[1] the notion of which arises only when we are considering the sanction set upon the observance of the line discriminating between the right and the wrong, *i. e.*, when we are considering the return due to the good and the evil, or the reward for the one and the punishment for the other. The practical importance of the moral order is, however, chiefly dependent upon its sanction. In brief, then, it may be said that if man, under the absurd supposition made above, were absolute master of himself, then we could with no propriety of language admit that he owed a duty; there might be an abstract norma of right and wrong, but it would be *vox et præterea nihil*.

The conclusion to be drawn from the foregoing is this: Man owes duties to himself, strictly such, not absolutely, but conditionally, *i. e.*, dependently on his primary duty to God; and if the latter were removed, the *raison d'etre* of the former would likewise vanish.[2] Suicide would not, even in the rationally unwarrantable case previously stated, commend itself to reason, since it would be an action not in conformity with that standard of morals which we might conceive as still remaining in the human mind; for even in such extreme case, other things remaining the same, man would still feel a repugnance to death, would cling to existence as a precious boon, and, finally, he would still be a member of society, and, as such, would not be permitted ruthlessly to withdraw himself from those having a claim upon his existence. This consideration brings us to the second aspect of suicide, which has much weight in exhibiting its wrongfulness.

Viewing the individual as placed by nature within the pale of society, with his personal wellbeing so dependent upon his fellowmen, his best interests so closely interwoven with those of the persons around him, and, in fact, encompassed by such a network of

[1] For then we might conceive an interchange as inherently possible between the right and the wrong.

[2] Observe in this connection the application of the metaphysical principle: Justice regards another person. Quia sicut justitia semper est ad alterum ita et injustitia. St. Thom., 2.2æ, quæst. lix., art. iii. ad 2.

We must introduce the notion of God to give vitality and strength to our idea of man's duty to himself.

relations; viewing man as thus situated, as the correlated term of so many rights and duties, we must fail to see the justice and the propriety of a course that would arbitrarily sever these manifold ties. If the individual were free thus arbitrarily to separate himself from the social body, the destruction of society would be a mere question of time, since it would be cherishing in its bosom the principles of dissolution and certain decay.

If it should finally be asked what value, philosophically, can we, as against those who might uphold suicide, place upon the arguments drawn from a consideration of man as having duties both to himself and to society, we will be forced to answer that the logical cogency of such reasoning depends, in the last analysis, on man's duty to God, which is primary and is the basis of all his other duties. God alone has the right primarily and *par excellence* to exact duty at our hands, since He alone gave us that which has the sufficient reason and foundation of a first duty, viz., being, personal existence. Society confers on us no such boon as this. Though in the order of second causes it has done much for us, yet its favors are but supplementary and conservative of our first gift by creation.[1] God alone, as the absolute master of each individual, has the supreme right over life and death; and this right, as is plain from natural reason, is reserved, not delegated even to the individual himself. Herein is to be found the final reason why suicide bears the impress of guilt, since it is a grave and unjustifiable usurpation of another's right; it is an act of injustice in violation of the established order of relations between creature and Creator.[2] Hence we formulate this grave evil as an action done in violation of the natural law. As there is no reason ulterior to the one just adduced, so there is no reason short of it by which the mind is satisfied that it has fathomed the subject to its lowest depth; here we have the metaphysical and final, not the scientific and proximate, cause why self-murder is wrong.

[1] Observe that a duty is of its nature a debt, and implies a previous value received —a right,—which is the cause and foundation of the duty. It would be illogical to attempt a philosophical explanation of man's duties, or debts, without first considering his rights, or the value received, which is the measure of his obligations, and to which they must be directly proportioned.

[2] However, since the relation referred to is not essential and necessary in its nature, but is, in the last analysis, contingent and voluntary, we cannot, in a univocal sense, apply the terms "intrinsically evil" to suicide and, *v. g.*, to blasphemy, which is at variance with an essential and immutable relation. The moral nature of the criminal act —suicide —is determined by the contingent circumstance of authorization; but blasphemy is so directly opposed to the natural law, that we can add no circumstances to it—considered objectively—which would change its moral character. Suicide is not of this class of evil actions, and does not possess the same necessity, since its nature is, in a true sense of the term, contingent.

We might notice here by way of a short digression, that some minds are too prone to think all attempts to view a subject in a metaphysical light are trivial and useless; but this is surely not the more intelligent mode of thought to adopt, since the human intellect was created to have truth for its object; and truth of the highest and most perfect kind is that in which the human understanding acquiesces with most satisfaction. Now, genuine metaphysics is nothing else than the highest and noblest truths ordered and systematized; it is their complexus or synthesis, as informing the mind, that furnishes wisdom most properly such. For those who would consign metaphysics to the regions of erratic thought there seems to be no consistent answer possible when asked, for instance, by the man who, realizing the inadequacy of earthly things to satisfy the end of an intelligent being, sincerely and earnestly puts the question: "Is life really worth living?" If we are unable, in such case, to grapple mentally with the exact issue, and to show the person the real "prize of life," the only true reason why life is worth living, the inevitable consequence of this sheer insufficiency of the present life to fill up the natural capacity of a reasonable being for happiness, will be a disgust and aversion for life, will eventually be suicide. To this extreme pass, logically at least, would the doctrines of the present school of positivists reduce their consistent upholders. Indeed the whole attitude of positivism towards the problems of life is that of doubt and solution unsuccessfully attempted. Prescinding absolutely from a hereafter, life is of no great value; it is, indeed,—as Mr. Mallock ably shows in his lately published work,—not worth living. In considering what is great in dramatic art he has the following sentences: "The grand relation of man is not first to his brother men, but to something else that is beyond humanity, that is at once without and also beyond himself. To this first, and to his brother men through this. We are not our own, we are bought with a price."

Without recurring to a hereafter, wherein is the adequate sanction of the present moral world, our lives would—to use a trite metaphor—be like a ship without anchor adrift in a storm. Unless the moral bearing of suicide be thoroughly examined in a genuine metaphysical light, the impediment which we could place to such a step might be characterized as "impediens," but certainly not as "dirimens."

Self-destruction was countenanced by some of the ancient philosophers, though the wisest amongst them regarded the action in its true light. The Stoics held that the only course left for the morally courageous man to escape wretchedness and ignominy was to take his own life; a theory which Seneca and his nephew Lucan the Poet, at the command of the Emperor Nero, reduced to prac-

tice. Nero would seem to have been influenced in regard to the termination of his life by the views of the Stoics, although the manner in which he compassed his own destruction was as infelicitous as his previous life was iniquitous. The wisest of the ancient philosophers, however, did not, as was just remarked, view self-murder in the light of a final remedy left to the brave man for "all the ills that flesh is heir to." Aristotle, the great light of antiquity, teaches plainly that although "the infliction of death upon one's self to avoid misery presents an appearance of fortitude, on which account some have taken their own lives thinking they were acting courageously, yet it is not true fortitude, but rather a species of cowardice in a mind unwilling to bear up under oppressing ills."[1]

Although Socrates died by his own hand, yet the act was not performed in virtue of a conclusion drawn from premises which he by any means admitted; and his death was not properly suicide, since it would appear to be wanting in that essential note of self-murder, unauthorization, which is indispensable to its character of guilt.[2] Cicero with his usual eloquence and depth of philosophy has the following passage: "Tibi, Publii, et piis omnibus retinendus est animus in custodia corporis; nec injussu ejus a quo ille est vobis datus ex hominum vita migrandum est."[3] Virgil gracefully embodies the opinions current in his day to the effect that those who,

> "Repining at their wretched state,
> And loathing anxious life suborned their fate,"

would occupy in the regions of Tartarus a place appropriate to the peculiar character of their guilt:

> "Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca qui sibi letum
> Insontes peperere manu; lucemque perosi
> Projecere animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
> Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores."
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> Aen., lib. vi., ver. 435 *et seq.*

It is evident, even to an ordinary observer of the views of the

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[1] Arist. apud Sanct. Thom., 2.2æ quæst. lxiv., art. v., ad quint.

[2] It would seem more correct to view the death of Socrates as happening under some authorization, since, as a fact, the civil government, without entering into the question of its right to condemn him, empowered him to be his own executioner. This procedure, however, would not now be tolerated in a Christian community, the moral sense of which would be shocked by making even the capitally sentenced criminal perform the acts proximate to his own execution.

[3] "You, Publius, and all upright men must keep the soul in watch over the body; and you must not depart this life except at the behest of Him who gave it."

Observe the use of the term "injussu," which we might render almost literally by the word unauthorized; and in fact the essence of the definition of suicide given in this article is contained in this passage from the gifted Cicero.

representative characters of antiquity, that at least the wisest of the ancients looked upon self-murder as contrary to right reason and deserving of reprobation.

We shall next consider briefly those cases in which persons have, without incurring the guilt of suicide, been the authors of their own destruction; and here it will be well to call attention again to the fact that we are not defending the proposition that all self-killing is wrong, but that it is wrong only when the quality of unauthorization enters into the nature of the action.[1]

If the example of Samson be adduced to show that suicide may in certain cases be allowed, we would reply that the term used to characterize this act is ill chosen; and that Samson's conduct on this occasion can be justified only on the supposition that he was authorized from above, or was acting under supernatural inspiration.[2]

Instances are known in which a person from noble motives sacrifices his own life to save that of another; in which, *v. g.*, parental affection, proving more powerful than the instinct of self-preservation, impelled the mother to give up her own life rather than see her child perish. If it be asked, on what principle this and similar cases can be justified, we would answer by stating briefly what we believe to be the doctrine of the best authorities in this matter.

An action may have two effects, only one of which is in the intention, and the other beside the intention and accidental;[3] to per-

[1] When it is said that a human or moral action is authorized, it is meant that the authorization must in the last analysis come from God; ordinarily it comes proximately from right reason; *v. g.*, homicide is authorized, and hence is not murder, in the case of the person who kills his aggressor "cum moderamine inculpatæ tutelæ." The person is then authorized proximately from upright reason, but ultimately from God.

[2] This reasoning is not a violation of Horace's precept.

> "Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit."

For here is a difficulty which can be explained only by introducing supernatural agency. Hence St. Thomas has the following: "Ad quartum dicendum quod sicut Augustinus dicit in primo de Civit. Dei, 'Nec Samson aliter excusatur quod seipsum cum hostibus ruina domus oppressit, nisi quod latenter Spiritus Sanctus hoc jusserat qui per illum miracula faciebat,' et eandem rationem assignat de quibusdam sanctis fœminis quæ tempore persecutionis seipsas occiderunt, quarum memoria in Ecclesia celebratur."—2.2æ quæst. lxiv., art. v.

"In the fourth place we must say with St. August. de Civ. Dei that 'Samson is not otherwise excused for destroying himself together with his enemies by the overthrow of the temple, unless it was thus commanded by the Holy Ghost, who wrought a miracle in the case;' and he reasons in the same manner regarding certain holy women who killed themselves in time of persecution, and whose memory is celebrated in the Church."

[3] "Nihil prohibet unius actus esse duos effectus, quorum alter solum sit in intentione, alius vero, præter intentionem. Morales autem actus recipiunt speciem secundum id quod intenditur. Potest tamen aliquis actus ex bona intentione proveniens, illicitus reddi, si non sit proportionatus fini."—2.2æ qu. 64, art. 7.

form such an action is lawful, provided the secondary or accidental effect be not intrinsically evil. The action may be legitimately done even then when the unintentional effect is wrong, if its wrongfulness be on account of a prohibition, *i. e.*, a "malum quia prohibitum," not a "malum in se."[1]

In the case above alluded to, wherein the mother prefers her child's life to her own, is the accidental effect of her action, viz., the loss of her own life, something that is intrinsically wrong? It surely is not, since then not even God himself would be allowed to take life. We may justly infer then, that the mother may act in the manner previously described without the guilt of suicide inhering in her action, which certainly would be the case if the accidental and merely permitted effect of her act was intrinsically and unconditionally evil.[2]

The so-called arguments by which the advocates of suicide defend their position are found methodically stated in the book called *Le Système de la Nature*, which was published near the middle of last century under the fictitious name of Mirabaud. The author of this book[3] was so bitter an assailant of Christianity that even Voltaire thought himself called upon to reply to certain of its tenets. The reasoning employed by Holbach in his attack upon Christianity is substantially as follows:

"Suicide is at variance with no obligation; it does not clash with the duty to one's

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[1] Sporer has the following on this subject: "Quandocumque aliquod opus directe facere illicitum est, etiam per se illicitum erit illud indirecte facere scilicet aliquid agendo vel omittendo voluntarie, unde illud sequatur, nisi justa causa ita agendi vel omittendi excuset ac morale voluntarium ad illud opus tolfet."—Tom. ii., trac. v., in *V. Præcep. Decal.*

This is the major premise of his argument; and he lays down in the minor that since it is unlawful to take one's own life directly, it is, *per se*, unlawful to take it also indirectly. The unlawfulness of the action is, of course, qualified by the limiting conditions expressed in the major premise.

"Life is given only for a good end, and it follows from the preceding arguments that no case can arise under the natural law in which man is authorized directly to terminate his own life; consequently man can never intend his own death as an end directly to be sought by him."—Hill, *Ethics*, p. 205.

[2] St. Thomas thus states the principle bearing on this matter: . . . "Si aliquis det operam rei licitæ debitam diligentiam adhibens, et ex hoc homicidium sequatur, non incurrit homicidii reatum; si vero det operam rei illicitæ, vel etiam det operam rei licitæ non adhibens diligentiam debitam, non evadit homicidii reatum si ex ejus opere mors hominis sequatur."

"If any one do something which is lawful, using due diligence to accomplish the result, and if from this act homicide ensue, the person does not incur the guilt of homicide; but if one do that which is unlawful, or do even that which is lawful without using due diligence, he does not escape the guilt of homicide if the death of a man results from his action."

[3] Paul Henri Thiry d'Holbach, baron, a French philosopher, who died in Paris in 1789. His book was entitled "Le Système de la Nature, on des lois du monde physique et moral."

self, since 'volenti non fit injuria,' and besides a man may be so 'overwhelmed with clouds of distress' that life is really a burden instead of a boon; and as we are physically enabled to take life there is strong indication that nature intended us to have recourse to the remedy, at our option. Conduct, then, in conformity with these principles does not surely violate the law of nature. We have, moreover, been invested with authority and dominion over matter, and it is really no more than an exercise of such power when death comes by our own hand. Again, the liberty to decline acceptance is the peculiarity or characteristic of a gift, and such life is admitted to be; and this the more so when we consider that in the origin of things our consent was not given. Finally, the *felo de se* need not necessarily aim a blow at the rights of society; since, on the one hand, he may have become an unprofitable and useless member, or, on the other, society may not extend to the individual that protection and safety which it should afford. To sum the matter up, suicide is rather an advantage than a disadvantage to society, since it promotes the virtue of fortitude by affording an example of unequalled courage evinced in contempt for death."

As opposing the last remark, however, we might, after the manner of St. Thomas, before formally replying to objections, refer again to the words of Aristotle previously given, viz.: "Although the infliction of death upon one's self . . . . presents an appearance of fortitude, ... yet it is not true fortitude, but rather a species of cowardice in a mind unwilling to bear up under oppressing ills." The real solution of these objections, however, becomes an easy task in the light of the principles we have already laid down. To affirm that suicide interferes with no duty is surely the reverse of the truth, since man's life is not his own, but belongs absolutely to another; and, hence, in disposing of it as if it were simply his own, he is violating his duty duly to regard the eminent right of his Creator. This is the demonstrative reason why self-murder is wrong; the other arguments used in defence of the truth may be, and are, in their character, highly suasive of the wrongfulness of the action in question, but apart from the main proof they would fail to furnish convincing certainty. The axiom "volenti non fit injuria" is not true if wrested into a wrong sense. The meaning is "*rationabilites* volenti non fit injuria,"[1] or, no injury is done in the case of a person who is *rationally* willing to sustain what otherwise would be an injury.

There really can be no injury inflicted so far forth precisely as

[1] "Actio de sui ratione procedit ab agente, passio, autem, secundum propriam rationem, est ab alio. Unde non potest esse idem secundum idem agens et patiens. Principium autem proprium agendi in hominibus est voluntas, et ideo illud proprie et per se homo facit quod volens facit. Et, e contrario illud proprie homo patitur quod præter voluntatem suam patitur, quia in quantum est volens, principium est ex seipso. Et ideo in quantum est hujusmodi magis est agens quam patiens. Dicendum est ergo quod injustum per se et formaliter loquendo nullus potest facere nisi nolens, nec pati nisi nolens. Per accidens autem, e quasi materialter loquendo, potest aliquis id quod est de se injustum vel facere nolens (sicut cum quis præter intentionem operatur), vel pati volens, sicut cum aliquis plus alteri dat sua voluntate, quam debeat."—2.2æ qu. 59, art. 2.

the term of the action is one who is willing; or conversely, no injury can be sustained except under the respect in which the recipient of the injury is unwilling.

We can illustrate this matter by a simple example borrowed from the civil law. Suppose that a trustee named in a deed of trust should be willing to dispose of his charge in a manner different from that contemplated in the deed. It is plain that the axiom "volenti non fit injuria" would afford but slender justification to the trustee to apply the axiom for the purpose of vindicating his conduct in the contingency mentioned, would be inept, and an evasion of the question; since the issue at stake is not whether he is willing thus to dispose of his trust, but whether he has a right to make such disposal. The position of man with reference to his existence and its preservation is analogous to that of the trustee. His life has been given to him in trust for certain purposes, and to sanction any other disposal of the charge in his keeping would violate his trust and defeat the end intended by Him who is principal and proprietary.

To conclude, with Holbach, that since we are enabled physically to put an end to our existence, we therefore have the moral right to do so, is invalid illation; the conclusion has greater logical extension than the premises. If this reasoning were true, we might infer that since we are physically capable of killing an innocent person we may lawfully do so when desirable. To affirm therefore as a consequence that action consistent with the above stated premises is not contrary to the law of nature, is a predication unfounded in fact, and contradicted by the first experience of mankind; since all have naturally a repugnance and horror for death.

That we have been invested with authority and dominion over matter is true; but the authority and dominion must be regulated by right reason. As a fact, man's dominion over anything is not absolute but relative, and consequently his conditional tenure of things is subject at all times to the unconditioned proprietorship of his Creator. That exercise of authority over matter, then, which conflicts with the eminent domain of the Supreme Being is a usurpation and a wrong. That the liberty to decline acceptance is the peculiarity of a gift may be admitted with some restriction: if the one who gives and the one who receives are both equal and independent, the proposition is simply true; but if the one who gives is the Creator of the one who receives, and if, as a consequence, the recipient is inferior and absolutely dependent upon the Giver, then the previous enunciation would require much qualification to be interpreted in a true sense. As the Maker has the right duly to exercise his efficiency in producing an effect, and also to impose upon his production conditions which its subsequent action

must verify, so the first and purely efficient cause possesses pre-eminently the right externally to actualize his efficiency, and to impose upon his creatures conditions which they must realize in their ulterior state. To state the issue briefly, if life were *merely* a gift the position assumed in *Le Système de la Nature* might be tenable; but there is another aspect under which life must be viewed: it is indeed the best gift, but inseparably connected with it is the obligation to possess it agreably to the conditions imposed by the Giver,[1] and these conditions are the offspring of the truth that we are not simply our own, but are unconditionally in the hands of our Creator.

Finally, it is urged that an individual may become an unprofitable member of society, and hence it cannot be said that he does an injury to the community by withdrawing himself from its pale.

Were it to be granted that an individual may become an unprofitable member of society, it still would not follow that he could arbitrarily separate himself from the community. He would not then be the minister authorized of society to define the individual's attitude towards the community. To society itself, or its representatives, belongs the right to take cognizance of the relation of the individual to the common good, and, this ascertained, to sanction the decision pronounced by the execution of just law. The other alternative of the argument put forth to show that the rights of society are not invaded, does not determine the point which it was introduced to establish; for, conceding still that society in extreme cases is unable to afford in the ordinary manner due protection to the individual, it does not follow that self-murder is either a right or a remedy. In such rare instances the right of self-preservation still remains to the individual, and he is empowered by the natural law to protect himself, even at the cost of an unjust aggressor's life. The conclusion, then, drawn by the French philosopher, viz., that instances of suicide rather promote the good of society by setting an example of courage, must fail to convince.

There is another aspect in which we may regard the argument built by Dr. Holbach upon the supposition that an individual may

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1 "Tertio quia vita est quoddam donum divinitus homini attributum, et ejus potestati subjectum qui occidet et vivere facit. Et ideo qui seipsum vita privat, in Deum peccat, sicut qui alienum servum interficit peccat in dominum cujus est servus. Et sic peccat ille qui usurpat sibi judicium de re sibi non commissa."—2.2æ quæst 59, art. 5, Conclus.

"In the third place because life is a gift divinely bestowed upon man and subject to the power of him who gives life and who takes it; and hence he who deprives himself of life sins against God, as the one who kills the servant of another sins against the master to whom the servant belongs; thus sins the person who usurps unto himself judicial authority in a matter not committed to his charge."

become a useless member of society. Paley treats the matter under consideration thus:

"For shall we say that we are then only at liberty to commit suicide when we find our continuance in life becomes useless to mankind? Any one who pleases may make himself useless, and melancholy minds are prone to think themselves useless when they really are not so. Suppose a law were promulgated, allowing each private person to destroy every man he met whose longer continuance in the world he judged to be *useless*. Who would not condemn the latitude of such a rule? Who does not perceive that it amounts to a permission to commit murder at pleasure? A similar rule regulating the right over our own lives would be capable of the same extension. Besides which, no one is *useless* for the purpose of this plea, but he who has lost every capacity and opportunity of being useful, together with the possibility of recovering any degree of either, which is a state of such complete destitution and despair as cannot, I believe, be predicted of any man living."—Bk. 4th, chap. iii., Suicide.

Were the individual the judge of his usefulness to society, it is manifest that the permanence of this institution would be imaginary rather than real; and since the matter weighed "in so corrupt a balance as the parties' own distempered imagination" is fraught with consequences of such a nature, the conclusion must be that the principle from which they flow cannot be founded in justice or truth.

Some writers have proposed a system called Euthanasia, in which a man is instructed to supplement the natural and oftentimes painful mode of death by resort to artificial and pangless methods productive of dissolution. Such theory is identical in principle with that of the Stoics of old, and it differs in merely unimportant particulars from the other systems that have been put forth to defend self-murder.[1] The arguments advanced in support of this theory are answered in the refutation of those systems which we have already considered. The characteristic fallacy underlying this set of notions, rather fanciful than philosophical, consists in assuming that man has the right to dispose of his life as something, the absolute tenure of which is vested in himself alone. If this were really the case, if man's existence, its preservation, and extinction were simply in his own hands, then a proper adjustment of his final issue would be both lawful and important. But as a fact this is not so; the truth is, indeed, so evident that we should be safe in affirming no sane man ever entertained a doubt (1), first, that a natural death awaited him, and (2), second, that in the present order of providence, he must not abridge the term of his natural life.

That mankind have always regarded self-murder as wrong is a fact that admits of no dispute. If the teaching of the Stoics be alleged as at variance with this view, the answer is that even the

[1] "This conception of suicide as a euthanasia, an abridgment of the pangs of disease, and a guarantee against the dotage of age, was not confined to philosophical treatises. We have considerable evidence of its being frequently put into practice."—Lecky, *Hist. of Europ. Morals*, vol. i, chap. ii., *Stoicism*.

Stoics admitted the general truth that self-murder was wrong; but they erred in the application of the general principle to particular matter. They cannot be censured for maintaining that there can be cases of duly authorized self-killing; their error consisted in holding that self-killing was legitimate, even when unduly authorized, *v. g.*, when miseries oppress one.

The course of reasoning by which they endeavored to make evident the lawfulness of taking one's own life in adverse circumstances only serves to show that they recognized a superior law, whose prohibition they were attempting to prove inapplicable to the matter in question. They knew that their theory was an exception to the general opinion, "hinc illæ lachrymæ." An example from history will serve to explain the foregoing. Cleopatra, according to Rollin, "not doubting that Cæsar intended to make her serve as an ornament to his triumph, . . . had no other thoughts than to avoid that shame by dying." Her death is thus narrated by the historian: She "asked for a basket of figs, which a peasant had lately brought. She placed it by her, and a moment after lay down, as if she had fallen asleep; but that was the effect of the aspic, which was concealed among the fruit, and had stung her in the arm which she held to it. The poison immediately communicated itself to the heart, and killed her without pain, or being perceived by anybody." The motive which prompted this action is described thus:

"That princess was too haughty and too much above the vulgar to suffer herself to be led in triumph at the wheels of the victor's chariot. Determined to die, and thence having become capable of the fiercest resolutions, she saw with firmness and indifference the mortal venom of the aspic glide into her veins."—*History of Egypt.*

This is an example of self-killing on account of motives which render it difficult to see any reason why guilt should not attach to the deed. To avoid shame and ignominy is a good motive to inspire an action; but even a good end may not be subserved by unlawful means,—"non sunt facienda mala ut eveniant bona,"—and directly to take life to escape ignominious exposure is a means that is not duly proportioned to its end, and is, in the present order of providence, always wrong. It surely does not accord with right reason to avoid one evil by choosing another which is the greatest that can befall us. Cicero, for reasons which seem to have no foundation in the actual facts, vindicates the conduct of Cato in terminating his own existence, for "he says that the occasion was such as to constitute a divine call to leave life."[1] "Cæsar, Ovid,[2]

[1] Lecky, Hist. of Europ. Morals. These words show that Cicero entertained a just conception of suicide, since he has recourse to the only plea which in the nature of things could justify this act.

[2] "Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam
Fortiler ille facit qui miser esse potest."—*Ovid.*

and others," according to Mr. Lecky in his *History of European Morals*, "urged that in extreme distress it is easy to despise life, and that true courage is shown in enduring it." The following passage from the same careful writer contains much historical information respecting the view taken of suicide by some of the Greeks and Romans:

"It is indeed true that the ancients were by no means unanimous in their approval of the act. Pythagoras, to whom so many of the wisest sayings of antiquity are ascribed, is stated to have forbidden men 'to depart from their guard or station in life without the order of their Commander, that is, of God.' Plato adopted similar language, though he permitted suicide where the law required it, and also when men had been struck down by intolerabe calamity, or had sunk to the lowest depths of poverty. Aristotle condemned it on civic grounds as being an injury to the state. The roll of Greek suicides is not long, though it contains some illustrious names, among others those of Zeno and Cleanthes. In Rome, too, where suicide acquired a greater prominence, its lawfulness was by no means accepted as an axiom. The story of Regulus, whether it be a history or a legend, shows that the patient endurance of suffering was once the Roman ideal. Virgil painted in the darkest colors the condition of suicides in the future world. Cicero strongly asserted the doctrine of Pythagoras, though he praised the suicide of Cato. Apuleius, expounding the philosophy of Plato, taught that the wise man never throws off his body except by the will of God."—Ibid.

The main feature noticeable in the aphorisms current among the ancients, and in the classical extracts which fall oftenest under observation, is the truth that self-murder is a crime against nature. The ancients, as has been remarked, were not in error as to the general principle that self-murder was wrong; their mistake lay in the application of the universal truth to particular matter. The exact statement of the attitude of antiquity in regard to criminal self-destruction may, we think, be adequately summed up in the following propositions:

(1.) The universal judgment of mankind has declared suicide or self-murder to be wrong.

(2.) Coextensive with this judgment is another to the effect that self-killing was not then an evil action when it was duly authorized.

(3.) The error into which some of the ancient philosophers fell in regard to suicide was not owing to ignorance of its criminal nature in general, but to indeterminateness of thought respecting those cases in which one is authorized to take his own life.

These propositions, it appears to us, place the position of the ancients respecting suicide in a true light; and if this statement be correct, it becomes manifest that the view taken by the ancients of this crime against nature does not differ essentially from that taken by Christian nations. The same arguments now used by the Christian teacher to make manifest the illicit nature of self-murder were employed centuries ago by the pagan philosopher to demonstrate the same truth; and the reason why such is the case is manifest,

since the truth that self-murder is wrong is one of those evident dictates of natural law which affirms itself to the upright reason of every man. Such truths do not change, and the voice of mankind is unanimous in their recognition. There may be different views taken in different ages concerning the more remote conclusions from these truths, and the definitive settlement of matter that is more concrete and particular in its character; but unless we wish to suppose gratuitously that there is a flaw in the nature of things, that the supreme and wisest of lawgivers has enacted for his creatures' observance a law the due promulgation of which He has failed to effect, we shall be compelled to acknowledge that the *principles* of natural law are engraven upon the human heart.

If the reasoning developed in this article be true, it becomes evident that the definition which we have given of suicide is such as to include on the one hand every case of self-killing which is criminal, and to exclude on the other hand those guiltless acts the result of which, whether direct or indirect, is the loss of one's own life. To urge that this definition is vague and indeterminate, that it would, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to almost every crime in the decalogue, since, *v. g.*, we might say that even blasphemy was wrong because it is an unauthorized action; to argue thus in dispute of the position herein assumed will, upon reflection, appear inconclusive. The solution of such argumentation is found in the following considerations:

(1.) There are some evil actions, and some only, the wrongfulness of which is entirely dependent upon the circumstances of authorization, and in defining such action due regard must be paid to this fact.

(2.) There are other actions which are intrinsically and absolutely wrong, and which no authorization can render legitimate; *v. g.*, we might suppose, *per impossibile*, blasphemy to be authorized by the same source which permits self-killing; the peculiarity then is that the one action is still wrong while the other is not.

If we have understood aright the words of those whose opinions are of greatest weight in this matter, the definition proposed of the crime under consideration is a logical deduction from the teaching, not only of the wisest philosophers of pagan antiquity, but also of the mediæval scholastics, who are, at least upon this and kindred subjects, the writers whose thought has been most profound, and whose expression most accurate.

With truth as the object of our investigation, we cannot upon the whole conceive of any other definition which is philosophical and absolute.

SOME OF THE USES OF THE MICROSCOPE IN SCIENCE.

IT is surprising to find how few there are, even of those who have received a *liberal education*, so called, who can afford to regard a microscope as anything more than a costly toy. Whether it is to be found in the physical cabinet of an institution of learning or in the private collections of individuals, it is equally looked upon as destined to help pass an afternoon agreeably by showing the coarseness of a hair, the rays on a diatom, or the impurities of a drop of water. Its uses, its destiny is, as it were, ignored. And why is this? Is it because the laws of optics are too difficult for men to understand? Is it because the time of study is not sufficiently long to enable students to acquire a practical knowledge of anything except languages? We are of opinion that the fundamental laws of optics are not beyond the range of comprehension of the average student, and our experience, both as pupil and as teacher, has proven beyond a doubt that the difficulty does not arise from the quantity of matter to be seen by students, but rather is it to be found in the manner in which they see it. The study of science is begun too late in most of our colleges, and, partly on this account, it is made to consist, almost wholly, in a mechanical use of a textbook, with the drill and memorizing inevitable in all elementary studies. The results of such a method are easily conjectured; not only are there no scientific studies deserving the name, but students are deterred, by this first contact, from engaging seriously in them afterwards.

Our object in the present paper is to describe briefly *some* of the useful results obtained from microscopical studies. For this purpose we have chosen our illustrations from two departments only: from biology, namely, and geology; and in these branches we have limited ourselves to special sections, as will be seen from what follows.

It may not be amiss to say a word here about some of the kinds of microscope in use. We will suppose our readers acquainted with the parts and working of an ordinary microscope, and will, therefore, omit its description. It is, however, necessary to call attention to the fact that the instruments used in biological and geological analyses differ somewhat from each other; the former being fitted to work with plain, ordinary light, whilst the latter is so constructed as to admit of being used with either plain or polarized light. There are other differences of detail, but they need not be described now; neither do we think it useful to give such a description of polarized light as the present limits will allow; these points can, for the present, be best understood by consulting some complete work on optics.

The illustrations from biology are taken from an interesting article published by Dr. E. Ray Lankester in *Nature* of March 11th, 1880, and entitled "The Destruction of Insect Pests: an Unforeseen Application of the Results of Biological Investigation." In the first place the writer shows in general terms that surgery is entirely reformed by our knowledge of the minuter fungi; that by avoiding the access of bacteria to wounds we avoid a large destruction of human life. Already we see our way to avoiding some deadly diseases caused by these same bacteria, now that we know them to be the active cause of such disease. He also points out that silk is cheaper in consequence of our knowledge of the bacteria of the silkworm disease; that already better beer is brewed and better yeast supplied to the baker in consequence of Pasteur's discovery of the bacterian diseases of the yeast-plant.

To this same knowledge of diseases produced by bacteria is due the novel design of destroying such pests as the Colorado beetle by propagating the disease-producing bacteria which are known to be fatal to such insects. Professor Hagen, of Cambridge, Mass., advised the use of yeast for the destruction of these pests, believing that the yeast-fungus enters the body of the insect on which it is sprinkled, and there produces a growth fatal to the insect's life.

Professor Metschnikoff, prompted by the labors of De Bary, Pasteur, Cohn, and others, who have shown that the most deadly ravages amongst insects are due to bacteria, cultivated some of these minute parasitic fungi by passing them from one insect to another, and has experimentally proved their very deadly character to insects exposed to infection. His next experiment was to endeavor to cultivate them apart from the insects, so as to obtain their spores in great quantity in a liquid that might be applied to places attacked by injurious insects. The experiment was successful; the cultivation is rapidly effected in beer-mash. It now only remains for us to cultivate these organisms in quantity, and we have at once the simplest, safest, and most certain means of destruction of all insect pests. This is one of the benefits due to the study of microscopic organisms.

Another branch of microscopical study, though not so beneficial directly to the human family as the one just mentioned, yet having its uses, is the microscopical study of rocks. The first use made of the microscope for the purpose of examining rock sections was in 1850, or 1851, by Henry Clifton Sorby, a wealthy citizen of Sheffield, in England, who is much devoted to the study of geology. In 1858 he published a paper in one of the scientific reviews describing the manner of preparing the sections for study, and gave the results of such analysis as he had then made. Some young students then at the University of Bonn took up the idea, applied themselves to the study of certain groups of rock, and so great was

their success, so marvellous the revelations resulting from their analyses, that in a very few years microscopical petrography became an established branch of the science of geology. Previous to Sorby's discovery the only methods of examination to which a rock specimen could be subjected, besides a chemical analysis, were such as could be made with the aid of a loupe or pocket lens, or with a microscope on a portion of the rock specimen reduced to a very fine powder. This latter is the method still pursued by many French scientists. It is now well known that the greater part of the rocks composing the crust of our globe are a mere aggregation of mineral elements; and almost all attempts to classify rocks have been based upon a knowledge of the elements present, and also on the quantities in which they are present. Now a chemical analysis cannot discover what *minerals* are present in a given specimen; the only assistance it can give is to show what simple, chemical elements constitute the mineral aggregate, and the proportions in which they are present. It is only for very coarse-grained specimens that the naked eye or the loupe could make definite determinations, as experience shows that even after the most careful examination in this way, features and elements are discovered with the aid of the microscope that necessitate a change of classification. If the specimen be fine-grained the difficulty is at once evident, and can be overcome by a microscopical analysis only. Before a rock specimen can be examined under the microscope it must be polished on an emery plate, or wheel, and ground so thin as to become transparent. In general the thickness of such sections varies between $\frac{1}{25}$th and $\frac{1}{50}$th of a millimeter. When the section has become so transparent that printed matter placed under it may be read through it, then it is ready to be transferred to a small square of glass, to which it is attached by some Canada balsam, and on which it is preserved for future study. A thin section of this kind, examined with the microscope in polarized light, is an object of marvellous beauty. The crystalline elements present a mosaic of most fantastic forms; and the play of colors, depending, of course, on the nature of the minerals present, on their thickness in the specimen, and on the direction of their section with regard to their crystalline faces, is so wonderful that Professor Rood, in his work on *Modern Chromatics*, in his endeavor to describe it from an artistic standpoint, calls it "the audacious pencillings of nature." It is impossible to describe this feature; there is nothing in art that can compare with it; nothing that could faintly recall it. In one of these sections is sometimes seen not only *all* the colors of the spectrum, but these colors blending, one with another by infinitesimal gradings. But we have not yet mentioned the most interesting discoveries of microscopical petrography. Not only can the elements of composition of each speci-

men be determined, but also the mode of origin. Sedimentary and eruptive rocks are now no longer to be confounded; they are recognizable by features that cannot be mistaken. In the case also of metamorphic rocks, so called, and of such rocks as have undergone any change of internal structure or composition, not only do we see that such a change has taken place, but it can be traced through all its stages, from the moment of inception to the close. Some thin sections examined under the microscope show large individual crystals imbedded in a sort of matrix, fine-grained, and of composition different from the crystals they inclose. The constituent elements of the matrix appear to be arranged in parallel lines running in the same direction, which, when they meet with one of the imbedded crystals, make the detour of its circumference and reunite beyond, preserving in a most perfect manner, both in the deflected and reunited courses, their mutual parallelism. This feature is so constantly met with in rocks that are certainly known to have been molten, in lavas also, and in furnace slags, that wherever it is met with it is unhesitatingly taken as a proof that the rock in which it is found was formed from a fluid mass. Another feature revealed by the microscope is, that crystals, such as quartz and feldspar, that, to the naked eye, appear clear and limpid, and perfectly free from the presence of any foreign matter, are yet filled with innumerable inclusions, some of which are minute crystals, some are water-bubbles, and some are cavities containing gas. Let us see to what use this discovery is turned. We perceive in our specimen a large section of quartz, which with the aid of our microscope we find perfectly studded with minute crystals and needles of apatite and hornblende, and in some parts with countless bubbles of watery or liquid carbonic acid. If the diamond's degree of hardness be represented by 10, the hardness of quartz will be 7; that of apatite and hornblende will be about 5. From this it will appear that if the quartz was formed first, the hornblende and apatite inclusions could never have penetrated it; the water certainly never could. To account, therefore, for the phenomenon, microscopists suppose that the minute crystals were already formed while the quartz was yet in a liquid state, under one chemical form or another, and were floating in it; therefore, when the latter, by cooling, contracted and solidified, it held them prisoners within its grasp. The liquid inclusions are sometimes so numerous that Sorby concluded that a cubic inch of granite must contain many millions of them. These are but a few points hastily chosen to illustrate the practical use of the microscope in geology, yet they are sufficient to show what a revolution this little instrument has caused in that science. By a right use of it the history of the genesis of most of our rock systems is already known; the completion of the entire record is only a question of time.

BOOK NOTICES.

MIND IN THE LOWER ANIMALS. By *W. Lauder Lindsay, F.R.S.E., F.L.S.*, etc. In two volumes: I. Mind in Health; II. Mind in Disease. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1880.

This work is a striking instance of the extravagant lengths to which an author, apparently sincere, may be led in the maintenance of a favorite theory. Its object is to prove that the intellect of man differs from the cognoscitive powers of brutes, not in kind, but merely in degree; in other words, that human reason is a modified, improved, and developed form of "animal reason," and nothing more. It is needless to say that this proposition, if once admitted, would destroy every distinction between man and the brute, and undermine the chief natural argument in favor of the immortality of the soul.

It might perhaps be expected that when an author sets out to prove so weighty a proposition, he should define with great exactness the meaning of the principal terms he is about to use, or at least that he should state precisely what he means by that "mind" whose presence in the lower animals he claims to prove; and there may even be persons so old-fashioned in their notions as to suppose that unless the author knows what he means by "mind" he is not likely to demonstrate anything clearly with regard to it. This, however, is far from being Dr. Lindsay's view of the matter. He says in the introduction: "So far as I can judge, after a special study of several of the fashionable modern systems of psychology,—of mental or moral philosophy,—such as those of Herbert Spencer and Professor Bain, I do not think anything would be gained by attempting, in such a work as the present, the strict *definition* of these or similar terms, or their restricted use, solely in a metaphysical, psychological, or other purely scientific or technical sense. I do not, therefore, here attempt psychological definition or classification, preferring to permit each reader to define and classify according to his own favorite system of nomenclature and arrangement." A little further on he speaks of "the propriety, as it seems to me, of avoiding when possible, in such a work as the present, all strictly metaphysical terms, or at least of avoiding, where they must be introduced, all pedantic definitions thereof, and of employing such popular designations as mind, reason, intellect, instinct, consciousness, and so forth, in their *ordinary*, albeit vague and comprehensive acceptations."

Could one say in plainer terms: "I really have no idea of what I am talking about, but it is consoling to think that no one else knows a bit more about it than I myself; so I shall just blunder on in a loose sort of way, and allow my reader to put what order and sense he may into my words?" We sympathize with the doctor in his despair of finding anything satisfactory in the systems of Spencer and Bain; but would it not have been well, in default of obtaining fixed and clear ideas on a fundamental portion of his subject, to refrain from inflicting two bulky octavo volumes on the public? Not knowing the real import of his subject, he has swollen these two volumes with an immense and somewhat disorderly mass of matter, which, besides being often puerile and worthless in itself, has no bearing on the question at issue. Such, for instance, are the laborious proofs of imagination, affections, emotions, and individual differences of character in animals; attributes which no one, we presume, at the present day, thinks of denying to them. The only question at issue is whether there is in man, besides all these, something

above and beyond them all, which the brute does not possess; the power, namely, of complete generalization, of mental abstraction from all material limits and conditions, the capacity of apprehending the universal, and of abstract reasoning—in a word, what is called the human intellect or reason. In treating this important question the author proceeds from an essentially wrong principle. He says: "In an investigation in which comparison is constantly being made between *human* and animal mind, it is all-important that man's standard, ideal, or type of the human mind should not be too high. It is much safer and sounder to form his ideal or average from the mental condition or phenomena of the *lowest* races, and most degraded classes of man, than from those of the highly cultured Englishman or American, German or Frenchman." Of course, if we were to go on this principle, systematically comparing the most degraded men with the most highly trained animals (and this is what is done throughout the entire work), it would not be difficult to cause the boundary line between reason and instinct, intellect and sense, to become obscure or even entirely to disappear from the eyes of the unthinking reader. We say the *unthinking* reader, because even here, as we shall show, patient investigation and labor will prove that the light of reason is only dimmed, not extinguished. But the true method of comparison is directly opposed to Dr. Lindsay's. St. Thomas indicates it in speaking of another question, the nature of life. It is from those creatures which *manifestly* are endowed with life, argues the Holy Doctor, that we must determine the distinctive characteristics of living things. The reason is plain; since, as the schoolmen put it, the highest members of a lower order in nature always participate to a certain extent in the characters of the lowest members of the next higher order, it would be impossible, from a consideration of these contiguous extremes alone, to draw a sharply defined line of demarcation. We must, therefore, go to animals in which vital operations are manifest and indubitable; and having determined what in them constitutes life, we may return to the boundary and apply our test to the distinction of the lowest forms of animate nature from non-living objects. The same holds good in the present case; instead of having recourse, as Dr Lindsay does, to the lowest races of savages, and even, incredible as it may seem, to *idiots*, in order to determine the essential characteristics of the human mind, it is precisely to the "highly cultured Englishman or American, Frenchman or German," that he should have gone. In the latter it would have been easy to distinguish the characters of intellect, and to determine whether or not the human intelligence differs essentially from the mental powers of brutes, because in them these characteristics are most manifest. Then he would have been prepared to turn to the most degraded human beings, and to ascertain whether in them, also, the characteristics of intelligence could be detected, even though it were but as glimmerings through the cloud of their depravity and ignorance.

Not satisfied with taking the most degraded portions of mankind as the term of moral and intellectual comparison with animals, our author adopts a most exaggerated and prejudiced opinion as to the depth and hopelessness of their degradation. For instance, the following are some of the kind things he says about the native Australians. We quote entirely from the first volume, "Mind in Health." The Australian "knows almost no other sensation than that of the need of food, which he . . . . makes known to the traveller by means of grimaces (Buchner)." N. B.—*i. e.*, when the traveller does not understand the language, and is forming his judgments in great part by guesswork. "The Australian blacks, on account of their unbounded stupidity, cannot be used

as slaves." "Dogs, wives, and children are possessed in common by the Australian aborigines (Houzeau)." "There are many worthy people . . . . who, in the face of facts to the contrary, persist in believing that a 'potentiality' for culture and civilization exists in all races of mankind, however primitive, however degraded. That intelligence, reason, morals, are frequently so low in their stage of development, where they can be said to exist at all, as to sink man in countless instances below the psychical level of many other animals, is what even the unbiassed student will not at first be prepared to believe. . . . But his skepticism—when it exists—may be converted into belief by a careful study of the intellectual and moral condition of the following savage races. . . . . The Australian aborigines, especially the 'black fellows' of Western Australia." "We are told that mentally the Australian aborigines are 'mere children,' finding 'amusement only in childish tricks and trifles.' . . . . They cannot be taught any principles. . . . . They know no sentiment, ... but only unbridled passions and the sense of their own nothingness against the white races (Madame Bingmann)." "The Australian has no words to express the ideas of God, religion, righteousness, sin. . . . (Büchner)." "The Australian aborigines, according to Madame Bigham, (?) are incapable of civilization. 'The missionaries have long given up any attempt to civilize them.'"

We mean no discourtesy to Dr. Lindsay when we say that the above assertions are a mass of falsehood, in which he has been deceived by the testimony of prejudiced or incompetent observers, and perhaps quite as much by his own eager desire for facts which would harmonize with his theory. Catholic missionaries are even now engaged in converting and civilizing the "black fellows of Western Australia" with marked success, and these people, so long looked upon as the extreme of hopeless degradation, show an astonishing intelligence, aptness, and industry. A perusal of the simple account of the mission of New Norcia, near Perth, in Western Australia, which was published in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* during the whole of the year 1879, must be sufficient, in any candid mind, to justify to the utmost that confidence of the "worthy people," at whom Dr. Lindsay sneers, in a "potentiality" for culture and civilization existing even in the lowest savages. It gives a direct contradiction, of *facts*, be it remembered, to every one of the reckless assertions we have quoted above. For instance, with regard to their intelligence and capacity for improvement, Mgr. Salvado, Bishop and Superior of the Mission, writes: "One day, whilst I was teaching some little natives to read, one of them learnt in ten minutes forty letters of the alphabet, large and small. I believe that few scholars of the same age in Europe would do the same. Another mastered in a few weeks the four rules of arithmetic. A third, seeing a captain of the navy taking the meridian with a sextant, watched him closely, and then taking up the instrument, repeated the operation with perfect exactness." Nor are these isolated cases. "Mr. Thomas, the present official in charge of the aborigines in the district of Victoria (South Australia), who has carefully studied the subject, says that the children easily learn to read and write, that they readily commit to memory some lines of poetry or short songs, that they are very fond of oral lessons in geography, and perfectly understand the use of maps. A young native took, two years in succession, the prize for geography in the normal school at Sydney." A still more decisive instance is the following: "A young Australian woman, who with her father and mother had ranged the woods in the most degraded state of barbarism, was a few years ago received at the

mission. She was instructed, baptized, and, because she showed more than ordinary talent, educated with special care, and finally advantageously married. She now superintends the post-office and telegraph station of our department. The government of the English colony gives her, besides lodgings, seven hundred and fifty francs a year. All the Protestant journals in Australia have recorded the appointment, and passed the highest encomiums on the mission where Ellen Cuper, that is the name of the young woman, received her education." The above account is confirmed by an official dispatch from the Governor of West Australia to the Earl of Carnarvon, Minister of the Colonies.

No. 9. WEST AUSTRALIA, GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, PERTH, January 20, 1876.

MY LORD: It will probably interest you to know that the present director of the post-office and telegraph station is a native woman, who, a few years ago, was brought to the Roman Bishop Salvado. She performs the duty to the complete satisfaction of the postmaster-general. We have, moreover, a more recent example of the happy influence exercised on the natives of West Australia by this bishop. . . . . A few weeks before my arrival Ellen Cuper, the postmistress mentioned above, was obliged on account of ill-health to absent herself for a short time from New Norcia, and I began to look about for some one to supply her place. The bishop at once informed the postmaster-general that he had at his house a young native girl, named Sarah Cann, quite intelligent and able, after a few lessons, to take care of the telegraph station. I willingly agreed to give her a trial. During my visit to the mission I found her at the office. She was already quite at home in her new position. On my return to Perth I sent her my congratulations by telegraph, and she at once returned thanks in the most courteous terms. . . . . I have the honor to subscribe myself, your lordship's very devoted servant,

WILLIAM ROBINSON, Esq.,
Governor of Perth.

Even in the freedom of their native forests the Australian blacks are by no means the senseless beings, lower than the brutes, nor even the children, that Dr. Lindsay would fain have us believe them. The testimony of Sir Thomas Mitchell on this point leaves no doubt on the question.

The frequent intercourse I had with the inhabitants enables me to speak with full knowledge. I must say that the individuals we come across in the cities are unfair specimens of the race. Those we meet in the forests and immense solitudes of the interior are handsome in appearance and lead a free and happy life. The first one I saw was tall and well-proportioned. His grave demeanor and penetrating look inspired respect. Two white-bearded old men were seated near him before a fire. One of them was most dignified, almost diplomatic, in bearing. He was so observant of decorum that when one of the children spake a word while I was asking for directions, he admonished him with a slight tap of his long lance. . . . . The man who consented to be our guide was smaller and less robust than the others, but he was full of resolution and courage, while his acuteness and rare judgment made him so useful that I always kept him by my side. . . . . He spoke little and always in maxims, which made his sayings easily remembered. This Australian rendered us great services. . . . . I should add that his countrymen are not at all so void of intelligence as is generally given out. To me, who saw them in their natural condition, they seemed at least equal, in this respect, to the peasants of England. They are even in advance of these in a certain politeness and reserve of manner and language that makes a very favorable impression.—*Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia, by Thomas Mitchell, Esq.*, quoted in the *Messenger*.

With regard to their asserted ignorance of the very idea of a God, we think the following passage from the published narrative so important, and the remarks made thereon so judicious, as to deserve quotation in full, despite its length:

"It is exceedingly difficult," says Bishop Salvado, "to ascertain with accuracy the religious notions of the Australian savage." And yet we hear certain tourists speak of them as matters well known to all. These travellers, without knowing anything whatever of the language of the natives, spend a few days, nay, perhaps only a few hours,

among them, and then come home and tell us that they are perfectly conversant with the manners, customs, and religious ideas of savages who, either through a spirit of mischief or reserve, have always been most reticent with strangers on these points. I am well aware how these truthful travellers pursue their quest for unpublished notes upon the Australian race. We may imagine one waiting for his prey; along comes a poor native. Our knowledge-seeker pounces upon him. "Have you a soul?" he asks. The child of the woods is disgusted and shakes his head, as if to say, "I don't understand your jargon." Our friend, the tourist, is delighted. He has made a discovery, and down goes the following note in his memorandum-book: "The Australians do not believe they have souls." You see the thing from beginning to end is simply a mystification. As soon as he returns home his notes, with interesting illustrations, are given to the public, and, sad to say, by such truthful writers as our friend are the majority taught. Bishop Salvado, moreover, adds that the Australians, who are easily inclined to joke, often amuse themselves at the expense of the innocent traveller. One of them being asked the Australian word for water, replied *cona*, which in their language meant *excrement*. At another time they gave the generic name of the object, instead of its own specific one.

Dr. Lindsay, by the way, asserts that "the language of the Australian blacks contains no word 'to express a general idea' or abstraction. It has no word, for instance, for the notion 'tree.'"

But from Bishop Salvado they concealed nothing. . . . . They believe in a being all powerful, who created heaven and earth, whom they call *Motogon*. This Motogon is a man of very great strength and wisdom, a native of the country, and has the same dusky complexion as they have. When creating heaven and earth, and the waters, and plants, and kangaroos, he breathed and said: "Heaven and earth, and waters, and plants, and trees, and kangaroos, come forth;" and they came forth and were created. It is interesting to notice the close similarity between the formula of creation, this breathing, and the words of Holy Scripture, "Let there be light, and there was light," as the book of Genesis says in describing the creation. The Australians also believe in an evil spirit, whom they call *Cienga*. It is he who excites the fury of the tempests; he causes the destructive equinoctial rains; he whitens their children with leprosy and kills them. Thus the savages believe in two principles, the one good, the other bad. But, strange as it may appear, Cienga is as much worshipped as Motogon. "I have seen them," writes the missionary, "in times of dreadful storms curse Cienga as the author of them, then run and put themselves under the shelter of their great eucalyptus trees; but when, despite their cloaks of kangaroo-skin, they get drenched by the deluging rain, they become furious and stamp the ground with rage, forgetful of Motogon and Cienga."

We have said enough to show the gross inaccuracy of the idea of the Australians which is given by *Mind in the Lower Animals*. The same, did time and space allow, could probably be done with regard to many other races of whom he gives a no more favorable character. We cannot, however, leave this interesting subject without quoting the following passage from the latest works of an eminent French anthropologist, M. de Quatrefages, relating to the community of wives, asserted by our author of the Australians:

We ought, perhaps, to refer to the idea of property, the manner in which adultery is regarded by some peoples. . . . . Nevertheless, even amongst the most savage tribes, a more elevated feeling, and one which is connected with moral or social ideas, as we ourselves understand them, may be proved often in the clearest manner. The gravity of the punishment incurred by the culprit scarcely permits a doubt that it is so. The Australian, uncorrupted by the vicinity of the white and brandy, never forgives one who has destroyed the purity of his wife, and kills him on the first occasion.

If Dr. Lindsay exaggerates to an unwarranted degree the degradation of certain savage races, he is even more extravagant in magnifying the capacities of many animals. He not only credits them freely with an understanding of man's language, and in the case of parrots, etc., with the faculty of using articulate speech with perfect understanding of its import, but he repeatedly attributes to animals in general a language of their own, "quite as eloquent and efficient in the eyes of those who have

studied, and consequently understand it, as can be the mere spoken or written language of vain man." Again, "Man is in the habit of designating the lower animals 'poor dumb creatures.' The fact is, however, that they possess a language much more comprehensive than, and quite as eloquent as his own—much more generally intelligible than is his *verbal* language, which is merely *one* form of language or expression, that only with which he, in his pride and prejudice, is most familiar." That such sentiments should be seriously expressed, outside of the *Arabian Nights*, may seem to most of our readers incredible. Yet we see no reason to suppose that the learned doctor is not in perfect earnest. After this, of course, there is nothing left for us but to establish chairs in our universities to instruct our young folks in dog-talk and the language of birds and fishes, as the Arabian prince in the tale was by his preceptor. This accordingly we find our author earnestly advocating. "A chair or professorship of comparative language should exist in all our great universities, and due attention should be given to those rudimentary forms of expression that are common to other animals with man, and that are much more practically important than that limited form of language which is spoken, written, or printed." But, in spite of himself, Dr. Lindsay is unable to adhere to absurdities so childish, and we find him, in other parts of the work, explicitly contradicting every assertion quoted above as to the comparative merits of animal language.

Much interest has been excited of late by the really remarkable observations of Sir John Lubbock and other naturalists, on the habits of ants. Since Thoreau wrote his admirable accounts of ant-battles, observed in his philosophic hermitage of Walden (descriptions which have escaped notice, so far as our observation extends, in any scientific work), ants have been the mark for hundreds of scientific eyes. On this subject Dr. Lindsay gives without note or comment, as though it had never been challenged or disputed, the testimony of Dr Lincecum, that the harvesting ants of Texas *sow the seeds of Aristida stricta* or ant-rice, on which they live. We call his attention to the following passage in Sir John Lubbock's late lectures on the habits of ants: "Dr. Lincecum, who first gave an account of these insects, maintained not only that the ground was carefully cleared of all other plants, but that this grass was intentionally cultivated by the ants. Mr. McCook, by whom the subject has been recently studied, fully confirms Dr. Lincecum that the disks (of ground around the entrance to the nest) are kept carefully clean, that the ant-rice alone is permitted to grow on them, and that the produce of the crop is carefully harvested; but he thinks that the ant-rice sows itself and is not actually planted by the ants."

Dr. Lindsay also makes much of the supposed power of ants to communicate detailed information to each other. For instance: "In ants on the march there is communication of intelligence throughout the troop. They show their mutual understanding in asking aid, issuing invitations, and giving advice. (Figuier)." This is an instance of a fault which occurs throughout the whole work; in a great number of cases Dr. Lindsay gives *his own interpretation* of phenomena and motives in the lower animals or those of other authors, instead of the facts on which those conclusions are based. Yet no one can dilate with more energy than the same writer on the danger and absolute uncertainty of such interpretations when they happen to be adverse to his own peculiar ideas.

It will be enough merely to refer here to the experiments made by Sir John Lubbock to test the power of ants to direct one another to localities, even at very short distances, where food is to be found. The re-

sults of these experiments are summed up by Sir John himself in these words: "I conclude, therefore, that when large numbers of ants come to food, they follow one another, being also to a certain extent guided by scent. The fact, therefore, does not imply any considerable power of intercommunication. There are, moreover, some circumstances which seem to point in an opposite direction. For instance, I have already mentioned that if a colony of *Polyergus* (or slave-making ants) changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried to the new nest by the slaves. Again, if a number of *F. fusca* are put in a box, and if in one corner a dark place of retreat be provided for them, with some earth, one soon finds her way to it. She then comes out again, and going up to one of the others takes her by the jaws. The second ant then rolls herself into a heap and is carried off to the place of shelter. They then both repeat the same manœuvre with other ants, and so on until their companions are collected together. Now it seems to me difficult to imagine that so slow a course would be adopted if they possessed any power of communicating description. On the other hand they certainly can, I think, transmit simple ideas." Our author also passes over in discreet silence the fact that those of Sir John's experiments which were intended to test the intelligence of ants and their ingenuity in devising expedients resulted only in developing an unexpected amount of stupidity. (See *Scientific Lectures*, p. 79.)

After systematically depreciating the capacity of the human mind, and as systematically exaggerating the mental powers of brutes, it is not, perhaps, surprising to see Dr. Lindsay reach the following climax of absurdity: "The most promising of all animals on whom to try the effects of *moral education* are the anthropoid apes, such as the orang and chimpanzee. . . . I believe that, could they only be induced to bestow them, the patient efforts of our missionaries in this direction, on our anthropoid 'poor relations' instead of on their fellow-creatures and countrymen, the negro, might produce results of a startling character." Here is an opening, indeed, for Anglican Church labor! Would it not be a good idea to ship a thousand or two of Bibles for distribution among the orangs of Borneo and the African chimpanzees? And why should their cousin, the gorilla, be excluded from this comprehensive charity? Is he not a brute and a brother?

Another consequence flows from Dr. Lindsay's principles which it is interesting to note. He says: "Many individual animals—dogs, horses, elephants, parrots—are both morally and intellectually *higher* than thousands of men even in the very centres of Western and modern civilization." Yet a few pages further on he mentions, with apparent approval, the practice of vivisection of animals. But if these animals are both morally and intellectually higher than certain men, it does not appear why the vivisection could not with equal right be inflicted on these men when the interests of science seem to require it. Dr. Lindsay may not accept this conclusion, but it is the only logical inference from his principles; and, in view of this fact, we at least would not like to be the poor negro, Irishman, or German who should happen to fall under the learned doctor's care in an interesting case.

We have probably said quite enough to show the prejudiced and one-sided character of *Mind in the Lower Animals*. We should not omit to mention that Dr. Lindsay recounts, in different portions of his work, several anecdotes of extraordinary animal sagacity (most of them not new, we believe), which, in common with many others equally striking and long familiarly known and commented upon by philosophers from St. Thomas down to the present day, should warn us that, while restrict-

ing animal sagacity to its proper sphere, we should not be too ready to limit arbitrarily the perfection to which it may attain in the apprehension of particular and concrete things.

We are glad also to meet with the following sentence: "We must henceforth regard the true site, seat, or organ of the mind as the whole body; and this is the only sound basis on which the comparative psychologist can begin his studies." We believe that this indicates the beginning of a return to sound philosophy, and that, little by little, modern philosophy may be led to the idea of the essential presence of the soul in the whole body and in every part of it. One by one the old Scholastic truths are returning to the field of science, albeit dressed in new costumes and introduced by unconscious patrons. They alone can give that solid metaphysical substratum which must underlie all sound science.

THE HISTORY OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA AND HER COMPANIONS. By *Augusta Theodosia Drane*, author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," etc. Compiled from original sources. London: Burns & Oates, 1880.

Though there already exist some sixty lives of St. Catharine of Siena, in various languages, the volume before us may be said to be first in the English language that can be regarded as approximating completeness. Most of the others are little more than translations, or abridgments, of the original narrative by Raymond of Capua, the Saint's confessor; they furnish no new facts, and do not attempt to restore the chronological order of events which Raymond neglected. There are several exceptions to this remark, but they are Italian or French, and are not available, therefore, to persons who are unfamiliar with those languages. Moreover, they are defective in one or another respect. The present work, therefore, supplies a real want to English readers, not met by any previous publication. Its object is to give the facts of St. Catharine's life as recorded by other biographers, restoring their chronological order, and at the same time supplementing them with additional matter drawn from original sources, hitherto either partially or entirely neglected. Ample use has been made of those wonderful compositions, St. Catharine's letters, a knowledge of which is essential to any real acquaintance with the saintly writer. Yet the letters themselves cannot be understood without some explanation of the history and circumstances of those to whom they were addressed; and this naturally introduces us to the members of the spiritual family of which St. Catharine was the Mother and Head.

The author of the work before us thus states her estimate and idea of St. Catharine: "The position of St. Catharine was an exceptional one. She was never a member of a religious community, yet neither was she a secular, nor a recluse. She appears before us surrounded by a group of disciples bound to her by no other ties than those of personal affection, and numbering among them men and women of every variety of age, station, and character. Blessed Raymond himself, and her other confessors; her three secretaries, Neri, Stephen, and Barduccio; Mother Matthew, whom she cured of the plague, and the English Hermit William Fleete; her sister-in-law Lisa, and Alexia, her chosen friend; with all these we make acquaintance in a passing way in the pages of the Legend; and the wish must have occurred to many readers that we could know them better, and interrogate them concerning their intercourse with her to whose daily life it was their privilege to be thus associated. To respond in some measure to this wish the writer has

endeavored to include in the history of St. Catharine such notices of companions as can be gathered from authentic letters and records still preserved; and at the same time to gather up in their own words the testimony which they have borne to the sanctity of which they were so long the eye-witnesses."

Incidentally the author brings before us many historic personages, chiefly, yet not exclusively, of the Church, though, to use her own words, "The object aimed at was less to present the reader with a complete history of the age of St. Catharine than to make him better acquainted with the Saint herself. It is her character as a woman that most requires to be made known, for it has hitherto been partially concealed by the very splendor of her historical reputation. Stupendous as is the history of her life, it has, nevertheless, a side which brings her within the reach of our ordinary sympathies. Catharine, the Seraphic Bride of Christ, espoused to Him at Siena, stigmatized at Pisa, supported on the Bread of Life, the Pacificator of Florence, the Ambassadress of Gregory, the Councillor of Urban, the Martyr for the Unity of the Holy See,—this is indeed a character that overwhelms with its very greatness. But Catharine, the Lover of God and man, who gave away her will with her heart to her Divine Spouse; the tender mother of a spiritual family; the friend of the poor; the healer of feuds; the lover of her country;—Catharine with all her natural gifts of prudence and of womanly tact; with her warm affections and her love of the beautiful; with her rare genius, refined, spiritualized, and perfected by divine illumination; surrounded by men and women like ourselves, with whose infirmities she bore, and whom she loved in return; Catharine, with her wise and graceful words, her gracious smile and her sweet attractive presence;—this is indeed a being to be loved and imitated; we open our very hearts to receive her within them, and to enshrine her there, not as a saint only, but as a mother and a friend."

From these quotations the reader will gather the author's idea of St. Catharine, and the plan and scope of her book. The author lays down as a rule, and she strictly adheres to it, to rigidly exclude all imaginary details, and to introduce nothing for which there do not exist unimpeachable authorities.

The work, therefore, is in the highest degree reliable, the marks of untiring research are everywhere discernible in it, and the result is a graphic and faithful delineation of this glorious Saint.

THE REFUTATION OF DARWINISM, AND THE CONVERSE THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT. By *T. Warren O'Neill.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1880.

We gladly welcome this addition to current Darwinian literature. The author does not advance any new facts, but admitting all those adduced by Mr. Darwin in his *Origin of Species* and *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, he endeavors to show from them that *varieties* can never develop into *species*. Varieties, according to Mr. O'Neill, are due not to "an innate tendency to vary" without limit, but to a natural tendency to *revert* to a primitive perfect type of the species, which has been departed from by the degeneration incident to the hard conditions of the struggle for existence. This variation therefore has a limit, and ceases when the species has recovered all its lost characteristics, and hence it can afford no basis for the assumption that mere races will ever give rise to new and distinct species. This is confirmed from the well-known fact that distinct species are extremely insterile when mated together, whereas unions between different races of the same species are noted for exceptional fertility, and the more widely the races differ the

greater is the fertility of their union. On the other hand, races in which any one or a few features are disproportionately developed, do not long remain fertile unless crossed with new blood. This is easily explained by the idea that the race suffers in general vigor, and especially in the power of reproduction (which is the reflex of all the forces of the organism, since it must reproduce all), by the departure from the proportionate development of the organs in the perfect type of the species. The same fact cannot be explained on Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, as he himself repeatedly admits, and indeed it is notoriously in direct contradiction with the requirements of that hypothesis. This is in brief the main idea of the work, and it is skilfully developed in several chapters on the crossing and close interbreeding of various domestic animals. Mr. O'Neill also argues, and to our mind with considerable reason, that the result of natural selection and the struggle for existence will be the survival, not precisely of the strongest and most vigorous, but of the least injured and the least degenerate. The natural tendency of a species of animals in the free state, subjected to those conditions of insufficient food and the other elements of the struggle for existence which are required by Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection, must be to degeneration in the survivors, not to improvement. Hence there can be no development from this cause into a more perfect species, but the degenerate species, like an india-rubber ball distorted by pressure, is ever ready to revert to the normal form, as soon as the pressure is relieved, that is to say, when the conditions become favorable; and this reversion will take place in those characters only to which the particular conditions existing at the time are favorable.

We believe that Mr. O'Neill has made out a very strong argument against Darwinism. In addition to an able statement of some of the chief difficulties commonly brought against that system, he has substituted for it a theory which explains and co-ordinates many facts which the former does not so much leave unexplained as contradict. We think, however, that although reversion is undoubtedly a most important factor in variations, sufficiently so, indeed, to afford good grounds for the author's deductions, it cannot be considered, as he insists, absolutely their sole and exclusive cause. For instance, we can hardly suppose that the six-fingered and six-toed families which sometimes occur in the human species are reversals to a primitive and perfect characteristic. The same may be said with greater reason of the double babies, united in various manners, of the double-headed calves, and other similar monstrosities, once decided as the handiwork of the taxidermist or exhibitor, but now universally admitted to be the work of nature. In these cases some other force has evidently been at work, of which, as Mr. Darwin truly says, we are entirely ignorant; and if it be sufficiently powerful to produce these results there certainly can be no improbability involved in crediting it with an appreciable fraction of those less decided variations which are taken advantage of in order to produce distinct races. We also notice, in one or two matters of detail, what seem to us inaccuracies. For instance, Mr. O'Neill implies that the cause of the extinction of the famous short-legged Ancon sheep, once bred on the banks of the Charles River, in Massachusetts, was the disproportionate development of the different portions of the organism, which, removing the race widely from the normal type, impaired its general physiological vigor, and especially the power of reproduction. Mr. Huxley, in his essay on the *Origin of Species*, published in April, 1860, informs us that the true reason for the extinction of this remarkable breed was that "the introduction of the Merino sheep, which were not only supe-

rior to the Ancons in wool and meat, but quite as quiet and orderly, led to the complete neglect of the new breed." But such an oversight as this does not affect the general force of Mr. O'Neill's argument. What is perhaps more blameworthy is the constant attack which the author makes, not in the gentlest language, upon Mr. Darwin's candor and sincerity. We believe that such charges, even when true, serve only to introduce into the contest a spirit of personal bitterness which ought not to have its origin on the Catholic side.

THE STUDY OF ROCKS: An Elementary Textbook of Petrology. By *Frank Rutley, F.G.S., H.M.* Geological Survey. New York: Appletons.

Although the microscopical study of rocks has made rapid advances both in England and the United States within the last few years, yet, strange to say, the only textbooks deserving the name published on the subject are German. The present little volume, published simultaneously at New York and London, is the first attempt in this direction that has been made in English. The author's position on the staff of the Geological Survey of England gave him many advantages for the execution of his task that could not readily fall to the lot of others. Some of these, a few, he made good use of. The volume is divided into two parts. In the first part there are ten chapters, viz.: 1. On Methods of Research. 2. Rocks Defined and their Origin Considered. 3. Disturbances of the Earth's Crust. 4. Mode of Occurrence of Eruptive Rocks. 5. The Collecting and Arrangement of Rock Specimens. 6. Preliminary Examination of Rocks. 7. The Microscope and its Accessories. 8. Method of Preparing Rock-sections for Microscopical Examination. 9. Phenomena of Polarization. 10. Megaserpic and Microscopic Characters of the Principal Rock-forming Minerals.

Chapter i., is very meagre, and in no way deserves the comprehensive heading prefixed to it. Chapters ii., iii., iv., belong rather to dynamical geology than to petrology, and can be more advantageously studied in works devoted to that particular branch of the science. The only excuse that could be offered for their insertion in the present volume, would be either better treatment of the subject than is usually found in textbooks in general use, or, at least, treatment from a purely petrological standpoint. But neither of these ends is attained; for, on the one hand, the definitions are sometimes vague and loose, and are thus deficient of even the merit of being descriptive; and, on the other hand, some of them are even implicitly contradictory. Examples of the first kind are to be had in the definitions of *plutonic* and *metamorphic* as applied to rocks; the definitions of *metamorphic* in chapters ii. and iv. are examples of the second class. The beginner will find many useful hints in cc., v., vi., vii., viii. Chapter vi., however, is sadly deficient in description of chemical analyses now employed by microscopists. These may have been excluded because of the elementary character of the volume; but we are of opinion that these methods of treatment are now so elementary in the daily work of the petrologist as to need being inserted as a matter of course. Chapter vii. is very full, and contains much useful information for the young lithologist. Chapter viii. is full of useful matter, but the young student must be cautioned at the start against the mania of amateurs for grinding-lathes, and other such costly, cumbrous instruments. The instrument figured for the author on page 62 has been abandoned by not a few as a very inconvenient and costly piece of machinery. The microscopist who does not intend to prepare rock-sections for the trade, will find it to his advantage to

grind by hand with several grades of emery. He will not need a coarser grade than No. 40, but will require FF. with which to finish for transferring. Chapter ix. is very useful, but, perhaps, somewhat too condensed for beginners. The author gives a remedy for this defect in a very full list of the literature relating to the subject. Chapter x., devoted to the description of the microscopic characters of the rock-forming minerals, although the most important part of the work, yet appears to be the part prepared with least care, so glaring are the inaccuracies sometimes met with in it. The sections from pp. 160 to 173 are very well done, and will repay careful study.

The second part of the volume, devoted to descriptive petrology, contains four chapters, in which a new classification of rocks is attempted. The author considers rocks as either eruptive or sedimentary; and the eruptive rocks he subdivides into vitreous, crystalline, and metamorphic. The method of treatment in this part of the work is evidently original, as the classification is unlike that proposed by any lithologist we have yet read. That the classification is anomalous and unscientific is the least that may be said. As long as the author followed the German authorities, he did well; but the moment he steered independently of them he became lost. Others before him have shared the same fate; it is not unfrequently the recompense of a desire to be merely original. Zirkel and Rosenbusch have made microscopical petrography what it is; whoever desires to become proficient in this branch of science must study their works,—and as matters are at present, their works exclusively.

Erasmus Darwin. By *Ernst Krause*. Translated from the German by *W. S. Dallas*. With a preliminary notice by *Charles Darwin*. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

This work purports to be a translation of an article published in the German scientific journal *Kosmos*, on Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin, and author of the *Zoonomia*, *Botanic Garden*, and other works. The "preliminary notice," however, constitutes the major portion of the work. It alone gives the history of Dr. Darwin's life, while Dr. Krause's brief essay is entirely concerned with the analysis of his works, and the vindication of his claim to be the true founder, in great part at least, of that system of evolution through natural selection of which his grandson is the exponent in our own day. To Mr. Charles Darwin the preparation of this sketch has evidently been a labor of love, and we, of course, should be the last to carp at his filial piety. At the same time it must be said that there was little either in the character or pursuits of Erasmus Darwin which is calculated to arouse any very general interest in the details of his life. An eminent member of the medical profession, a keen observer and bold speculator in natural history, he undoubtedly was; but even these qualities will hardly suffice to fascinate the general public with the humdrum life of an English provincial doctor of the last century.

Dr. Darwin was a poet also, of sufficient ability to draw from Byron the epithet of "mighty master of unmeaning rhyme." In his long didactic poems, as well as in his prose writings, he indulged in those speculations on the development of living creatures which caused his contemporaries to use the term *Darwinizing* "nearly as the antithesis of sober biological investigation." Dr. Krause shows that in these works are found the doctrines of evolution, reversion to primitive types, rudimentary organs, the struggle for existence, sexual selection, and in fact nearly all of those ideas which Charles Darwin and Alfred R. Wal-

lace have elaborated into the modern theory of evolution. A fact which seems to have escaped Krause's notice is that in another question also, the government of the universe, Charles Darwin apparently holds the same position which was held by his grandfather. "That there exists a superior Ens Entium," says the latter, "which formed these wonderful creatures, is a mathematical demonstration. That he influences things by a particular providence is not so evident. The probability, according to my notion, is against it, since general laws seem sufficient for that end." This, if we are not mistaken, is precisely the view expressed of late years by Mr. Darwin in several places. "The birth, both of the species and of the individual, are equally parts of that grand sequence of events which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts at such a conclusion, *whether or not we are able to believe that every slight variation of structure, the union of each pair in marriage, the dissemination of each seed, and other such events, have all been ordained for some special purpose*" (*Descent of Man*, vol. ii., p. 378).

The same view is maintained much more expressly in the *Origin of Species*. Its fallacy has been ably pointed out by St. George Mivart in his *Genesis of Species*, and we draw attention to it here only to suggest that ancestral prejudice may perhaps have more to do with at least one of Mr. Darwin's scientific opinions than he, in his philosophic deliberations, would be disposed to imagine.

The Text of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. Translated from the original Spanish. London: Burns & Oates. 1880.

The *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius* have borne such abundant fruit that the preservation of the original text in its integrity may well be a matter of the utmost care. And of little less importance is it to those who, from their unfamiliarity with the Spanish or the Latin, cannot avail themselves of the original Spanish text or of the approved Latin version, to possess a perfectly faithful English translation. Experience everywhere has proved that their use is in the highest degree salutary for the edification and spiritual advancement of the faithful. And of this there is the highest testimony in the Brief *Pastoralis Officii Cura* of Pope Paul III., in which His Holiness, by his Apostolic authority and "of his own certain knowledge, approved, praised, and by the Brief protected the Exercises and all and everything contained in them, strongly exhorting in our Lord all the faithful of both sexes, wherever they may be, to use those pious documents and *Spiritual Exercises* and devoutly to be instructed by them."

Previous to the sending forth of this Brief two versions of the *Exercises* in Latin had been submitted to the Censors appointed by the Pope, and both were approved without the alteration of a single word. Of these two versions, the one chosen for printing was that which was the better Latin, and therefore the freer translation. It bears the name in the Society of Jesus of the Vulgate Edition, and was approved by the Fifth General Congregation, which showed its respect for it by placing the chief variations between it and the Spanish autograph in footnotes, so that the Vulgate text might remain unaltered. The translation thus received was made by Father Andrew Desfreux.

The original copy of the *Exercises* is no longer in existence. But in the archives of the Society a very precious manuscript is preserved, which consists of a Spanish copy, having on its margin some corrections in the handwriting of St. Ignatius. This was called, in the Fifth General Congregation, *The Autograph*. The late Father-General John Roo-

thaan made a new and literal Latin translation from the original Spanish, adding notes which were suggested mainly by the differences between the Spanish which St. Ignatius wrote and the free Latin translation of Father Desfreux. Since the publication of Father Roothaan's translation in parallel columns with the Vulgate text, no one has attempted to wander from the exact form in which the *Exercises* were bequeathed by St. Ignatius to the Society he founded.

The first translation of the *Spiritual Exercises* into English was printed at St. Omers in 1736, by Nicolas Joseph Le Febvre. It contains, however, some meditations, which St. Ignatius has not given, and the order of the whole book has been greatly changed. In 1847 Mr. Charles Seagre published a translation from the Vulgate Latin text, with some of the variations, as given by Father Roothaan from the Spanish. This has an interesting preface by Cardinal Wiseman. Another and briefer translation was published in 1870 by Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. But some omissions (called "trifling") have been made in it, as the Preface states, "in order to bring the work more into unison with the doctrine and discipline of the Anglican Church, for the members of which the translation is specially intended."

The translation before us is taken directly from the Spanish *Autograph*, but the translators state that they have had Father Roothaan's Latin version constantly before them.

Boston Natural History Society Publications: Guides for Science Teaching. Boston: Grim & Heath. 1879.

Six of these guides have already appeared, viz.: 1. About Pebbles; by Alpheus Hyatt. 2. Concerning a Few Common Plants; by Professor Goodale. 3. Commercial and Other Sponges; by Alpheus Hyatt. 4. A First Lesson in Natural History; by Mrs. E. C. Agassiz. 5. Corals and Echinoderms; by Alpheus Hyatt. 6. Mollusca; by Alpheus Hyatt. "They are issued by the Boston Society of Natural History," and have been "designed to supplement lectures given to teachers of public schools of Boston." "They are intended for the use of teachers who desire to practically instruct their classes in natural history. Besides simple illustrations and instructions as to the modes of presentation and study, there are in each pamphlet hints which will be found useful in preserving, preparing, collecting, and purchasing specimens."

If we except the numbers by Professor Goodale, and Mrs. Agassiz, we think the little guides will afford little assistance to teachers "to practically instruct their classes in natural history." Professor Hyatt has not the happy faculty of presenting natural history subjects clearly and orderly; so, instead of helping the teacher (who we here suppose did not attend Mr. Hyatt's lectures) by an enumeration of problems, or difficulties, accompanied by hints as to where, or how, the solutions may be found, he launches at once into *medias res*, and permits the devoted pupil-teacher to follow as best he or she may. We are of opinion that the teachers for whom these little volumes, with the exceptions made above, are a necessity, or to whom they can be of great assistance, are not of such ability that they can follow them readily or to advantage. How different is the character of the little pamphlets by Professor Goodale and Mrs. Agassiz. What simplicity, what order, what fulness; and all with such a charm that one regrets the whole series did not fall to just such hands for preparation. The little volumes are replete with matter, and cannot fail to produce much good, if they only help to turn the attention of teachers to the study of the common objects of every-day life, so that, understanding them, they may be able to render an

account of them to the young minds committed to their training. How few of our school-teachers, and, in consequence, how few of the many generations that fall to the school-teacher's charge, have even the most elementary knowledge of the commonest plants that grow in our fields and gardens, of the birds that frequent the neighboring woods, the fishes to be found in the ponds or brooks; of the commonest and simplest natural phenomena, etc. These little volumes are intended, not to supply the lacking information, but rather to call forth a habit of observation in teacher and pupil alike, which, if properly directed and trained by those to whom this duty belongs, will be more useful, and a means of more solid instruction, to our young stndents than all the formulated science of all our libraries, were it possible to make each little student's head the depositary of it all.

One of the Jesuits—Alexis Clerc, Sailor and Martyr. By *Rev. Charles Daniel, S.J.* With a preface by *Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G.* New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

We cannot too highly commend to all who wish to know what manner of men the members of the Society of Jesus really are, or who love to read and think of generous, self-sacrificing, heroic characters. Born in Paris in 1819, educated at the University, the spirit of which was almost entirely irreligious and infidel, he yet had from childhood, probably through the prayers of a pious mother, strong religious inclinations. He entered the French navy as midshipman, and quickly won the confidence and esteem of his superior officers by his energy and decision of character. He remained in the navy thirteen years, rising to the rank of first lieutenant, acquiring the character of a skilful, energetic officer, a thorough navigator and engineer, and securing the respect and esteem both of his inferiors and superiors. During this time he was constantly engaged on long voyages along the coasts of Africa, and in the Chinese seas and the Pacific Ocean. He resisted the temptations which beset a sailor's life, and kept himself free from the vices to which seamen are specially subject. Religion was always prominent in his thoughts, and finally he determined, contrary to the wishes of his father and most intimate friends, to turn his back upon the world and his own brilliant prospects in it, and seek admission into the Society of Jesus. After passing his novitiate he was appointed Professor in the School of St. Genevieve, which position he occupied eight years, exerting a powerful influence for good upon his pupils, many of whom attained high positions in the French army, navy, and civil administration, and also upon his old comrades, whom he frequently met. When the Commune obtained ascendency in Paris at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, Father Clerc was seized, along with other Jesuit Fathers, at St. Genevieve and cast into prison. There he rejoiced that he was permitted to suffer for Christ's sake, and succeeded in making several converts. Finally, along with Archbishop Darboy, M. Deguerry, M. Bonjean, M. Ducoudray, and M. Allard, he was murdered—martyred.

The work is intensely interesting throughout, and edifying.

The Crayfish: An Introduction to the Study of Zoology. By *T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.* International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1880.

Mr. Huxley's latest book will not tend to diminish his reputation as a biologist. His intention in the work is to exemplify and inculcate the general truths of zoological science by the study of a particular case. For this end he has selected the common crayfish, and under the heads

of the natural history, physiology, morphology, distribution, and etiology of this animal he teaches the elements of all these sciences in the most agreeable and thorough manner. Indeed, he is so thorough that few, we imagine, but students, will follow him through all his details. Regarded from the standpoint of natural science the greater portion of the work merits nothing but praise. With some of the assertions on philosophical or semi-philosophical subjects, which are incidentally made, we should be disposed to quarrel, but most of these questions are hinted at rather than developed, and do not affect the accuracy of the zoological descriptions. We recognize the work as practically the development of a lecture on the study of zoology, delivered by Mr. Huxley in the year 1861. In the present book, however, he has introduced a feature which was not included in the plan of the original lecture; that is to say, he gathers together in the end all that has been said in the preceding portions of the work, and brings it to bear, with all the skill of which he is capable, in favor of the doctrine of evolution. In substance, however, he merely repeats, with regard to a particular case, the stock arguments, advanced by all adherents of the theory, and insufficient, in our opinion, to prove it even for a single species.

THE ELOCUTIONIST. A Practical Method of Teaching and Studying Elocution. Adapted for Schools and Colleges. By a *Member of a Religious Order*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1880.

The need for a work of this kind is well set forth in the preface. The author well says: "Its conception originated from the conviction that in the whole range of English literature there can scarcely be found a single humorous piece or dialogue which does not contain something objectionable, reprehensible, or profane, and consequently detrimental to the virtue and morals of youth." The Christian parent and conscientious teacher cannot be overscrupulous in a matter of such vast importance. Under this entirely correct conviction the author has with great industry and in most cases with just discrimination searched and sifted English literature for material from which a work suitable for purposes of declamation and public exhibitions in schools might be compiled, which would be free from objectionable matter. In this a high degree of success has been attained, yet not entire success. There are several selections which we would be glad to see excluded from future editions. We indicate among others the selections entitled: "Wounded," "The Polish Boy," "Rienzi's Address to the Romans," "Union of Church and State," "The Slaughter of the Waldenses," and several others whose omission would in no wise detract from the merits of the work, and would make it more in accordance with its own design. Preceding the selections are judicious directions respecting articulation, enunciation, accentuation, inflection, emphasis, and gesticulation.

THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL. Its Origin, History, Circulation, Results. By *M. Aladel, C.M.* Translated from the French, by *P. S.*, graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg, Md. Illustrated. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1880.

The previous editions of the history of the *Miraculous Medal* presented but a very condensed account of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin, in 1830, to Sister Catharine Labouré. Grave reasons induced her director, M. Aladel, to suppress many facts, as inexpedient, at the time, to be published. Among these reasons was his unwillingness to attract special attention to the humble Sister who had transmitted

heaven's orders, and who, it was best, should remain unknown to the end of her life. The death of the Sister has removed this obstacle, and allows the publication of all that the Sister revealed, at least of all that is still possessed of these communications. At the time, too, of the last edition, M. Aladel understood imperfectly the import of the vision of the *Medal*, but events of subsequent occurrence have placed this important revelation in a clearer light, and fully established its connection with the past and the future.

The work is highly interesting and edifying.

HYMNS. By *Frederick William Faber, D.D.* First American, from the author's last edition of 1861. Baltimore: Printed and published by Murphy & Co. 1880.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have done a good work in giving us an American edition of Father Faber's hymns. Heretofore those of the Catholic public who desired to possess a full collection of these beautiful and edifying poems have been dependent on English editions, which they could only procure at a higher price.

In the volume before us the hymns are arranged under seven titles, as follows: Part First, God and the Holy Trinity; Part Second, The Sacred Humanity of Jesus; Part Third, Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, and the Holy Family; Part Fourth, Angels and Saints; Part Fifth, The Faith, and the Spiritual Life; Part Sixth, Miscellaneous; Part Seventh, The Last Things. There is also an index of the first lines of each hymn, for convenience of reference.

Prefacing the volume there is a valuable and only too brief introduction by Brother Azarias, treating of the distinguishing characteristics of Father Faber's writings, with some interesting statements respecting his relations to Keble and Wordsworth.

NATURAL SCIENCE AND RELIGION. Two Lectures delivered to the Theological School of Yale College. By *Asa Gray*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1880.

The learned author insists that there is not necessarily any conflict between revealed religion and the developments of science. He firmly maintains his own hold on revelation, while he eagerly presses forward in the pursuit of new truths in science, or of new developments of old truths. He holds hypothesis at its proper value, and, does not insist that hypothesis should be accepted in lieu of certified facts. He recommends his hearers not to adopt an attitude of jealousy and suspicion in regard to scientific developments, and on the other hand, he warns the scientists not to form rash conclusions to the detriment of religious belief. He considers his subject in the light of details, which are not the less interesting to the ordinary reader on account of the profound and far-reaching scope they embrace. Professor Gray has done his work as well as it is possible for a non-Catholic to perform it.

BIBLE HISTORY; to which is added A Short History of the Church. For the use of schools. By the author of *Lessons in Bible History*, etc. With the approbation of His Eminence, John Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York. New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street. 1879.

This is one of the best books of the kind we have seen for a long while. It is a model textbook; concise, yet clear and distinct in its statements. It is no dry skeleton of history; but, though brief, is, nevertheless, an interesting connected narrative of the leading events in Old Testament history, and the history of the Christian Church.

THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections with Critical introductions by various writers, and a General Introduction, by *Matthew Arnold.* Edited by *Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A.*, late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1880. Two 8vo. volumes.

Among works of this kind, this is the latest and one of the best. It extends from the time of Chaucer to that of Dryden. It is to be regretted that, as usual in such works, Catholic poets and poetry receive scant treatment and appreciation.

GREAT TRUTHS. By *Monsignore de Ségur*, author of "Frequent Communion," "Confession," etc. Translated from the French by a Catholic Priest. New York: P. O'Shea, 1880.

The works of Monsignore de Ségur are so well known and highly esteemed that commendation of them seems needless. Their charming style and power of direct presentation of important truths are equalled by the thoroughly Catholic and deep devotional spirit that pervades them.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE. A Tale of the Days of Henry VIII. Translated from the French of *M. Emez.* New York: P. O'Shea. 1880.

This is one of a series of *Tales from Church History.* It graphically depicts the times of Henry VIII., and brings vividly before the reader's mind many of the most prominent historic personages of those times.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANCIENT HISTORY. With an Appendix containing a Dissertation, by *E. von Lasaulx*, on the Study of the Classics, translated from the German. By the *Rev. Henry Formby*, author of "Monotheism the Primitive Religion of Rome," "Sacrum Septenarium," etc. London: Burns & Oates, 17 Portman Street. New York: The Catholic Publication House, 9 Barclay Street. 1878.

THE LAMB OF GOD; OR, REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE OF OUR DIVINE LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. By *Rev. T. H. Kane, P.P.*, author of "The Dove of the Tabernacle," "The Angel of the Altar," "Mary Immaculate, Mother of God." With a Preface by the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.

THE DIVINE SANCTUARY. A Series of Meditations upon the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By *Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G.*, Pastor of St. Ann's Church, New York. Second Edition. New York: Robert Coddington, 1879.

SHORT AND FAMILIAR ANSWERS TO THE MOST COMMON OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST RELIGION. From the French of L'Abbé de Ségur, formerly Chaplain of the Military Prison of Paris. New and Revised Edition. New York: P. O'Shea, 1880.

A CATECHISM OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION. Translated from the German of *Rev. Joseph Desharbe, S.J.* Revised, with Additions, by an American Ecclesiastic. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1878.

THREE ROSES OF THE ELECT. By *Monsignore de Ségur.* Twelfth Edition. Translated from the French by a Priest of the Ancient Order of Mount Carmel, *Permissu Superiorum.* Dublin, M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.

AN HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL ACCOUNT OF THE SO-CALLED PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHY REGARDING THE SUCCESSION OF POPES. By *J. O'Brien*, Catholic Priest. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.

PRIMARY ARITHMETIC, ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC, AND COMPLETE ARITHMETIC. (Baker's Improved Series.) By *Andrew H. Baker, A.M., Ph. D.* New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher. 1878

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. For the Use of Schools. Arranged on the Catechetical Plan. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1878.

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES. By *J. W. Cummins, D.D., LL.D.*, of St. Stephen's Church New York City. New Edition. New York: P. O'Shea.